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The University Magazine

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ISABEL

J. B. Reeves

You see the blue of yonder mountains, Isabel?
Well, that's how blue
Your eye is—
That's how true
My love is—
How true my love for you is, Isabel.

You see the sweetness of yon roses, Isabel?
Well, that's how sweet
Your voice is—
That's how meet
That roses—
That roses sweet with joy should greet you, Isabel.

You see the brightness of the sunshine, Isabel?
Well, that's how bright
Your smile is—
That's how light
My heart is—
How light my heart is when you shine there, Isabel.

CHOOSING A PROFESSION

Dr. F. P. Venable

This was the problem which was filling my thought one afternoon as I was seated on a pile of lumber on the New Orleans levee, watching the mighty flood of the Mississippi roll by. I was a young teacher, my college course yet incomplete, and no decision reached as to what I should do with my life. I had thought and puzzled often until I wearied of the indecision.

As I sat there Goethe's Marching Song, as Carlyle calls it, came to my mind, and I wrote on the white pine board

Choose well: your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

Between the two infinite silences, as Carlyle says, our span of life lies; the infinite past or silence of the stars, and the infinite future or silence of the graves. The choice is forced upon us as to what we shall do with the brief space granted from the infinite.

Now, from this it might be gathered that I sat there and after a wise and deep deliberation settled the whole question, chose my path and followed it. But the truth is I did nothing of the kind. I was just the ordinary, healthy young dreamer. I wrote down the wisdom of the sages, approved of it as sounding well but was far too callow to make it in any real sense my own. I suppose there was more of a shallow intellectual pride in the fact that I knew a smattering of Carlyle and Goethe than any deeper influence.

And so after all, like so many other young sailors on Life's River, I largely drifted to my choice but the clear decision

and the purpose of manhood came within a few months after that autumn afternoon by the Southern river, and I went back to college to the task of preparation for my chosen work.

I doubt whether I can be of any great service to other drifting souls who are awaiting their decision. Certainly, I would not dare choose for any other person or seek to influence his choice too deeply. If the advice and suggestions of one who has travelled a bit farther along the stream can be of any service to others I will gladly share this experience, but it could do no good and possibly grievous wrong for any other to take the responsibility and make the decision which rests upon each individual alone.

For quite a number there is no trouble about a choice and a decision is often reached in early years. It is almost a matter of heredity or brought about by associations and family traditions. Others show an unmistakable turn or capacity for certain things as art or commerce or mechanics but the greater number have no such clear indication to follow. They may have developed no great or decided talent or task. They may be strong and capable in many ways and are embarrassed by the richness of their gifts, or they may be just like the average run of us, no special talent, no great strength, but willing to be useful and anxious to do a fair day's work that shall count for something in this busy world of ours.

One of the difficulties in the choice comes from the multiplicity of professions opened up by the activities of complete modern life, so very different from the old times with the simplicity and the narrowness of the choice opened for college bred men. Not to enter one of the four so-called learned professions, law, medicine, teaching or the ministry (the last two ordinarily combined) was almost looked upon as a waste of one's advantages. It would take a long time to count up all the openings now-a-days. The college training is but the preparation for the highest usefulness in practical life and there is no limitation upon what the college man may turn his hand to with just hopes of the highest suc-

cess. Mind, I do not say that it insures success. There is a more potent factor in success than mere training but the training gives the best start.

A college training does not train directly for all forms of outside activity. It is simply impracticable to do this though, of course, the training should be as direct as possible. After all, for most of them, a certain period of apprenticeship is necessary. Still, under proper advice, such selection of courses can always be made as will fit one especially for this profession or that and hence it is of great value to come to some sort of determination about after work as soon as it can wisely be done. The opinion among university men is that specialization should begin with the third collegiate year. Still roundness of culture should not be sacrificed to specialization, for after all most of the training is in apparently useless subjects or at least in such as are not directly applicable to after work. Their object is to give the needed poise, self-command and self-mastery which fits for any emergency as Dr. Brown, the U. S. Commissioner of Education has recently expressed it.

College training has two great objects then. First, to fit one to be a man among men, a cultivated man among cultivated men, a good, capable man trained to make the most of every power or talent he possesses. Such a man stands intellectually as the trained athlete stands among the ordinary mob of untrained men. Secondly, it trains specifically for every profession or specialty within its reach.

Now, how shall the choice be made? Perhaps I look at the matter too much from the stand-point of a chemist, but I believe in the careful application of tests. Two elements must first be tested for, fitness and taste. For any sort of success fitness must be considered; the tool fitted for its trade, the man for his work. The misfits of life are among its deepest and most prolonged tragedies — square sticks in round holes, ministers who are anything but preachers or shepherds, lawyers who would make much better merchants, farmers who should have been mechanics, etc. I overheard

a prominent Southern editor discourse *ore rotundo* on this subject once, finding great fault with the colleges because they did not turn out their finished product duly labeled journalist, banker, merchant, agent, etc., instead of the all-including, all-concealing bachelor of arts. The college faculty to be capable of doing so marvelous a work would have to be gifted with a divine insight into the heart and motives of life. Certainly, I for one would decline the job. I have grown to seriously distrust my power of telling what a boy is good for since so many of those whom I thought good for little or nothing have turned out excellent physicians, lawyers, legislators and college professors.

And then as to taste, a man can do a thing which is distasteful to him and do it successfully, and any earthly job will bring occasional tasks of that kind which are sufficiently trying, but surely it cannot often be necessary for a man deliberately to choose the lifelong tragedy of uncongenial, disliked work. He might almost as well choose a wife on the same principle.

Mind, I draw a distinction here between dislike based on uncongeniality and lack of sympathy and more freakish caprice. Also that kind of liking which comes from ease of pursuit or freedom from hardness and difficulties is not worthy. But it still remains true that to be in love with one's work gives the highest assurance of success. It may begin with mere liking but it is apt to end with pride and devotion.

There are many ways in which the tests may be applied. Analyse the professions to see what special qualities are required and then test for these. Thus, in the various branches of engineering, capacity for mathematics is an essential, also a fondness for scientific observation and attention to detail. The first year or so of college work will easily try one along these lines. Medicine demands fondness for science, skill in laboratory manipulation, a turn for investigation and other fine properties of heart and mind; the law on one side calls for ability as a pleader and debater, logical

analysis, a clear, quick insight into the truth through all the maze of tangled evidence, and the power of understanding and handling men. It is needless to mention further instances. The way is to pick out a successful man in any profession and see what qualities contributed to his success.

For many men, and I believe the highest type of men, the choice of a profession rests upon the greatest service which they believe that they can render to their fellow men. The question to them reads, with such and such abilities how can they be most useful? This implies a careful looking over the field to see where men are most needed. The harvest indeed is plenteous but the laborers are few. It may involve self-sacrifice, it may mean doing things for which there is no great liking. The pleasure lies in the results of the labor and in the service rendered.

According to the eastern saying the eye and the heart of a man is fixed on one of these things, gold, power or heaven. The vision may well include all three — in due prospective. Soloman prayed for wisdom but the Divine Giver added wealth and power. I hope that the sons of the University will all prosper in their chosen callings. I rejoice when any one of them is trusted with power and authority, but the jewels in the crown of this Mother of strong sons are those who, having chosen nobly, have fought a brave fight and kept the faith.

THE WOMAN IN THE SECOND ROW*

Miss R. N. Scott

The woman in the second row awkwardly edged her solid bulk past her delicately-gowned neighbors to her waiting opera-chair. Her square, iron-gray head and features had the stolidity peculiar to the woman whom life has battered from youth to middle life. It was the first time she had bared in public her grizzled hair and narrow, wrinkled forehead. She did not sit so because she preferred it. She would have felt more at ease with a modest head-covering. Yet God and her own soul alone knew the exact relief it had been to omit the cost of a hat for herself from her daughter's graduating expenses. It meant, in the accuracy of her meager dollars and cents, the white waist she wore, buttoned youthfully up the back in acknowledgement of the importance of the occasion, the hose on her daughter's slippered feet, and the fan for her class-day gown; items she had failed to reckon with, in her first rough estimate of the things that "just had to be bought for Cecile."

She sat in the second row of the family circle, because she could not finish the breakfast-dishes, iron Cecile's petticoat, press her waist and reach the ticket-office in time to exchange her card of invitation for a seat down-stairs.

From an elevation, therefore, she faced the rostrum and the one hundred and six graduates from the high school. The girls looked like snowy goddesses, moving together, as if stirred by single instincts—the pipes of Pan or the breath of the Olympian hills. The boys lost, too, by the distance,

*Reprinted by special permission of the writer, from the June number of Woman's Home Companion.—Editors.

their callow stiffness, and represented youth with its immortal challenge. The spectator in the second row had never studied the spirit of the divine youth of Greek life, but the unconscious pathos with which these young things gaily faced life—as she knew it—tightened something hot about her heart.

The orchestra ceased and the program began.

The Reverend Doctor Goodman led in a scholarly prayer that thanked God for America and the public-school system, the teachers, the board, the superintendent, the pupils and the taxpayers, and evoked fervently a continuation of the same, for ever and ever more.

The graduates sat, stood or sang like a pageant of youth, or came forward singly as they were called, to give, in carefully trained conversational accents, their mixtures of platitudes and crude impressions.

The wife of a college professor down front laughed and cried in a breath at their untempered limitations and sincerities, but the woman in the second row family circle had no mental margin for aught above the essay Matilda Carson was reading or James Marshal's declamation. She had a numbed sense of relief that the pinch of preparation was over and that Cecile had two better dresses for the summer than she had ever had in her life.

The orator plead for a greater high school; the essayest eulogized the teachers, the superintendent and the board in a single phrase; the valedictorian wept on the neck of the individualized class; the superintendent presented the class as a testimony of praise to the faculty, the school system, themselves, and the city at large; and the president of the board delivered the diplomas.

As Cecile received hers, the woman in the second row leaned back and fanned her square face softly with her program. Her struggle was over.

It had begun twelve years before, when Cecile entered the primary and she had set the present white-robed goal before the face of each. She was young then. She was word-aged

now. Measles, whooping-cough, typhoid fever, the death of the baby, a husband who thought the grammar-school good enough for girls, hard times and the painful and complicating advent of new children had not prevailed against her. During the twelve years not a single friend had warmed her by a sympathetic word; worse, not a hint of recognition of what she was doing had reached her from another soul. Cecile, her only partner, in the nature of things was outside the pale of understanding. Yet during these two thousand one hundred and seventy days there was no day that she did not take up the struggle afresh.

Her hardened, stubby hands had cooked eight thousand meals, which stood not for a manual task alone, but for eight thousand distinct struggles to serve to a growing child a palatable meal from plain food, stinted variety, ugly service and with a limited time for preparation. Each of the eight thousand meals—an ugly, nerve-straining detail—had been served on time in spite of the conflicting demands of nursery-maid, washerwoman, dressmaker, housekeeper, and duties of mother to the other children, and wife. The meals represented almost as many small, sweating, catering enterprises and unreckonable weariness and longings to do what was in her to do if she had decent means at hand.

She had stiched, for that diploma, on an old sewing-machine, "without attachments", miles of homely, unattractive material into serviceable garments of more or less attractiveness. She had walked scores of hurried, fagged, shopping miles—in the brief time between putting the kitchen to rights after dinner and time to get supper, on those rare days when she could leave the ever-present baby—trying to purchase a blouse or skirt, shoes, underwear or hat that "would do", please the child and "last well", all for one third the money necessary to buy comfortably an article with only one of the foregoing qualities. She had developed, with painful ingenuity, as Cecile had grown up, a corresponding ability to cope with longer skirts, jackets, even raincoats and caps. Her scanty means had been drained by

the experimental changes of text books of succeeding state superintendents, her limited diplomacies taxed to keep peace between an ordinarily restless child and the score or so of teachers of differing ideals and tempers who had encountered Cecile from the primary to the high school. All, she might have said, with a grand sweep toward the entire school system, had come to her mill.

By makeshifts known only to herself she had evolved carfare for rainy days, and money for nearly all of the high school entertainments given by the pupils and teachers for school projects. Her supreme anxieties had ever been that Cecile should keep well and feel no difference between herself and the other girls.

She had originated and executed a struggle which the greatest generals of the world never came within hailing-distance of, but it did not occur to her to think of it in this way, because it was the ordinary struggle of the American mother of small means whose child graduates from the high school. All the while she was projecting four other similar fights which she would promote—unless death or invalidism struck her down—till she sat again as she now sat, clapping her hands as the last praises of the teachers and the board, the superintendent and the school system rose in the air.

"You ought to feel proud of Cecile," whispered an old lean friend, similarly battered and square and gray, who plucked her from behind by the sleeve.

"Oh, I am," and the eyes of the woman in the second row blurred happily.

DEMOCRACY AND THE TRUSTS*

K. D. Battle

For the last generation, the energies of the South have been consumed, her life has been spent, in the mighty struggle of recovering from the war and the period of reconstruction. Now at a very critical point of business history, she is called to enter the arena as a world factor. She must prepare to resume that position of proud leadership which she formerly occupied. But the prominence is to be one of a different kind. Then it was political, now it is to be industrial. The South of the Future has for its mission the satisfaction of the material wants of a large part of mankind. Then the problem was to govern men and lead them in paths of wise statesmanship; now it is to clothe and feed them and lift them out of that ignorance which is the inseparable accompaniment of poverty. The man who will teach the South to spin its own cotton crop and thus double its value is an honourable comrade for Thomas Jefferson or John C. Calhoun. On us the task is imposed of leading the South into a position of industrial supremacy. And in order to do this, we must understand and appreciate that without which industrial supremacy is impossible—the corporation. Because the corporation is a basic fact of modern life, a fact that we must all accept. Not as it now exists—for its present state is transitional—but the corporation of the future, changing always its particular form, but maintaining throughout its identity and individuality, this corporation is to be the cornerstone of industry. History indicates it; philosophy demands it.

Progress in civilization is a product of two factors, individual activity and the machine in which this activity is exerted. A group of individuals join in an organization and develop within it until a more perfect one is needed. A new one is formed, another period of development follows, and so the world goes on. Therefore philosophers say that progress is either a growth from the individual to the universal or from the universal to the individual, meaning by "individual" the individual man and by "universal" the institution or the organization. And in the course of history, the emphasis has been placed first on one and then on the other. For many centuries, civilization concerned itself with the formation of strong central governments. But in modern times, stress has been laid more and more on the individual as the essential factor in government, and this we call democracy. In the world of business, success has meant largely a growth in organization. First came the individual trader or producer, then came the pardnership, then the firm, then the corporation, and finally the trust—the steps are both natural and inevitable. As conditions changed, the prevailing business type changed. As economic life demanded greater and more perfect organization, the demand was met, and as the summit, the apex, the culmination of this organizing process, we have the modern trust—the result of the legitimate principle of organization at work in the world of industry, the last link in a chain of natural and necessary development. And the end is not yet, the hand of Time is inexorable, it may pause but it never remains stationary.

The trust problem is therefore not a local issue but the product of a world movement. It is important then that our consideration should be sane; that we should view the matter as a world problem and decide it in a broad, far-sighted way. To do this we must dispossess our minds of the mistaken idea that the corporation is a creature of the devil, and face the fact that it is a legitimate business pro-

only because its origin is a natural one, but because its mission is a worthy one. It is true that the history of corporations in this country has been one of unparalled greed, graft, and corruption; it is true that some of the greatest atrocities of modern life are perpetrated by trust operators; it is true that the present avalanche of public opposition is the logical result of a long and consistent disregard of all the principles of honesty. The attitude of the "trust buster" is not caused by groundless hatred of corporate life but it represents the righteous indignation of an outraged public conscience. But these things are the necessary jarrings of a new machine, a machine by no means perfect; these are the abuses of power that we must curb; these are the faults in our management of corporations and not inherent defects. And the reason is a simple one. If all the railroads in the South were under one system, which would be the ideal trust condition, and if the management of this road were open to the public eye so that the capital represented truly and honestly the money invested, unreasonable prices or rates would be a physical, nay even a mechanical, impossibility. For if the earnings were too great the swollen dividends would reflect the fact; capital would be attracted into the field and the monoply would be destroyed. In other words there is a great reserve force called potential competition which regulates prices and acts as a perpetual safeguard against extortion. Control your trust and let it exercise only its proper functions and if it begins to rob the people, capital will come in, produce competition, and break up monopoly. Add to this the wise government regulation and extortion becomes impossible.

Now this trust, this legitimate business product, is a permanent institution. The natural outcome of business conditions, it will disappear only when those conditions disappear. As those conditions change, the form of the organization will change. But the trust idea, not in its present shape but in its inner significance, is here to stay because it supplies a permanent demand in civilization. The big corporation plan is the one which will produce the maximum amount of wealth with the minimum amount of capital, la-

bor, and time. This is the essential fact, this is the ground cause of the existence of this industrial type. This is the reason why Edward H. Harriman controls enough railroad tracks to girdle the globe one and a half times. This is the reason why we are compelled to realize that the evolution of business points directly and inevitably toward the principle of combination. To recognize it means industrial life; to fight against it means industrial death. Combination and progress go hand in hand. It is the ultimate end of modern organization because of this peculiar power of decreasing the cost of production. This is the quality which recommends it to the American people; this is the quality by which it stands the test of the public conscience. By thus cheapening the cost of production, combination has become the keystone of America's industrial growth. It is the shibboleth of the commercial advance, the "Open Sesame" of the twentieth century. The word is written across every page of the biography of material civilization. It was the terror of the past, but is the genius of the present and the power of the future.

Facing now the fact that the trust fills a legitimate place in our civilization, and facing the further fact that it is a permanent institution, we ought to be very careful that our attitude toward it be a proper one. The big corporation being the keystone of industrial success, it is a business proposition that we should pursue towards it a policy of helpful control. I do not say that every particular combination promotes the general welfare. I do not deny the existence of pernicious monopolies. But I do say that the general Southern attitude toward corporate life is little short of suicide. The hostility of the carping politician appealing to the lowest instincts of his constituents, the demagoguery of the blatant newspaper raising only clouds of prejudice, the short-sighted selfishness of the private citizen who makes a vicious stab at wealth wherever he finds it, these things, I say, by confining the big business organizations to the North, East, and West are crippling our industries and retarding our development. With the new South quivering with the new

life about to course through her veins of steel, with the dawn of a new period of prosperity and growth ahead of her, with the Panama Canal ready to throw upon her shores that Oriental trade which in the tide of history has successfully enriched every city or nation that it has touched, with a position of leadership, of national, yea of international, preeminence almost within her grasp, is it not strange that our people should be so averse to accepting their marvelous opportunities? Is it not strange that they should be led astray by those whose only desire is political preferment? Is it not passing strange that they should turn their backs on that which they most need? "Why will ye reject so great salvation?" Peace will not come to us through fighting the inevitable, we must recognize it, yes welcome it, and gladly adapt ourselves to it.

What form then shall our control take? Into what restraining channels shall we direct our corporate activities? Where will this course of business aggrandizement end? The fault with the present system is not that the trust operator has too much power but that this power is uncoupled with responsibility. The trouble is that the individual has been lost in the organization. The solution then should come from the application of the principle of democracy. Look about you and see the solution of the problems of education, of government, yea verily of religion—read here, I say, the solution of the problem of corporate activity. Contrast for a moment, if you please, the state of society now and that of five hundred years ago and face the future. Then education was confined to the ranks of a small band of monks and scholars, now every state in the American Union provides for the education of citizens. Then government was exclusively in the hands of the despot, or the king, or the baron, now the essential fact in government is the individual man. Then religion was the property of the priest, now you and I have as much right to our religious opinion as a preacher in our pulpit. He probably knows more about it than we do, but he cannot dictate. The problems of education, of government, of religion have been solved by the application of

the principles of democracy. Even so let it be with the trust. The pendulum of industry has gone the limit of institutionalism, let it sweep back to individualism. To practical men of wealth Andrew Carnegie points the way. The stockholders in the United Steel Trust number an eighth of a million souls. His policy has been to make his laborers stockholders in the corporation for which they labor. The details we leave to time. But this much is clear. The trust of the future is to be more and more the trust of the people. Wider and wider is the ownership to spread until the time comes when every railroad man in the country, be he magnate or laborer, is a railroad stockholder. Narrow and more narrow is to be the sphere of the despot in corporate management. More and more like political government is industrial government to become until the vast body of stockholders is a true body politic and the trust managers are as truly servants of the people as are their political governors or senators. Greater and greater is to be the power of the individual as the integral unit until he dominates the world of business as completely as he dominates the world of government. And this is not to mean industrial confusion and inefficiency any more than individual political liberty means anarchy or license. The advantage of universal production is to be coupled with the advantage of individual ownership. Yes, the future has no terrors that an aroused Southern democracy cannot dissolve. Then may we see the South proudly leading the van in the coming march toward industrial greatness. Then may we see her doing her appointed share of the work of the world, her cotton mills clothing, and her farm lands feeding, humanity. Then may we see her corporations, perfect industrial machines; the directors, captains of industry; the stockholders, intelligent citizens. Then may we see in those corporations industrial democracy at work; the universal and the individual, the forces of expansion and the forces of integration; the idealized realization of the perfect industrial machine—a trust, sheltered by an enlightened public conscience, founded upon an eternal principle, a child of democracy.

RESOLUTION (?)

C. E. M.

(Revision of Shakespeare's Sonnet 65)

When in the hole for books, grub, room-rent, clo'es,
I all alone beweep my busted state,
When ruthless Alec swears that he'll expose
My record, one more time on class I'm late,
I think me then like one more rich in hope
That when with wad again I'm happ'ly blest
I'll pay my debts in full, disdaining dope,
And buckle to the stuff I cherish least.

Yet 'mid these thoughts (myself a saint become)
I muse on thee, O night of listless ease!
What matter Greek or Algebraic sum?
Why need I strive a creditor t' appease?
For thy sweet joy accepted such peace brings,
That I disdain to think of future things.

Ex-'09.

NEAR - LOVE

F.

He never knew exactly how it happened. Maybe his love of strolling was at fault; maybe the street was to blame. More probably both had something to do with it; for in the late afternoon when he especially loved to stroll, this particular street was always shady, restful, and so unencumbered by traffic that he could walk rapidly for exercise or saunter along idly enjoying a cigarette as the notion struck him. Anyway, before two weeks of his three months vacation had passed the habit was confirmed, and he would almost as soon have thought of not taking his bath in the morning as of missing this stroll in the afternoon.

Six years ago he had been a high school student in this very town; and for one hour each day he had recited latin in a room with a slender, light haired girl. At that time he was just at the age for puppy love, and who would have blamed him if he had had it? But he did't. To him the girl and the *Ode to a Nightingale* were the same thing. Looking at the one he thought of the other; reading the other he saw the one: both were impersonal as stones. In the school's base ball and foot ball matches the thought of her being present and seeing all never inspired him to play a better game. He felt no shame on her account when he made an error. Around her he never strutted or made an effort to display himself. Indeed with his attitude towards her any such would have been a rank inconsistency: it would have required a special determination backed by some definite purpose.

On the contrary in her presence he always felt a subdued, enervating joy, an abandon symbolized in sound by *Poppies*, an holy exaltation sybolized by *The Rosary*. Each day during that latin hour he had his face behind his desk-mate's shoul-

der and, unconsciously marveling at the exquisite neatness of her dress and the beautiful irregularities of her face instead of the third declension and *moneo*, he had dreams of soft music mellowed by the distance, of mazes of rich translucent purple, of crystalline passionless devotion. To speak to her beyond the ordinary greetings would have been a harsh break in the dream. And at the end of the hour he left the room quietly and gently. He was satisfied.

But, for a moment to indulge in a platitude. no two facts, however irrelevant to each other, are utterly disconnected. As Fate insisted on having it, she lived on this very street, on the very side he had chosen for his strolls. Maybe by some secret telepathic process it was she that made this street more beautiful, more alluring than others; made the trees and lawns greener and the shade sweeter. Maybe the old magnetism had acted on his mind and drawn him here without his being conscious of it. Anyway, here every afternoon he either saw her sitting on the porch or else met her as she herself was out for a stroll.

Now six years make a great many changes to one passing from youth to manhood. The friends he had known while a high school student had disappeared or been estranged by absence. Instead of a lively boy interested in all sorts of exercise as he had once been he was now a cynic, a misanthrope, uncompanionable, always curt, sometimes, he feared, impolite. In short, all that indigestion and solitude mean.

But she was the same, except that childhood's charms had been replaced by the maturer charms of maidenhood. Her form, though fuller, had the same slender gracefulness; there was the same light hair, the same delicate irregularities of her face, and the same neatness of dress.

At first, as he passed her he noticed her not at all. When the meeting her, face to face, on the street did for a moment challenge his attention in spite of himself he merely wondered what terms, what figures — had she been a painting — would Ruskin have used to describe her. The former music of her presence had not returned to him. She was simply the idealization of the possibilities of human flesh. Worse

still, she was a person whose face he happened to remember and whose name he had heard someone call.

But as these daily meetings continued he began to tend back to his former self. Baseball began to really interest him. The moving picture shows were not near so boring and insipid. His few friends' common place conversation became more bearable, and Williams could even revel in explanations of automobile machinery without once being requested to "Have a cigarette and give us a rest."

Finally he began vaguely to wonder if she in reality were not an acquaintance. Even if these high school days were a thing of the past, which he was not at all sure of, still might not their daily meetings be sufficient grounds to put them at least on speaking terms? Further, wasn't it a very improper thing for a fellow not to speak to a girl he was seeing every day?

With these doubts and questionings the walks began to have an object. They were no longer a mere saunter to the station or up the hill beyond and back. Going as far as these places was simply a veil. After he had seen her it was a matter of utter indifference to him, so far as his own pleasure was concerned, whether he went a step further or not. But he couldn't walk right up to her, take a look, and turn around and leave; and so he went on making the distance of the particular afternoon's stroll according to the probabilities of seeing her again on his return.

And just about this time cigarettes served him a good turn. He had some hesitation about speaking after having so long completely ignored her. Still he wanted to speak, and he didn't want her to act as if altogether oblivious of his existence should he do so. So when he passed her, while he watched furtively out of the corner of his eye to gather signs as to how the land lay, his dope stick seemingly occupied his whole attention. The ash had to be whiffed off, his head had to be turned away from her while he blew out a mouthful of smoke, another had to be lighted, *et cetera ad infinitum*.

At last, one evening, just as the sun was sinking behind the trees on the hill and as the heat reflected from the pave-

ments was gradually being dissipated by a cool breeze that came down the street from somewhere, he met her all alone. There was no one else but they two within a block. He tossed his cigarette away, looked directly into her eyes, formally raised his hat, and passed on happy—she had nodded, distantly but not perfunctorily.

This was the grain of mustard seed. After that he never failed to take off his hat, she never failed to nod; as indeed it could not help doing, the thing grew. Gradually, insensibly, to the formal bow and nod were called "good evenings"; then a pleasant smile crept in, and later all formality was thrown off and smiles and welcoming hellos reigned supreme.

She seemed to think it the proper thing to speak. One evening she was sitting on the porch with her face turned from the street talking to her mother. But she saw him coming and, dropping the conversation for a moment, turned round and spoke to him as he passed. One night as he and two other fellows were coming from the picture show they met her and her mother coming from somewhere. He was on the outside, she on the inside of the walk. But with all those three people between them she looked straight into his eyes, smiled and said "hello." When she was gone one of the fellows remarked that she needn't have slighted everybody as she did and began wondering when *it* had happened. *He* was as delighted as a child with this friendly teasing, as well almost as with her action. The two fellows took drinks and cigars on him at the next fountain.

Then — was it only his imagination or was it real? — her brother and father became more friendly. The brother's voice was more candid, the father looked over his glasses less severely when chance threw him near them at the post-office. When the mother saw him her countenance assumed a somewhat comical look of benevolence tinctured, he loved to think, with approbation. While all of this may have been mere fancy it nevertheless served a purpose. He guessed that they had divined his thoughts and the girl in

his waking dreams became more distinctly a continued presence.

It was not love that he felt for her. He knew that she could never inspire him to great endeavors, nor could he ever feel any intense passion towards her. It is true that her influence flooded him with a sense of purity; but it was the purity of inaction, the purity he felt when gazing at a little ruby he had, around which, half dozing, half waking, he could build all sorts of impossible romances. He did not desire to visit her for that would have necessitated talking; and what could he say to her or care to hear her say?

So it was that his vacation passed. The day before leaving he saw her twice. That night he feel asleep thinking of her; and when he passed her home early next morning before day on his way to the train he silently and wistfully looked at her window and surreptitiously threw a little kiss toward it.

A few minutes later he was gone; and, tho the girl as a distinct memory will rapidly fade, that silent little romance will always be a part of his life, refining the animal and smoothing the turbulent. He is not ungrateful. Whatever good he may do will be owing partly to, and whatever bad in spite of, her influence.

AN AMERICAN MAN OF LETTERS

Collier Cobb

A slave who owned his master; a poet ignorant of the rules of prosody; a man of letters before he learned to read; a writer of short stories who published in several papers simultaneously before the day of newspaper syndicates; an author who supported himself and his family in an intellectual center before authorship had attained to the dignity of a profession in America: such was George Horton, a negro, born in North Carolina, in 1798.

Like all the members of his race, he was fond of melody and devoted to meeting; and to this religious impulse he owed the cultivation of a poetic temperament, and the opportunity to study the structure of the short story.

My attention was drawn to his work several years ago by some verses of his written for a lady's album in 1840, to the authorship of which he had relinquished all claim for twenty-five cents. The quality of the verse and the story of its authorship led me to look into the man's history and to search for his work in the files of the newspapers of his day.

George was the property of Mr. James Horton, of Chatham County. He was a full-blooded black man, something like the type known today as negroid, yet more Aryan than Semitic in features, and more like the natives of India and Northern Africa, than the negro south of the Sahara. He himself, Othello like, boasted of the purity of his black blood. Such is the description I get of his personal appearance from old residents of Chapel Hill, who knew him in his prime, from the late John H. Watson, Esquire, Mayor of Chapel Hill, and from several of his old employers in versification.

George lived on the plantation of his master, where he made a pretence of working on the farm until he was about

thirty-three years old. His time in winter was spent largely in fishing and hunting, and in some slight personal service for his master. His summers were devoted mainly to protracted meetings. He became familiar with the Bible from hearing it read, and with the melodies of the Methodist hymnal, which were constantly ringing in his ears, like the airs from a popular opera. From these sources he gained his sole knowledge of stories and of verse, and on hearing some verses read from an odd number of the North Carolina University Magazine, he asked his master's permission to visit Chapel Hill and get acquainted with the young masters who did such work.

Having reached the University town, his gift of versification secured for him ready employment, and he composed acrostics on ladies' names, and love songs and other amorous verses for ladies' albums. He was also actively employed in the production of love letters. George found his new venture so profitable that he offered his owner fifty cents a day for his time, which was worth nothing on the farm. It was against the law for a negro to hire his own time, but the law was evaded by having a white man as his nominal employer. Soon his verses, too, appeared in the *University Magazine*, some of the young masters claiming the authorship. All his lines were written down by others from his dictation, for he had never learned to write. He had learned to read, however, by the use of his Wesleyan hymn book, and learned his words before he learned his letters, thus anticipating a method of the new education. The laws of the State forbade the teaching of slaves, but George learned to read without a teacher, and his master knew nothing of his accomplishments until he was shown some of his verses.

One of George's earlier efforts at Chapel Hill, inspired by the half-dollor of an aspiring Sophomore, who nightly wandered in the neighborhood of Piney Prospect, ran thus:

> At length the silver queen begins to rise,
> And spread her glowing mantle in the skies,
> And from the smiling chambers of the east,
> Invites the eye to her resplendent feast.

George soon obtained a Webster's blue-backed spelling book, and in this way he learned his letters, with what assistance no one ever knew. Very soon he learned to spell by matching the words in his hymnal (which he already knew by sight and by heart) with the words in the spelling book. In this way, too, he learned to read the Bible. And so, entirely unaided by instruction, he learned to read and made the acquaintance of grammar and prosody, acquiring a simple straightforward style, and writing good idiomatic English.

Dr. Joseph Caldwell, President of the University, became interested in the gifted negro and lent him books, and he became a reader of the best in English literecture. About this time, in 1829 Gales and Son printed at Raleigh several of his pieces in a pamphlet, entitled "The Hope of Liberty." The collection was made up entirely from his earlier efforts. From this pamphlet the following is taken.

THE SLAVE'S COMPLAINT

"Am I sadly cast aside,
On misfortune's rugged tide?
Will the world my pains deride
Forever?

"Must I dwell in Slavery's night,
And all pleasure take its flight,
Far beyond my feeble sight,
Forever?

"Worst of all, must hope grow dim,
And withhold her cheering beam?
Rather let me sleep and dream
Forever!

"Something still my heart surveys,
Groping through this dreary maze;
Is it Hope? — then burn and blaze
Forever!

"Leave me not a wretch confined,
Altogether lame and blind,
Unto gross despair consigned.
Forever!

"Heaven! in whom can I confide?
Canst thou not for all provide?
Condescend to be my guide
Forever!

"And when transient life shall end,
Oh may some kind eternal friend
Bid me from servitude ascend,
Forever!"

George never really cared for more liberty than he had, but he was fond of playing to the grand-stand. It was a common saying in Chapel Hill that Poet Horton owned Mr. Horton and all but owned the President of the University.

The next example of his work is one of his earlier efforts in that style of verse making which won for him a livelihood and reputation at Chapel Hill. It is entitled

LOVE

"Whilst tracing thy visage, I sink in emotion,
For no other damsel so wond'rous I see;
Thy looks are so pleasing, thy charms so amazing,
I think of no other, my true love, but thee.

"With heart-burning rapture I gaze on thy beauty,
And fly like a bird to the boughs of a tree;
Thy looks are so pleasing, thy charms so amazing,
I fancy no other, my true love, but thee.

"Thus oft in the valley I think and I wonder
Why cannot a maid with her lover agree?
Thy looks are so pleasing, thy charms so amazing,
I pine for no other, my true love, but thee.

"I'd fly from thy frowns with a heart full of sorrow —
Return, pretty damsel, and smile thou on me;
By every endeavor, I'll try thee forever;
And languish until I am fancied by thee."

This, too, was written down from his dictation before its author had learned to write.

The following stanza is from one of his poems of the same period:

"Come melting Pity, from afar,
And break this fast enormous bar,
Between a wretch and thee;

Purchase a few short days of time,
And bid a vassal soar sublime,
On wings of Liberty."

At Chapel Hill he accumulated by his work for the students, and through appeals to their sympathy, a small sum of money, with which he hoped in time to buy his freedom and a passage to Liberia; but after the death of his patron, Dr. Caldwell, he gave himself up to drink and his little savings, with all that he could earn or beg, went for liquor. A favorite scheme of his for raising money was to write some verses setting forth the sickness and distress of his family, and closing with an appeal to the students to "lend a helping hand to the old unfortunate bard," which he would take from room to room and read, and his old employers in versification nearly always responded liberally. Dr. Battle tells us in his History of the University that "His manner was courteous, his moral character good. Like Byron, Burns, and Poe, he often quenched the divine spark with unpoetic whiskey."

I have on my table as I write a small volume of his verses published in 1838: and early in the fifties a small duodecimo volume of his poems was published in Boston along with his autobiography. Several short stories and numerous essays of his, of about the same date, were also published in Boston.

He addressed the following verses to Horace Greely, and they appeared in the New York *Tribune*.

THE POET'S PETITION

"Bewalling 'mid' the ruthless wave
I lift my feeble hand to thee,
Let me no longer be a slave,
But drop the fetters and be free.

"Why will regardless Fortune sleep
Deaf to my penitential prayer,
Or leave the struggling bard to weep,
Alas! and languish in despair?

"He is an eagle void of wings
Aspiring to the mountain height,
Yet in the vale aloud he sings
For Pity's aid to give him flight.

"Then listen all who never felt
For fettered genius heretofore,
Let hearts of petrification melt,
And bid the gifted negro soar."

Miss Cheney of Connecticutt, (afterwards Mrs. Horace Greely), who was teaching school at Warrenton, N. C., met Greely while making a short stay in New York on her way to North Carolina, and she still further enlisted his interest in the negro poet. Horton's versification had often been employed in singing the praises of the ladies, and he had written many an acrostic and sung many a song in praise of Sally Maxwell, a charming young widow of Warrenton. For this work he received his highest prices, paid by the love-sick swains of Chapel Hill, who spent their senior vacation in Warrenton.

When George's student employer was willing to pay as much as fifty cents, the poem was generously gushing. Horton continued to live near Chapel Hill until the coming of the United States calvary in 1865, when he accompanied an army officer to Philadelphia and lived there until his death at an advanced age.

His later work showed remotely and in some small measure the influence of that group of Elizabethan poets who were wont to meet in the club-room of the Mermaid tavern, and he was fond of matching poems one against another, after the manner of Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd to his Love", and "The Nymphs Reply", by Sir Walter Raleigh. But one example must suffice:

THE PLEASURE OF A BACHELOR'S LIFE

O tell me not of Wedlock's charms,
Nor busy Hymen's galling chain,
But rather let me fold my arms
From pleasures which will end in pain.

'Tis true the primogenial flower
Arose to please in Eden's grove,
But did she not as soon devour
The silly bee that sought her love?

Then with content remain alone,
But still on wings of pleasure soar,
The storms of life will soon be gone,
Perhaps, and to return no more.

Without a surly wife to scold,
Or children lo disturb your mind,
To pillage o'er your chest for gold,
And spend for trifles what they find.

PAIN OF A BACHELOR'S LIFE

When Adam dwelt in Eden's shade,
His state was joyless there;
He then the general scene surveyed,
No true delight the world dsiplayed
To him without the fair.

His mind was like the ocean's wave
When rolling to and fro;
He seemed a creature doomed to crave,
Too melancholy to be brave,
When no true pleasures flow.

At length a smiling woman rose,
A bone from his own side,
The scene of pleasure to disclose
And lull him into soft repose,
The raptures of a bride.

Young bachelor whoe'er thou art
Thy pleasures are but rare;
A thorn will ever pierce thy heart
Until fond nature takes its part
Of comfort with the fair.

This was his first effort of its kind, and was written for a young instructor in the University in recognition of some favor he had shown the poet.

All the examples of his verse that I have given are selected from his earlier productions, when he was still an unlettered slave.

It was in Philadelphia that he developed his gift at story telling, his stories being modelled on the old stories of the East, as he had learned them from his Bible, and in many cases being bodily taken from the scriptures and modernized as to names and places. In this he was even more success-

ful than was Benjamin Franklin in his famous paraphrase of the Book of Job. The source of Horton's inspiration was always hid from any but the closest students of Holy Writ, and even they did not often recognize their old friends in modern dress.

In yet another respect this poet wonld be a paradox in our day. He did very little work before reaching the age of forty, and the most productive period of his life began when he was sixty-seven years old, continuing to the close of his life, at the age of eighty-five, in 1883.

O YOU POSSUM!

James L. Orr

Rastus, get de ol' gun down,
An' whissul up de dog,
While I chop us sum torches
Outen dat ol' pine log.

Now go tell yer ma to hang
De big pot on the rack,
An' have the water bilin'
Whenever we gets back.

Take de dog along de ridge,
An' I'll bring on de light.
We's got to have a possum,
A polecat, or a fight.

COLLEGE POLITICS

T. P. Nash, Jr.

College politics is the logical outgrowth of the association of men assembled as students under a representative form of governnent. Wherever there is community life there is politics. That is to say college politics is the result of certain conditions. And yet the value of college politics does not end with having served the conditions of college life. The idea of the college as a place where only culture and classical learning may be obtained has given way to the more modern idea of the college as a political training place for the conditions and demands of twentieth century life. Political questions are most prominently before the American people today—men with political training are most in demand. Upon consideration it will appear that the large American university affords the most ideal conditions for the political practice. The function of college politics will be seen to be, therefore, two fold: in the first place, it must be considered for its temporary value; and, in the second place, for its permanent value.

Assuming that college politics is as permanently essential to college life as national politics is to national life, let us look, for a moment, at college politics in the light of its temporary value to the individual. In itself, college politics can be worth to a man only the value that he may place upon any of the college political distinctions. For instance if he prize the presidency of his class, or the captainship of his team, college politics is valuable to him just to the extent that it helps him to obtain this position.

The real and permanent value of college politics is that it thoroughly trains a man to take his place and bear his part in the political life of his country.

I have had occasion to refer to the ideal conditions for po-

litical practice in the average American college. The political aspects of our colleges are, in nowise, as simple as they might at first appear, especially and most naturally in those instances in which the students have self-government. Rather are they more than ordinarily complex as the result of a smaller number of men than make up the average community, living apart in a separate republic, as it were. Here at the University of North Carolina, for instance, we have the average college political complexity. The two great parties are fraternity men and non-fraternity men. Their great battle ground is the Athletic Association, though the skirmishes extend into all the other political institutions, as the literary societies, the several classes, the Y. M. C. A., and the various clubs and social organizations. It is an easy matter to draw analogies here to national political institutions. It is sufficient for my purpose to point out the fact that these ideal conditions do exist, and that herein lies the secret of the permanent value of college politics.

THE HOPE OF FAITH

Clem

As the slender tendril of the dungeon vine
Reaches and clambers to the one lone ray.
That, dimly falling, may a moment shine
At high-noon, then be lost through night and day—

So shall my faith, however darkly held,
With the sure sense of nature's least in might,
And by an instinct undefiled compelled,
Fail not through darkness at length to find the light.

CO-EDUCATION—OF THEORY AND OF PRACTICE

(A Frivolous Essay on a Serious Subject)

Sam H. Lyle, Jr.

Being a man, and young, and never having "loved and lost," or "felt my heart flutter like a caged bird," or "the tell-tale crimson rush to my brow at sight of her fair face," my horizon must, of necessity, be a limited one. For the same reason I must, perforce, admit myself to a degree prejudiced, that being one of my strong points—modesty bids me refrain from mentioning the others.

But let us side-step, and hark back. Having started out with a specific subject, the rules of English composition insist that I see it through to the end. In this matter of co-education—which, as I understand it, is to allow certain highly eligible specimens of femininity to loaf about a place where a bunch of half-grown men are attempting, more or less seriously, to absorb sixty odd hours of learning without letting anybody find out what they are up to—there is, as the sage wisely remarked, much to be said on both sides. I am talking on the other side. Which, being translated, means nothing at all, although what I shall say will not, to any noticeable extent, be along the line of a Chinese puzzle.

I had a friend who had a girl. This man once passed a course, but later reformed and never committed that special indiscretion again. And he said the girl wasn't to blame. I had another friend, and he also had a girl. Now this man led his classes. And he said the girl was to blame. I, personally, had no girl, and I—oh, well, I said the co-eds were to blame. Which all goes to show that I have a strong case.

In the days when I was a freshman there came a girl to dwell in the house where I hung up. A little while, and there came a man, and he came morning, afternoon, and

evening. The girl was pretty to look at, the man had been a student before the advent of the girl, and I, to repeat an unpleasant fact, was a freshman. In the moonlit evenings they, the girl and the ex-student, sat on the veranda below, and their low voices floated to me in the room above. It was springtime, and the scent of flowers was in the air. I sat on the window ledge, and gazed unseeingly at the blue-black hills in the far distance. Intermittently low, murmured words of love came up to me, and my own thoughts were far, far away with another such night, another such veranda, and another girl.

But I was then a freshman; I have since turned away from the follies of those days. However, I took all proper precautions that spring. After reaching home in June I camped near the post office—and I captured the report. The other man, the ex-student, wasn't so lucky. His pater beat him out, and his place at college knew him no more.

My arguments so far have been conclusive. It is needless to say they will continue the same. Summer comes once each year, and there is, generally speaking, three months of it. An all-wise Providence presumably made this season for some purpose. But that purpose? The student has unraveled the puzzle. "Summer?" he says, "why that's easy. Summer's to loaf, have a good time, and chase about with the girls." To loaf, have a good time and chase about with the girls. There are flowers in summer, and moonlit nights, and what does it matter, after all, if we tell her she is the only one of her kind in captivity? We are supposed to do that. In the winter—now we are coming to the real facts of life—there is work for us, and we must do it. Many compounds have been discovered, almost innumerable they are, but no genius has yet appeared to compound work and girl. The two won't mix, witness the student of my freshman days.

That co-eds have intelligence I don't doubt. In this matter I cannot, of course, be positive, but I am of the opinion that they have this quality to a certain extent. That they register for a large number of the courses intended especiall

for men, and give the over-worked professor considerable trouble re-arranging lectures, is a proven fact; otherwise they would not be so greatly out of demand. Not, however, that they efface themselves on other occasions. On the contrary they are usually there, and may be heard from at any moment—usually to the disgust of the young gentleman who is interrupted in the middle of his discussion. But he, the young gentleman, subsides, and glares, and takes it out in cussing to his associates later. We must admit that co-eds have intelligence; otherwise they wouldn't know, and say, so much on class. Misdirected intelligence, perhaps, but who can tell?

Is woman not the equal of man, and has she not the God-given right to share all the privileges that may accrue to him through luck, work, or graft? The fact that Eve was made from the rib of Adam doesn't count; and, besides that's all over with now, and ought to be forgotten Woman has enlarged her sphere since that time, and, if we men will be right good, possibly we may be allowed to enjoy some of the fruits of our own labor.

Co-eds, then, being women and people, and having a certain amount of intelligence, have a right to higher education, and they should not be denied that right. But why should they go to a man's school? That is the vital question, why? But don't ask me; I couldn't answer you. There are good universities for women, that is certain. They can find the same advantages at these institutions, receive the same high class instruction, and, in addition, associate with members of their own sex. You have asked me the question; I answer by asking you, Why?

That's about all. I am prejudiced, of course; I said that before. But what do you think? Evidently there are two kinds of co-education, co-education of theory and co-education of practice. I have seen them both, and you can take my word for it they are an entirely different thing. That I have spoken of the latter kind goes of itself, but I have mixed the other in places—to soften the colors a trifle and hide

some things that ought not to come out in a friendly article of this character—and perhaps to cover my own prejudice to a certain extent. Which all goes to show that I know what I am talking about.

The University Magazine

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With this, the first issue of the year, the editors have no policy to announce. It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, for a college magazine to have a policy and live up to it. We can see no farther ahead in our editorial existence than the next number. We hope, indeed, and shall try, to give to the Magazine, each month, something that will make it of permanent and solid value. But that is an intention rather than a promise.

Changes have been made in several of the departments of the Magazine, and to these we wish to call attention. In this and the succeeding issues the sketches will be found among the advertisements. The scheme is a business device, but affects in no way the quality of the reading. The Exchange department will this year, more exactly perform its function. We cannot be convinced of the value of a formally statistical department, that has no meaning or interest for the great majority of readers. The Exchange department, then, will consist of reprints of some of the best pieces in Magazines that come to us. The readers, themselves, will be the critics. *Things Talked About* we wish to make a de-

partment more openly and generally expressive of student sentiment and thought than it has been before.

For the rest, the Magazine will plod along much the same as usual. Those who look for faults will find them in plenty; those who have a wider interest will find some things to commend.

The cover design for the present volume series is the work of Mr. T. D. Rose.

We consider the cover of any publication its most important single feature. The Saturday Evening Post traces its present tremendous circulation to its artistic cover designing. Last year the Magazine made a forward step along this line. In the selection of the present design the editors believe that another score must be marked up on the records of progress.

You, men of the freshman class, have been at the University of North Carolina long enough, now, to know something of the place to which you have come. You have found here new conditions of life. You are now men among men, responsible for your conduct only to yourselves and the Institution's moral code. To most of you the situation is unique and pleasing; for it is the true man's life. But the University life being that of an average community, you have, at the very outset, the choice of two paths of life that lead in opposite directions. The incentive to one path is Ambition; to the other Pleasure. You are now at the beginning of your choice: it is important that you choose aright.

The attention of the students is directed to the offer of a prize of one hundred dollars for the best essay on "International Arbitration" by an undergraduate student of any American College or University. The prize is given by Mr, Chester D. Pugsley, through the Lake Mohawk Conference on International Arbitration. The contest closes March 15, 1910.

Last year the prize, which was fifty dollars less than this year's offer, was won by a sophomore in John Hopkins University.

The conditions of the contest are few and simple. They may be obtained by application to the Editor or from the Secretary of the Conference.

Despite the serious set-back which the University received at the last Legislature, it has opened the present session with an enrollment of approximately eight hundred, or fifty more than last year. The problem of accommodating this increasing number has become so serious that it cannot much longer fail to demand the attention of our representatives. What little money was allotted the University for improvements this year has been expended in the absolutely necessary remodelling of the Chapel, and the lighting and heating plant. Not a cent has been spent upon new dormitories; and yet the present dormitories room scarcely one-half the students. The maximum of accomodation has about been reached. The further growth of the University is conditioned upon an increased appropriation.

The usual Magazine prizes for the past year have been awarded.

The Hunter Lee Harris Medal for the best original short story: Mr. T. P. Nash, Jr.

The second best short story: Mr. E. Jones.

The best poem: Mr. Martin Douglas.

The best essay: Miss Rosa N. Scott.

The best sketch: Mr. J. T. Johnson.

There is, more or less prevalent, among the students the notion that it is up to the editors to make the magazine. Undoubtedly some, taking this notion for a fact, feel no further responsibility in the Magazine's success. That this

is a mistaken idea is very well shown by the fact that but one of the prizes went to an editor.

The true function of the University Magazine and, we take it, of every college magazine, no matter how far its advertising standard may have drifted it from the performance of that function, is the development of the capacity for written self-expression among the students. To that extent it is dependent not alone for its successful existence, but for its *very* existence, upon the students. During this year we want the students to feel this. The prizes offered should be an added incentive to Magazine work.

THINGS TALKED ABOUT

To students who have been at the University a year or so any explanation, save as a reminder, of *Things Talked About* is quite unnecessary. But the editors in charge of this department think it well to say a few words as to its purpose for the advantage of those who are with us this year for the first time. To use a homely illustration *Things Talked About* aspires to be to the students what the proverbial country grocery store or post office is to the neighboring farmers—a place for free altogether unconventional disscussion. Be you a law student, a med., a pharmacy student, an academic from freshman from Clodville to dignified graduate, or faculty member and have an opinion on any subject concerning our life here write it up and hand it to one of the editors. We don't require any literary merit. All that we ask is that what you say is worth the saying and be stated intelligibly. So come along: cuss or boost something or give us an idea; and help us make the department an expression of the general current of University thought and feeling.

The most historic thing upon the campus is, perhaps, the old Davie popular. It is pointed out to visitors, it is pictured upon post cards, and its story is one of the first things which are told new men when they arrive upon the campus. This old tree is manifestly failing. Now if the proper steps be taken the life of this tree may be prolonged for many years more than if nothing were done. There are trees in other parts of the country that are just as old, and older than this one, and which are still in a healthy, flourishing condition. The science of forestry has so far advanced that a diseased tree may be treated, and often restored to normal life, in just as scientific a manner as a sick man would be.

A course of lectures upon forestry is scheduled for this session. I would suggest that we get the opinion of one trained in the knowledge of trees, for instance, Mr. William Ashe, as to the means by which the old poplar may be best preserved. There are famous old trees in New England, which are surrounded by iron fences and are most carefully protected. Now, the fact is, as we do not fully realize, that *we have upon our campus one of the most historic trees in the country.* What could be more appropriate for a class memorial—or any kind of a memorial—than the placing of a substantial iron railing about this tree, and the erection of a tablet with an inscription commemorating what took place beneath it?

With the recent change in the chapel hour every period except the last, the twelve-thirty one, is only fifty-five minutes long. We are not aware that the classes scheduled for this hour are of any more importance or require any more time than the others, so we venture the following suggestion: why not have the bell rung at one-twenty-five to end this last hour and then rung again at the regular time, one-thirty, for dinner, thus giving the students a little time to get to their meals and incidentally delivering those professors who insist on making remarks after the hour is up from the annoyance of scraping feet and spasmodic starts toward the door on the part of the class. As it stands now, a last hour class means that poor unfortunates who have them, after a rush—unnecessary we may say, but for all that seemingly a tendency impossible to successfully combat—from the classroom to their boarding places, arrive at their meals breathless, hot and somewhat excited. In this condition they simply gulp their dinner down, and indigestion and a feeling of heaviness all the afternoon is the result—bad on anybody, but especially rough on those who have to study or work in the laboratories. The five minute intermission would remedy this without materially hurting or shorten-

ing any class that we know of, and, unless there is some very pregnant objection of which we are unaware, we see no reason why it should not be put into effect.

The innovation in Senior theses requirements, like everything else, has its good and bad characteristics. Limiting the student, in the choice of a thesis, to one or two of the fields in which he has specialized, for instance, is bound to remedy many of the most serious defects in the old system of thesis-writing. On the contrary the requirement that definite subjects for theses be submitted by November 1st is practically impossible of fulfilment by those seniors whose theses are based upon research work carried out in the after-Christmas months. For these men special provision must be made.

ALUMNI NOTES

J. H. Allen is teaching at Mt. Ulla, N. C.

T. J. Armstrong will enter Yale University.

Clyde Barbee is principal of the East Durham School.

Kemp D. Battle is taking law at the University.

Elden Bayley is an assistant in Botany at the University.

G. U. Baucom is with a surveying crew.

H. F. Boatwright is studying medicine at the University.

S. V. Bowen is in the real estate business at Oil City, Okla.

E. C. Byerly is teaching school at Walnut Cove.

H. K. Clonts is working in Lakeland, Fla.

J. Mc. Costner is an instructor in mathematics in the University.

W. D. Cox is teaching school near Moyock, N. C.

O. C. Cox is at the University studying law.

O. P. Credle is principal of the school at Swan Quarter.

V. C. Edwards is associate professor of Chemistry and Physics at Wofford College, S. C.

C. C. Frazier is practicing law in Greensboro.

W. H. Fry is an assistant in geology at the University.

Monroe Gaddy is professor of Latin and French at Horner Military School, Oxford, N. C.

Frank Graham is taking law at the University.

W. P. Grier is teaching school in the western part of the State.

John T. Johnston is principal of the Tarboro Schools.

J. A. Keiger is principal of the High Point School.

C. F. Kirkpatrick is an assistant in the State Laboratory of Hygiene, Raleigh, N. C.

W. L. Long is back at the University as a Fellow in Greek.

Duncan MacRae is taking advanced work in Chemistry in the University.

Don. MacRae is studying law at the University.

J. H. Manning is teaching Greek and German at Horner Military School, Oxford, N. C.

T. J. McManis is at the University as an assistant in Physics.

R. S. McNeil is still with us.

V. M. Montsinger is working in Atlanta, Ga.

E. J. Newell is here taking advanced work in Chemistry. Mr. Newell is the Sutherland Fellow again this year.

D. D. Oliver is principle of the Battleboro High School.

H. P. Osborne is with the Southern Life & Trust Co., of Greensboro, N. C.

Donald Ray is studying architecture at Harvard.

Jerry Reeves will enter Yale.

R. M. Robinson is back at the University taking law.

C. B. Ruffin is in the law department of the University.

J. L. Simmons is teaching at Stanhope, N. C.

C. B. Spencer is back at the University.

C. B. Spicer is studying law at the University.

W. H. Strowd is taking advanced work in Chemistry here.

Faison Thomson is teaching near Goldsboro.

C. W. Tillet is back at the University studying law.

J. W. Umstead is at Kingstree, S. C., with the Southern Life & Trust Co.

E. S. Welborn is here taking academic work.

F. E. Winslow is an assistant in German at the University.

P. E. Seagle, '06, is principal of the Wilmington High School.

Among the degrees conferred at Harvard at the commencement in June were the following: F. M. Morton, S. T. P., of Charlotte; Bachelor of sacred theology, Ralph Moore Harper, of Kingston, S. C.; Bachelor of law, Archie C. Dalton, of Greensboro.

Joseph E. Pogue, Jr., of Raleigh, N. C., '06, received the degree of Ph. D. in Geology at the Yale commencement, 1909.

T. R. Eagles, Jr., was married in June, 1909, to Miss Mabel Bost, of Newton.

G. T. Whitley, '08, is licentiate in Mathematics and Fellow in the University library.

Watt P. Stacy, '08, is principal of the Murphey Graded School, Raleigh.

E. McK. Highsmith, '07, is principal of the Chapel Hill High School.

J. R. Conley, '01, is superintendent of the Oxford Graded School.

J. F. Spruill, '09, is studying law at the University.

Frank McLean, '05, is studying medicine at Tulane University, New Orleans, La.

J. E. Hobgood, who completed his two year's medical course here in 1905, is practicing medicine at Oxford, N. C.

R. C. Morrow, '03, is teaching mathematics at Georgia Tech.

J. W. Speas, '08, is taking graduate work in mathematics at Cornell.

A. B. Greenwood, ex-'07, has returned to college and is taking Senior work.

I. Harding Hughes, ex-'07, after an absence of four years, has returned to college and entered the Junior class.

C. E. McIntosh, ex-'09, after an absence of two years, has returned to college and is an instructor in History. Mr. McIntosh is also taking Junior work.

Rev. Frank B. Rankin, '01, is pastor of the Presbyterian Churches at Hamlet, Rockingham, and Cameron.

John W. Hester, '08, is teaching at Oak Ridge Institute.

Marmaduke Robins, '08, is with the Greensboro Life and Trust Co., Greensboro, N. C.

W. H. Jones, ex-'09, has returned to college and is taking Junior work.

H. S. Kirkpatrick, who received his license to practice law, '08, was married in June to Miss Hodgin, of Red Springs.

J. J. Parker is practicing law at Monroe, N. C.

G. M. Fountain, '08, is taking law at the University.

Ben L. Banks, '08, is in the University taking law.

Dr. Louis Round Wilson, '99, was married in July to Miss Penelope Brown Wright, of Coharie, N. C.

Ben E. Washburn, '06, is studying medicine at the University of Virginia.

Robt. F. Moseley, ex-11, is principal of the Yanceyville School.

T. H. Partrick, Jr., is teaching near Clinton.

SKETCHES

The Onion

The onion derives its name from the Latin, *unio*, which means *oneness;* that is, the onion is in a class by itself. In former days the onion had such a repelling odor that it could not get any respectable vegetable to grow near it. Not until it was planted upon the American continent was it even able to get others of its kind to cluster around it. This change was brought about by the pole-cat. (The pole-cat is a small animal to be killed with a pole—the longer the pole the better.) The pole-cat raised such a malodor that the onions along the creek bottoms had to unite in order to drive the *varmint* from the territory. The combination of odors from the clusters of onions ousted the pole-cat. He gave up the battle and went across the hill, singing "There's Nothing like That in Our Family." Thenceforward onions have grown in clusters.

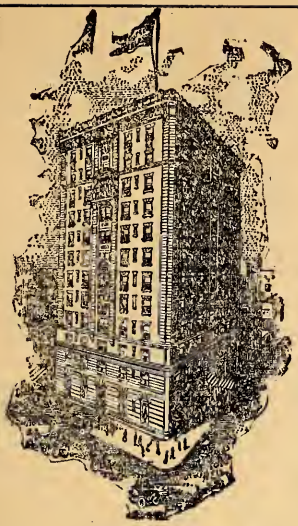
There are two kinds of onions. The wild onion is the one of the primitive state. One of these got into a garlic patch and by a cross breed with the garlic formed the other species.

The most scientific analysis of the difference and minute observance of the relation between the two kinds are by the use of the olfactory nerves. In the spring a convincing experiment in this is to inhale the sweet odor of a lady's breath when she comes out of the garden and a cow's breath when she comes in from the meadow.

But onions are of valuable service to humanity. When they are taken as food, they drive every disease germ out of the body. They are useful also in driving away bad company.

Among the poorer classes fried onions are a very popular dish. They drive away everything except poverty.

Onions are sometimes used to flavor undesirable meats.



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When a cow has been living on wild onions just before she is butchered, it is very satisfactory to the butcher to know that he can run her tough steak through a sausage-grinder, and label it "Hamburg Steak".

The composition of hash is beyond the analyzing power of any chemist; but were it not for onions this very palatable conglomeration of stale meats would be condemned by the Pure Food Law

The onion is one of the necessary evils. It stands permanent in its sphere; but the desire of humanity is to keep out of its sphere. When the great Benefactor of mankind created all things, he deemed it necessary to send dark and dreary days that we way know better how to appreciate the glorious sunshine. He also gave us the onion that we may appreciate more highly the pure food and the fresh air.

A CHAPEL HILL ENTERTAINMENT

Chapel Hill is annually favored with an entertainment which comes not as a star course under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. No posters or agents announce its coming; it is heralded only by the blast of an old horn. But that is enough; everybody knows that the bear man has come to town. The troupe consists of one dilapidated bear, an angular, red headed Polander, and a shifty eyed dog. The Polander talks. His never failing sense of humor keeps the crowd amused.

"Who wants to zee ze bear dance?" he cries. "Only twenty-vive zents, ladies and gentlemen"—the crowd consists of students, small boys, negro men and a few dusky mammies. "For twenty-vive zents ze bear will dance, seet in the chair erect like ze man, and show you how ze man turn hees back to ze vire when it is very cold." During this speech he circulates a battered hat and collects a few dimes. Then he puts the bear through its "paces". After this he begins again: "Ladies and zentlemen, who wants to zee ze man and ze bear wrestle for one dollar? Three best out of vive, ketch as ketch can. Sometime ze man

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throw ze bear, sometime ze bear throw ze man. Sometime ze bear squeeza ze man. I haven't wrestle in siss mont. Who will give vive dollar? I can't speak ze plain English; I say vive dollar when I mean vive zents."

Frequent repetition, however, has made the wrestle unattractive and the money is not forthcoming. The students scatter and the show disappears down the street followed by barking dogs and laughing negroes.

ONE OF LIFE'S MOMENTS

A shrill, child's voice behind me piped up high above the others in the yell. I looked back with an amused smile. One of the fruit boys had climed upon the fence in the excitement of the ninth inning, and was shouting with all his soul. But he caught my glance and smile and interpreted them; for a queer, shamed look came into his eyes, and he smiled, abashed. Just the slightest, noticeable hesitancy quivered in his voice. But he went on bravely to the end. Presently I glanced around again. The little fellow was still looking at me. When our eyes met we both smiled.

THE COMMAND OF PERSONALITY

The howling in Gerrard Hall was fierce. The president of the association could secure no hearing. Nor did the noise stop, indeed, when a little fellow jumped on a chair in the front and waved his long baton as a sign that a yell was wanted. But he was laughing, and all the howls were turned toward him until it seemed, for a moment, that the roof must go. Just then, however, the smiling face of the little fellow became stern. The lips were tightly drawn, the eyes blazed, and without a wave from the stick, without a word from him, with nothing indeed but the commanding look on his face, every sound ceased, and a deep quiet fell over the whole crowd. Surveying the faces a moment he said: "Fellows, lets give a yell for the team. Spell Carolina. Ready: 1—2, 1—2."

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THE PICTURE OF HER

Why does her picture still stand there on the bureau staring at us? Why is it still one of our treasures when long ago we realized that she was a fool? We come to think she is foolish just as soon as she becomes the other fellow's girl. Long ago we were convinced that the place she once occupied in our affections had been filled and now we look at the other picture standing near and further toward the front and say to ourselves, "Isn't she a beauty?" Truly she is the sweetest girl in all the world, and yet we keep the other photograph there. The face that posed for that old sepia has gone from out our life entirely and yet we are still convincing ourselves that it has really gone. Of course we know that she isn't pretty for pretty is as pretty does, and yet she still stands there. We cannot throw her away even though it has been years since all ties were broken. In our saner moments can we find an explanation for the blues we are constantly having on account of that old time photograph that we cannot and that we dare not destroy?

A FRESHMAN'S PLAINT

(Found in Battle's Park. Author unknown.)

Gee! I wish that I was a soph,
Like the other fellows are;
To haze the little freshmen,
And smear them up with tar.

On Wednesday night
'Stead of having fun,
I'm out in the woods on
A dead long run.
And I really am so lonely.
Gee! I wish I was a soph.

A FRESHMAN ELECTION

A freshman election is an interesting thing for any man in college. It's interesting to the freshman for various reasons, chief of which is that he is exercising his right of fran-

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chise among a body of citizens. It is interesting to the Sophomore, if he learns of it in time to take an active part. It is interesting to the Junior because he can pat the Freshman on the back in a patronizing way and tell him not to be afraid. It is interesting to the Senior because it gives him the opportunity to show his dignity and importance, and say in a quiet, sure manner, "Come, my little ones, you are entering now upon the most eventful period of your life, and will find that the road to knowledge is strewn with many a beauteous flower for your plucking—will you pluck?"

Hearing of such an election to be held at 11 o'clock Tuesday night, near the depot, a couple of Seniors and I betook ourselves to the aforesaid meeting at the aforesaid time. When we were near the depot and found no freshmen, Jim whistled gently—two long whistles—the station blow, as anyone knows. Immediately there came back the answer in like manner. To make sure, he whistled again, and back came the answer. We set out in the direction whence came the signals, and soon we saw emerging from the woods a motley crew of men silent as the night, which just then was silent. Then we came close together—as close as we might come without butting into one another—when one of "they" ventured and spoke thus wise:

Freshman: "Is that you thirteen?"

Jim: "It is."

Freshman: "Where are the others?"

Jim: "We are they."

The freshman waited a moment to take it in, then said: "Well, let's elect Mr. McGraw, of Greensboro, President, any other nominations? Jerry you're elected. Now we don't need a vice-president; let's elect a secretary." A shaky voice at the van opened up: "Let me be secretary." "All right," said the speaker. "Is any one else nominated for secretary? Nobody's nominated but Tonny; Tonny you're elected." Thus the election proceeded, we taking our part heartily. Finally it came to a choice of a poet, but no one seemed to care for that position. After many modest

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objections, a long haired base ball player, who couldn't recite "Mary had a Litte Lamb," was elected poet.

When the election was finally concluded, the leader of the party set the crowd up to drinks at Mr. Markham's department store, and then assembled his humble followers in the road near the store to give a parting yell. Jim and Will and I broke away and started back for college; and as we passed long Tom Jones' house, there came to our ears the echo from happy hearts, though scarcely attuned to their new environment:

Ray! Ray! Ray!
Ray! Ray! Ray!
13! 13! 13!

THE POINT OF DIFFERENCE

The little black-eyed boy I have been seeing twice every warm day this spring was standing today in a bunch of clover with his broad straw hat in his hands watching a heavy bumble bee that buzzed from blossom to blossom. Presently it lit right in front of the boy. Down went the hat and Mr. Bumble Bee was a prisoner. With both hands holding down the hat the little fellow turned his dark eyes on me with a smile.

"That's an old bumblebee, and he'll bite you if you're not careful," I said. "Listen at him. He's getting mad."

"He won't bite me. That kind don't bite. I'm going to tie a string to him and make him buzz."

"Boy! Don't you know that's a bumble bee? He'll sting you in a minute. You're thinking about June bugs. And they won't be here for over a month. Better get away and let me turn him out."

But the warning was unheeded. The little boy's hand was already under the hat and he drew it out triumphantly. On his forefinger, crawling along with wings half raised, was Mr. Bumble Bee. And just as the boy's triumphant smile was broadest, the point of difference was struck.

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It was late when I came down stairs from the gymnasium this afternoon.

Mr. Suggs had just called:

"Three minutes for a bath!"

I ran into the nearest locker-room, and began to remove my gym. attire with a haste that inevitably knotted the string of one of my shoes. I jerked off the shoe without waiting to untie the knot, looked for my soap in one pocket of my overcoat and found it in the other, and splashed through a puddle of dirty water in my rush to the shower room.

All the showers were occupied—they always are when one is in a hurry. I approached the one whose occupant was apparently through.

"How much time?" I asked in a tone that was meant to suggest that I would be very glad if he would hurry.

"About three minutes," he answered, nonchalantly continuing to turn slowly from side to side under the nice warm water.

The seconds slipped away.

"Better not take off too much, the first time," I suggested rather crossly, though I tried to joke.

He smiled graciously; and leaned back to let the water trickle over his chest for the seventeenth time.

"Here's one," offered a good fellow who had soaped and rinsed since I had come in.

I jumped into the shower and out again in a jiffy; and began to soap off furiously. Then, just as I thrust myself back under the shower the water trickled into a single little stream, and I caught only the big, cold drops.

"Damit!" I shouted heartily.

The nervy fellow chucked audibly.

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Give me my dreams, else what have I to keep?
There is no hope in thinking of the past,
I want a vision present, that will last,
Give me my dreams.

When I can't think of pleasures, youth and love,
And summer days, that do not mold thy face,
Which present, is joy to any time or place—
Give me my dreams.

For give me dreams, and I can fashion glorious,
A perfect garden, where only love may enter
And thou wilt be my flower, for its center—
My rose dreams.

The University Magazine

NOVEMBER, 1909

Old Series, Vol. 40 No. 2 New Series, Vol. 27

JUDGE JAMES CAMERON MacRAE

A Brief Sketch of his Life

F. P. Graham

Sunday night, October 17th, in the quiet of his room, without struggle and almost without warning, died James Cameron MacRae, soldier, jurst, teacher. A soldier of signal bravery in his youth, a jurist of great eminence in the prime of his life, a teacher of inspirational power in his declining years, he was a highminded citizen and a warm friend always. Today the world in which he moved is less cheerful for his absence. The State to which he dedicated himself with such singleness of purpose is greater that he lived; is the loser that he died. The University in which he taught feels the loss of his devotion; and his students everywhere have felt to pass out of their lives a strengthening part, the rare warm friendship of this teacher and companion.

In the University community in which he lived for the last ten years he was universally known and universally loved. Not only did the professor find in him a kindred spirit and the student an inspiring force, but the townspeople also a real friend. The barber that shaved him felt his comradeship, and the boot-black at his feet his kinship. Aristocratic, as the term goes, by birth, he was democratic by nature and choice. He believed in blood, but he believed that all blood is blue. He believed in the universal brotherhood of man, not as an abstraction for word play, but as a reality for everyday experience in his personal relationships

with men. With all his personal relationships he was yet one of those gentle, large-sympathized beings that elicited scarcely a harsh word from a single soul. Nor was he lacking in the sterner stuff that men are made of. If you were to suggest his character in a word, you would be in doubt whether to say kindheartedness or fearlessness. Many men, who are big hearted and gentle, bend under pressure: others, fearless and true, are yet without "the milk of human kindness". Judge MacRae blended in admirable strength and harmony, a gentle kindliness toward all men, with a Scotsman's courageous devotion to duty.

Of Scotch descent, he was born in Fayetteville October 6, 1838, of John and Mary (Shackleford) MacRae. He graduated from the Donaldson Academy at Fayetteville and intended entering the University of North Carolina. On account of unexpected financial stress, however, he taught school, clerked in a store a while, and turned to teaching again. Out of school hours he diligently read law. Often he would get up before day to read Blackstone by a pine knot. By 1850 he had read enough law to be admitted to the bar. He immediately went into the law office of his brother, the brilliant Duncan K. MacRae, defeated candidate for governor, and later agent of the Confederacy to England.

With the beginning of the war he enlisted in the First North Carolina Regiment. He was private at Big Bethel and was later a major of a battalion in the Western North Carolina State troops. The youthful major several times distinguished himself for conspicuous gallantry, and before the end of the war was promoted to be assistant adjutant-general to General Baker in Eastern North Carolina.

At the close of the war he resumed the practice of law in Fayetteville in partnership with Colonel Charles W. Broadfoot. Soon afterward he was married to Miss Fannie Hindsdale of Fayetteville, an accomplished lady of the old South. In a few years he became a leading lawyer of his section and was elected in 1874 to represent Cumberland in the legislature. It was during the session of 1874-75 that a move was made to reopen the University. The fight was close and bit-

ter. Representative MacRae came from a constituency at that time opposed to the reopening of the University, but he saw his duty clearly. At the risk of his political fortunes, and against the solicitation of friends he came out boldly, and by his influence and speeches carried the measure for the reorganization of the University. This was to the end of his days, and in the opinion of the same constituency, the proudest achievement of his life.

In the early eighties a movement was inaugurated to establish state wide prohibition. This movement was at that time in much disfavor in North Carolina, but MacRae, true to his conviction, took the stump for the cause; was president of the state convention which met at Raleigh in 1881; and was the central figure in the fight, the failure of which it was said at that time would bury him forever. In his study now is a beautiful oak and silver cup presented by the ladies of Fayetteville for his services as a pioneer in the great prohibition movement in North Carolina.

MacRae did not remain buried long. The need of strong, clear-sighted jurists soon brought him to the front. In 1882 he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court to fill Judge Bennett's unexpired term, and in the same year was elected by the people Judge of the Fourth (now Seventh) Judicial District. In 1883 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University. He was appointed by Governor Holt Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and was later elected by the people. With the defeat of the Democratic party in 1894, Associate Justice MacRae again took up the practice of law. He was associated with W. H. Day, in the firm of MacRae and Day at Raleigh, and was attorney for the Seaboard Air Line Railway.

In 1899 he was chosen to succeed Dr. John S. Manning as Dean of the University Law School. His career here is a part of the history of the University, and his life is inwrought into the lives of hundred of lawyers all over the State to-day. He was a worthy worker in a law school builded by the two Battles and firmly established by Manning. Attentive to the duties of his deanship, he was not an executive of un-

usual business ability, or of superior organizing and administrative power; but for getting hold of the heartstrings of his students and inspiring them with a love for himself and the ideals which he exemplified, he had but few peers in the teaching profession. By the sheer force of his lovable personality he built up the largest and strongest law school in the history of the University.

Pressed as he was with the work of professor and dean, he found time to devote to other duties. He was editor-in-chief of "The North Carolina Journal of Law" and contributed to "The North Carolina Booklet". He was a member of the Masonic Order, and was Senior Warden and an active worker in the Episcopal Church. Every Sunday morning, even to the end of his life, he taught a Bible class of young men in the Sunday School.

The Sunday on which he died, he attended the early communion service at 7:00 a. m., and met his Bible class before church service. After supper that night, with characteristic constancy, he prepared his lesson for the next Sunday. He then spent a most pleasant hour about the fireplace with his family and retired to bed, calm and contented. At eleven o'clock Dr. Charles S. Mangum was called to his bedside, and tried by heroic efforts to revive his failing heart, but in ten minutes he quietly passed away.

The funeral exercises, conducted by his rector, Rev. R. W. Hogue, and the Rev. F. M. Osborne, of Charlotte, were held Tuesday morning in the village church, the Chapel of the Cross. He was buried in the afternoon at Fayetteville, his native town, and the home of the Scotch people who loved him as their own to the end. That day his chair in the North Carolina Supreme Court was draped as a tribute from the profession he adorned, in the name of the State he served; the college bell tolled slowly the University's sad testimonial; and the man on the campus suppressed a tear for the man that was gone.

I think I see him now, as he stands before the boys he loved, instilling into their minds out of a long experience at the bar and on the bench the deepest principles and the high-

est ideals of the law, and out of a larger life experience illustrating and enforcing these principles and ideals with incidents of human interest and bits of purest sentiment. He passes now from my mind's eye, and his venerable form and kindly face are lost in the light of another world, unafraid of the justice and worthy of the mercy of the higher court.

AFTERMATH

S. H. Lyle, Jr.

We have drained Love's draft to the bitters,
And the cup is empty and dry;
For yesterday's hope and sweet longing
Today we have not one sigh.

Our love seemed a beautiful, wonderful thing;
It was scarcely a year ago
We played together in the Mystic Fields
Where only sweet fancies grow.

The days were as bright in their passing
As the sparkle of the morning dew,
And all that was good, and noble, and pure
I dreamed, and called the dream you.

And now your lips in the farewell kiss,
Passive and cold as clay,
With not one spark of the passionate fire
That burned but yesterday.

O where are the Mystic Fields we knew,
The dreams that stirred the heart?
And your slow, calm smile is the answer—
How easily we drift apart!

WHY A YOUNG MAN SHOULD CHOOSE TEACHING AS A PROFESSION IN NORTH CAROLINA*

M. C. S. NOBLE

A young man should choose teaching as a profession in North Carolina, or anywhere else for that matter, only when his tastes and his talents are for that work and for that work alone. As a rule, a young man, in choosing a profession, chooses the one which he thinks he likes best, and yet, before he definitely decides on what his life work shall be, he will no doubt ask, and certainly he should ask,—

I Is there a need for men in this profession?

II Is there a living in it for me?

III Does it give honor and an opportunity for public service?

I

Is there need for men in this profession? During the past five years North Carolina's public High School system has improved more than that of any other state in the American Union so that today we have more than one hundred and seventy-five High Schools in which advanced instruction is offered to the children of the people free of charge. The number of these schools is steadily increasing as the years go by, and consequently the demand for teachers, for young men of character, earnestness, energy, enthusiasm, and professional training for the schoolroom will correspondingly increase from year to year.

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*This is the second article in a series of six articles dealing practically with the problem of the student's choice of a profession. In the next, the February, issue will appear an article on the choice of Medicine as a profession, by Dr. W.D. MacNider.

Our counties, cities, towns, villages, and progressive country communities are constantly needing new men as teachers, principals, or superintendents for both the elementary and public High Schools of the state, and of late years there have been more calls on the University for specially trained male teachers than it could furnish.

In former years anyone, whether he was a teacher or not, might be elected County Superintendent of Schools; but today the authorities, before electing the County Superintendent, try to find a *teacher of training and experience* in both elementary and High School work, and if necessary go out of their country to get the best man for the place. The county superintendency therefore, is also a new field now opening up for occupancy by young men who, during the years of their academic training prepare definitely for professional work in the public schools of the state and for educational leadership among the people.

And again, I believe that the growth and efficiency of the public High Schools will be accompanied by a demand for more high grade preparatory private schools for boys than there are in North Carolina at present. Certainly in New England where there have been most excellent public schools from the earliest days, there is a great number of private schools that are handsomely paying properties, and, since this is true of that section, we may look for a like condition to follow the development of the public school system in our own state. Such schools, private boarding schools, situated in healthful country localities, will also need the services of aggressive, scholarly teachers of professional training for the schoolroom, teachers who, though they work in private schools, have a natural and hearty, rather than an acquired and passive interest in the wide field of public school endeavor, that source of supply on which they must depend for much of their own patronage.

II

Is there a living in it? Along with the increased demand for trained teachers has come increased pay for the services

of the teachers. People who vote taxes for the support of public schools are beginning to realize that they must pay to young men of ability and training as much for their labor in the schoolrooms as their services would command in other fields of work. Old Dr. Joseph Caldwell, one of the first and most active advocates of public schools in North Carolina, frequently admitted in his articles to the press in behalf of a public school system, that schools for the masses would cost too much to be supported by taxation, and therefore he advocated the establishment of a public fund, the interest from which should be applied to the maintenance of public schools throughout the state. I quote from one of his letters:

"Our aversion to taxation, even to provide for the education of poor children is invincible . . ." And yet today, only three quarters of a century from the time in which he wrote, North Carolina has a public school system supported by a general tax levy, and throughout the state there are about eight hundred special tax school districts in which there is a self-imposed local tax to supplement the general tax, thus enabling children to attend school eight months in the year; and in this state system, supported by a popular school tax, there is a goodly number of City Superintendents, County Superintendents, Principals, and teachers, more than one hundred of whom are paid a higher annual salary than the good doctor received as President of the University of North Carolina at the very time he declared that our people would never submit to taxation for the support of public schools. The pay for teaching, however, is not as great as it should be, nor is it as great as it soon will be in our state; but it is steadily increasing and the number of better paying positions is also increasing. I think therefore that it may be safely claimed that there will always be a good comfortable living in teaching for those who devote their time and talents to it in North Carolina.

So far as private school work is concerned, I believe that it too will reward those who successfully devote their lives

to it. Careful inquiry leads me to believe that our private boarding schools and academies are paying institutions. The Superintendent of one of them, a man who has been a teacher all of his life, told me recently that his income from his school alone was ten thousand dollars a year and was so given in to the tax lister for taxation. His success, it is true, is unusual, but his faith in his school and his unwearying devotion to its interests are also unusual. A young man with like faith and devotion can meet with like success in the private school work in North Carolina today and in the future.

III

Does it give honor and opportunity for public service? Not only is the demand for teachers constantly increasing and the pay for their work also increasing but the position of the teacher is becoming more and more highly esteemed from year to year, and the teacher's opportunity for a larger service is becoming greater and greater. I well remember three of my friends here at the University years ago,—Alderman, Joyner, and McIver. Soon after leaving the University they began life as teachers in the public schools of North Carolina, and today two of them are not only leaders in the educational work of the states in which they live, but they are also educators of a national reputation and service. McIver died a few years ago having at the time of his death a reputation equally as wide as that of his two comrades of college days, and the three are, it may be safely said, the three best known public men in the South during the last decade. Certainly so far as our North Carolina teachers are concerned, they may proudly claim that from their ranks have come to public service the three most prominent North Carolinians that the state has had since the Civil War.

Their reputation came to them because of faithful, hearty, aggressive service in behalf of popular education, and today North Carolina is calling her younger sons to a like faithful service and promising a like reward. She wants no perfunctory, passive endurance and support of the idea of popu-

lar education from those who enter her schools, either high or low; but to those who are loyal, aggressive, and progressive, she promises sure reward and enduring honor.

The great work of popular education has but begun in North Carolina; and yet it is a hearty, genuine, enthusiastic, practical, and hopeful beginning. There is a greater work yet to be done. The state will need, from time to time, additional and better equipped High Schools, will establish industrial schools in the congressional districts at least if not in the counties, will need additional Normal Schools, and must strengthen and develop on lines already thought out, the department for the training of male teachers here at the University. The teachers who shall take hold of these things and hurry them along will be good and faithful servants and shall receive their reward. From this University I hope that there shall soon go out to the service of the people trained young teachers who shall be leaders in this great work, leaders with enthusiasm, brains, hope, sympathy, helpful words, and a warlike intolerance of those of their fellows who are indifferent or narrow, leaders who shall mold public sentiment for better things, leaders who shall be progressive and creative rather than conservative and inactive. And now I know no better way of closing this discussion of my subject than to point young men to the public school record of Yancey, Murphey, and Wiley in our state before the Civil War, and then to that of Alderman, Joyner, and McIver since that great dividing line was drawn in Southern history, knowing that in the work of these sons of the University may be found both a reason and a plea for others to follow where they have led.

A SONG OF AUTUMN

(To Juelle)

O let us away to the hills today,
  Just you and me, my dear;
Away from the life of business strife,
  For Autumn again is here.

A call in the air, and the sunlight fair
  Falls over the brooding hills;
The lure of the wild holds me, Earth's child,
  In a grasp that quickens and thrills.

O let us away to the hills today,
  Just you and me, my dear;
Sunlight and love, trees whispering above,—
  For Autumn again is here.

—S. H. Lyle, Jr.

A MORAL LEPER

'07

As Jack Dargan lounged listlessly down the rickety steps of the Central Hotel and wandered aimlessly across the street in the direction of the post office, Colonel Bartow Hammond, the leading criminal lawyer of Abingdon, turned from the group of choice spirits that he was entertaining on the court house green, and eyed him critically.

"There," said he with a majestic sweep of the hand, "goes at least a perambulating, if not a living, example of the old adage, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.'"

The group of idlers made themselves as comfortable as possible and prepared to listen to one of the highly entertaining moral lectures which Colonel Hammond was in the habit of delivering on the slightest provocation.

"That boy", he continued in the same majestic tone, "has in all probability never outwardly swerved a hair's breadth from the straight and narrow path marked out by the law; yet from the standpoint of society he belongs in the criminal class. The worst of all moral maladies renders him totally unfit for a state of society such as ours. He is absolutely without the power of conscious volition. It is only a question of time when evil will overtake him, and when it comes it will find his soul swept and garnished ready to receive it. His actions will be moulded entirely by his environment, and it is impossible that he should escape contact with evil in these degenerate times. Watch him now, I'll bet drinks around he won't know which way he wants to go when he comes out."

Sure enough the young man in question came out of the post office, hesitated a moment looking up and down the side

walk, took a dozen aimless steps in the direction of the group of observers, and then turned suddenly and went back to the millinery store two blocks farther down the street.

"There I told you!" exclaimed the Colonel triumphantly.

"Rather extraordinary, I confess", said the mayor, who was originally a New Englander; "but don't you think his listlessness and lack of will power can be attributed in part at least to the enervating influence of this Southern climate? I sometimes feel than my energies—moral and physical—are being sapped by it. I find myself tolerating and even winking at things that would once have made my hair stand on end."

"The case is rather extraordinary but not altogether unique", explained the professor of moral philosophy in Abingdon Seminary. "The malady is entirely independent of climate, and results from a faulty education. Before a man can exercise the faculty of volition to any considerable extent, he must correlate the apparently conflicting forces of the universe in which he lives, and reduce them to some sort of harmonious system. In short he must have a philosophy of life. The particular sort of philosophy does not much matter; but some sort he must have; otherwise the universe is a meaningless jumble and chaotic confusion to him, and his mind has no perspective or direction for its action. In such a condition he invariably becomes the slave of his environment, and is blown about at the mercy of every wind of circumstance. Now this boy is—"

At this moment a negro waiter appeared on the dilapidated front steps of the hotel and began ringing the dinner bell, and the rest of the professor's lecture was lost in the confusion which followed. The hotel boarders, including the professor himself, hurried away to dinner; and the heads of families, such as Colonel Hammond and Mayor Carter, marched leisurely up the street toward the residence portion of the town, lamenting deeply the hopelessness of their fellow-townsman, Mr. Jack Dargan.

Perhaps it was out of commiseration for this hopelessness, or more probably it was because he had recently become of

age and fallen into possession of seven hundred dollars from his father's estate, that the Colonel invited Jack to make fourth man in a little social game of poker the next evening. The Colonel had a weakness for poker that he made no effort to overcome. His nature, he said, craved some sort of mild excitement after the day's work and worry in the office; and there is nothing so relaxing and soothing to tired nerves as a good stiff game of poker from ten at night till two or three next morning. He often lamented to his wife that his increasing practice kept him away from her society and the softening influences of home life. He was relaxing after business, you see, but he judiciously kept the particular form of relaxation to himself.

"Thanks; but I don't know the game", said Jack when the Colonel broached the subject in a casual manner.

"Makes no difference—not the slightest—I can show you everything there is to it in ten minutes." And he smiled blandly as he saw Jack hesitate, shake his head negatively, and then accept.

"All right; what time?"

"Right now, as soon as the other fellows get here. We'll go up to my office and wait for them."

They climbed a flight of stairs and entered the Colonel's council chamber. He drew a pack of cards from a drawer and began to explain the game. Jack listened attentively till the mayor and the clerk of Court arrived. Hands were then dealt around and the playing began.

"Example before precept", said the Colonel to Jack. "Keep your eyes open and you'll pick up the game in no time."

The hint was hardly necessary, for Jack's hand won steadily from the start. He took chances that made the three old players gape with astonishment, but still he won in spite of his recklessness. When he left the Colonel's office the next morning at four o'clock, he had two hundred of the Colonel's dollars in his pocket and half as much more from the mayor and clerk.

The Colonel murmured something about "beginner's luck" in an undertone and called down the steps after him to know if he would be engaged the next evening. Jack was never engaged except in idleness, so an appointment was made for ten o'clock.

In a few days persons of an observing turn began to remark a wonderful change in Jack's manner. He drew up his sagging shoulders and went abaut the streets with a cheerful business-like air, and was no longer listless and hesitating in his gait and conversation. Hetty Nichols, the girl who kept the millinery store, noticed the transformation and heaved a sigh of relief. Ever since she had come to Abingdon two years before, the gossip of the town had censured her for keeping company with such a worthless character as Jack Dargan. She had persisted in spite of the censure, for she believed there was hope for Jack; but for the past few months she had been on the verge of despair. When she learned that he had fallen heir to several hundred dollars on his twenty-first birthday, she tried to persuade him to put the rickety hotel, which belonged to him, in repair and run it himself instead of renting it. Jack was unwilling, however, to assume the responsibility. He preferred the sure return of his few dollars' rent each month to the uncertainty of a business venture with its attendant worry, and Hetty was ready to accept the general verdict as to his worthlessness. But some mysterious change had come over him and she regarded it with quiet satisfaction. He was becoming more respectable. The Colonel and the Mayor and many more of the most prominent men of the town now stopped him frequently on the street corners and had a few moments' private chat.

The old cashier of the bank was struck dumb with amazement when Jack came in one day and made a deposit of twelve hundred dollars. For twenty years he had known almost to a dollar the financial standing of every man in the town, and he could offer no explanation of how Jack came into possession of the money. He began to be enlightened,

however, a few days later when Jack came in to make another deposlt. He observed that Colonel Hammond and Mayor Carter had drawn on their accounts to the exact amount of his new customer's deposit. He drew his own conclusions from the coincidence.

"Seems to have discovered his philosophy of life", observed the Professor to the Colonel as he saw Jack bustling across the street one day.

The Colonel assented dryly and changed the subject. The topic called up unpleasant memories of the night before.

Jack bore his good fortune remarkably well, and did not become vain or conceited. From the moment he discovered the beauties of poker he was a changed man, but he did not go into raptures and lose his head as most beginners do at their first run of luck. Here was a calling for which he was eminently fitted, and he was ready to embrace it with all his heart, but he saw no need of becoming puffed up at a little success. It was all luck, and another day might tell another tale.

But Dame Fortune had found in Jack a man after her own heart, and she betrayed no eagerness to desert him. He did not attribute his success to his own cleverness, but accepted it as a gift of the gods—a thing no easier of explanation to himself than to the Mayor and the Colonel who raged and fumed and swore inwardly at it. This favoritism gave him a sense of security and caused him to play with a recklessness that would have been folly for another. But Fortune has a way of humoring the whims of utterly worthless persons, who are willing to trust her unreservedly; and in less than a month he had three thousand dollars to his credit in the Abingdon bank.

"Confound the boy; he seems to have che devil's own luck!" exclaimed the Colonel to the Mayor one morning after they had spent the greater part of the night with Jack.

"Do you reckon he can be cheating?" asked the other.

"No, d—n it—that's just it! If I could find anything crooked in him, I would choke him and kick him down the

steps. But I've watched him like a hawk for two weeks, and his play is straight as a shingle."

"I can't understand it."

"Nor I; but this thing has got to stop for me. I've lost twelve hundred to him, and I don't intend to touch another card when he's in the game till I know his infernal luck has turned Turk with him. I can't afford it."

"Guess I had better follow suit", said the Mayor gloomily. And the next day when they met Jack at the post office, they gave him only a cool nod of recognition and repelled two or three attempts at conversation with frigid politeness. He understood their action, and went in search of new partners. Poker was a popular amusement in Abingdon; the Colonel was not the only person who used it as a means of relaxation, and Jack found no difficulty in securing players who were ready to meet him. But after a few nights at the cards they all dropped off and avoided him, and he had to go out again in search of new ones. He noticed too that groups of people began to whisper and nudge each other when he passed them on the street. He suspected what the subject of the whispering was; but his business was to play poker; he had nothing whatever to do with the tongue of scandal; it might wag as much as ever it pleased so long as it did not interfere with his business.

But it did interefere, as he soon learned to his sorrow. An evangelist of unusual eloquence had come to Abingdon, and the town was in a state of holy indignation at the practice of certain arch sinners, chief among whom was Mr. Jack Dargan, gambler and moral leper by trade. The evangelist had got wind of the nightly poker games, and had announced that he would preach a sermon on gambling the following evening. At first the announcement did not disturb Jack in the least, as he never went to church or gave himself the slightest trouble about what took place there.

"Let him play his game and I'll play mine", said Jack when he heard about the sermon.

But Colonel Hammond's wife had got an inkling of the

Colonel's losses, and was terribly shocked at the notion of a man of his character engaging in such a barbarous and unchristian thing as poker. She knew he had been enticed into it by the sophisticated Dargan, and she was furious against the culprit. Was not the whole town buzzing with the report of his wickedness? The Colonel hinted mildly that Jack might not be solely to blame in the matter; but his wife's mind was made up, and she waived aside all objection, and vowed vengeance on the hardened sinner who had dared to corrupt one of the pillars of the church and bring his family to disgrace and poverty.

"You needn't try to make excuses for him", she said shortly; "he's a moral leper, and not fit to stay in the town; and he's got to do one of three things—reform, leave Abingdon, or go to jail."

"But, my dear," urged the Colonel, "I don't quite see how you are going to manage it."

"That sort of talk will do for a man who is simple enough to be duped—yes, actually duped—out of a year's work by a common sharper; but I'll show you it can be managed, and I'll let this thief know that there is at least one member of Colonel Hammond's family who is not so simple."

That evening the president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, who, as luck would have it, happened to be Mrs. J. Bartow Hammond, called a meeting of that body and made a speech. She set forth the fact in vague but glowing terms that in her opinion the Foul Fiend and Father of all Evil was doing more damage right here in their midst than he had ever done in China or Zulu or any other of the heathen lands where they were sending Bibles and shirts and missionaries galore every year. And she for one was ready to have the heathen send missionaries over here to convert us to their abominable religion unless this shame could be blotted out from under our noses so that it would cease to be a stench in our nostrils. She closed with a ringing appeal to wives and mothers, and to all who expected ever to be wives and mothers, to do their duty.

Now it so fell out that every one of the twenty ladies present—including the six old maids, two of whom had turned the two score and ten mile post—chanced to fall into one or the other of the classes designated; and every one of them expressed her intention to do her duty, her whole duty, and nothing but her duty; provided Mrs. Hammond would kindly inform her as to what that duty might be.

"Is it possible that you have all been living right here in Abingdon for the past six months and have been blind to the wickedness that is making the town a stench in the nostrils of decency, not to say religion and godliness, which have long since hid their faces in sorrow and dismay?" Mrs. Hammond groaned inwardly at their blindness.

Mrs. Carter, the mayor's wife, had heard of the horrid affair of George Benson and the mill girl—poor foolish thing!

"You strain at a gnat and swallow a camel", exclaimed the president. "That disgraceful affair down in the mill district is actually *creditable* beside some things that are taking place right here on Main street—in our midst?"

Twenty mouths open simultaneously to give utterance to exclamations of wonder and surprise, and twenty heads lean forward eagerly to catch the next word.

"It's true—actually *creditable* and *decent—horresco referens* (Mrs. Hammond had been matron in Abingdon Seminary before she married the Colonel). I shudder to relate it, but my duty as a wife and a mother nerves me to the task. Right here in our midst is a moral leper who is polluting our pure air, corrupting our sons and—hem—daughters, and leading astray our—hem—other domestic relations."

More exclamations from the twenty mouths, mingled with cries of "Who is the wretch? Name the villain!"

"Mr. Jack Dargan, sneerer at religion and morality by profession, and habitual gambler by practice."

"Impossible! I could never have believed it!" exclaimed the chorus.

"Of course you couldn't; what self-respecting woman could? I never, never would have believed it myself if I had

not seen—or rather got the facts from a most reliable source. He operates a gambling den right here in the town where he inveigles the young and unsuspecting and robs them of their money and honor with as little compunction as he sits down to dinner. Now, are we as a band of Christian workers going to continue to send missionaries and shirts to China, and let this emissary and vice-gerent of Satan pluck our—those near and dear to us from our very bosoms?''

The twenty voices were unanimously of the opinion that they were not.

Then what was to be done? Should they send to Mr. Dargan, and request him to quit the town, or should they procure warrants for his arrest and have him lodged in jail? There were certain reasons, Mrs. Hammond vaguely informed them, that rendered this last course impractible. In her opinion, therefore, the only sensible thing left to do was to have recourse to the first.

''But it would be uncharitable and unchristian not to give him a chance to repent and reform'', objected one of the six old maids. ''Why not try to induce him to go and hear Mr. Horn, to-night, on the sin of gambling?''

''A reprobate as steeped in sin as this vile worm never repents'', said Mrs. Hammond, and she spoke as one having authority.

''We ought to give him a chance if for no other reason than to disarm criticism and ease our consciences'', persisted the old maid.

''I think so too'', said another one of the old maids. ''I am on very friendly terms with him, and might possibly be able to exert a good influence over him.''

The first old maid was on the point of making some sarcastic remark about her sister when the president cut her short.

''Frankly, I am not in favor of leniency, but far be it from me to refuse to any mortal, however wicked, the chance of repentance. If the society sees fit I will appoint a committee to wait on Mr. Dargan.''

"The society did see fit, and the two elderly spinsters were gratified by being appointed on the committee.

Meanwhile the unsuspecting cause of all this fluury among the petticoated portion of Abingdon was sitting in the lobby of the Central smoking a peaceful pipe and reflecting on the vanity of all things human except poker. He had just made an interesting and eminently self-satisfying comparison of his business with that of the little fat groceryman across the street. The advantages were all on his side. The groceryman had to trot his legs off all day handing out nickel packages of soap, saleratus, and baking powder at ridiculously low margins of profit, while he, Mr. Dargan, smoked his pipe at leisure through the day and made more money after the sun went down in an hour than the groceryman made in a month. Yet the principle in both games was the same; the advantage of poker lay in the fact that here the principle was stripped of all its excrescences. In both games there were risks to run and a pretty penny to be turned in profits if luck favored; but the grocery game was so insufferably slow and vapid and beset with so much unnecessary worry and tedium that he wondered how any sane man could play at it.

He did not get any further in his self-congratulation, for the two old maids entered the hotel and bore down on him before he could flee for refuge to the billiard room.

They had come, they said in their most persuasive manner, as representatives of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, to extend to him an invitation to attend church that evening and hear the Rev. Mr. Horn's sermon on the sin of gambling. Now Jack was a little rusty on etiquette, and his first thought was that to accept the invitation would mean that he was to go in company with the two spinsters. This view was strengthened by some previous experiences he had had with them.

"I should be delighted to accompany you", he stammered, "but regret to say that I—er—a previous engagement—"

"Oh!" they both exclaimed trying to blush and look confused, "we didn't mean that you were to accompany us. If you wish to, of course—"

"Of course, I understand", said Jack.

"Then you intend to go—with some one else?"

"Well no—not exactly", said Jack in desperation; "fact is I hadn't thought much about it one way or another."

"Then we may count on you?"

"Hardly; you see I'm not sure, and come to think about it I believe I have another engagement."

"Excuse me, Mr. Cargan, but is it an engagement to go to church?"

"I—er—rather think it is; anyway it conflicts, and I can't possibly go with you."

"That is immaterial, Mr. Dargan, but it is of the utmost importance that you go to church. Mr. Horn is going to preach on certain practices that rumor says you are habitually engaged in—understand we make no specific charges—and the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society have decided that you must reform or leave Abingdon."

"What have they got to do with me individually? I can go to church or stay away just as I please, can't I?"

"No, Mr. Dargan, you are wrong there. We are the guardians of the moral life of the town. As wives and mothers and as prospective—as members of society, we have the right to demand this of you. If you refuse this modest request, we shall be compelled to resort to harsher measures."

A few minutes after the committee had left, Jack saw Hetty coming down the street and went out on the steps and waited for her. When she returned his greeting, she hesitated a moment as if she had something to say to him. He saw the movement and walked up the street with her.

"Out with it, Hetty; I could stand anything after what I've just gone through", he said.

"Has anybody told you they are going to warn you to leave?"

"That who are?"

"The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Mrs. Hammond and some of the other members were in the millinery store this afternoon talking about it."

"Hetty", said Jack, suddenly stopping and facing her, "if I'll go to church to-night, will you go with me? I hate to ask it of you, but you see the sermon is to be specially for me, and I'll feel more comfortable when every body looks at me to have somebody along to kind of keep me company."

Hetty consented and that evening when the Rev. Mr. Horn rose to take his text, he saw every eye in the house suddenly turn toward the middle aisle where a nervous looking man with a rather pretty girl was making his way timidly toward a vacant seat up near the front; and he knew that the notorious black sheep of Abingdon had arrived. He was conscious of what was expected of him, and he rose to the occasion with such eloquence as to sweep the audience with him. He painted the fascination of the gambler's life with a vividness that Jack thought little short of inspiration at first. There were a few unconscious turns of phrase and certain little realistic touches, however, that could hardly have been the result of inspiration, and Jack gradually began to evolve a new theory to account for them. When the preacher turned to the other side of the picture and showed the ruined homes and wrecked lives of the gambler and his victims, Jack noticed that at every telling blow he glanced, not at him, but at the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society which had turned out in a body to see what the effect was.

"By George, it's magnificient!" he whispered to Hetty in a burst of enthusiasm.

"What, the sermon?"

"No, the game he's playing—the bluff".

"Hush!" cautioned Hetty, "you mustn't talk."

When the sermon was over and they were on their way home, his admiration burst forth in new raptures.

"By Jove, Hetty, it was the best thing I ever saw! He knows the game like a book."

"What do you mean, Jack? I believe you think of every thing as a poker game."

"And so it is; in its last analysis everything reduces itself to the principles of poker. The man who can command a

moderate run of luck and put up the best bluff wins every time, whether he's playing at poker or at preaching."

"I have told you not to talk like that to me."

"Of course, if you do not want me to, I won't; but I thought you liked to have me tell the truth. That preacher was playing the game to-night just as much as if he had had the cards aud chips before him. The stake was the gratitude of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and incidentally the pastorate of the new church they contemplate building. You see he's tired of a wandering life and wants to settle down to a regular charge."

"But you are always picking flaws—how do you know he wasn't sincere?"

"I watched him and I couldn't have been deceived. He kept me guessing for the first twenty minutes, and then I saw him deliver a telling shot straight at me and look across the aisle to see what effect it had on the mission society who were over there in a body. He kept this up all through the sermon, and was more concerned about their opinion of what he was saying than about its effect on me. But do you know, Hetty, I like the fellow, and I wish I could know him better."

"But if he's preaching for what you say he is he's wrong."

"Oh, I suppose so; I don't trouble myself about that. But I believe he's one of my sort, and I've always wanted to meet a man worthy of my steel. Colonel Hammond and Mayor Carter are—"

"Jack!"

"All right, I'll change the subject; but I don't see the harm in saying things when you think 'em."

That night after Jack had returned to the hotel and was sitting in his room, there came an apologetic tap on his door, and in response to his invitation the preacher entered. He seemed slightly embarrassed at first as if not sure of his welcome; but Jack rose smiling and extended his hand cordially.

"This is a pleasure indeed", he said, "I was just thinking about you, Mr. Horn."

"I saw you were at church to-night, so I thought I would just step over and have a little talk with you if you don't object", the preacher began nervously.

"Certainly not in the least", replied Jack in the same cordial manner as at first, "go right ahead."

"You are aware, I suppose, that there is considerable feeling against you among the influential people here on account of certain alleged practices of yours?"

Jack nodded an affirmative, and the preacher continued.

"Now I understand you came to church to-night under compulsion, but you seemed to be interested. Don't you think it would be wiser for you to give up your present life and join the church?"

"Did you ever play poker?" Jack suddenly asked.

"Yes, I confess I have—before I began to preach."

"Then you well understand what otherwise might appear to you a mere whim in me. I see the logic of your position and the weakness of mine, but since I adopted poker as a profession I have made it a rule never to allow my own will to decide any matter however trivial. I leave everything to chance, fortune, fate, luck—whatever you choose to call it. If I am in doubt as to whether I ought to shave, take a bath, change my linen, go up the street or down, I toss a coin or turn a card; and so now I am perfectly willing to be guided by chance in this matter. You may deal off two poker hands —one for the Lord, the other for the Devil. I will hold the Devil's hand and you may hold the Lord's. Then we'll show down—if you win, I join the church; if I win, you let up in the crusade against me. As an old hand at the game you can't help admitting the fairness of the proposal."

"Suppose I refuse?"

"Then I will expose the little game you are playing for the pastorate of the new church. I saw through it, but kept my mouth shut."

The preacher's jaw dropped.

"You may deal the cards yourself", he said; "I accept the conditions."

Jack dealt the hands and the preacher picked his up and began arranging it with the air of a veteran.

"There you are", he said, confidently laying down three aces.

"Jack smiling placed two kings and three tens beside them. "The Devil wins", he said, sweeping the cards back into the desk. The preacher rose as if to go, but paused at the door.

"Did it occur to you that you took an unfair advantage of me, Mr. Dargan?" he said, taking a step toward the table. "Poker is not exactly the Lord's game, you see; and you forced me to play with this handicap."

"I am ready to play you at your own suit if you will make it worth while", said Jack.

"If I play you five hands for old times' sake and win, will you come with me and keep quiet?"

"Make it ten with the figures at two dollars."

"Done", said the preacher, taking his seat at the table again.

The cards were dealt and Jack won steadily from the start. When the ten hands were played, the preacher was not satisfied and proposed to continue. Jack smiled and agreed to the proposal. It was what he had expected.

Two hours later the preacher rose with a haggard look.

"I am done for—that's my last penny", he said.

Jack counted off ten dolllars from his winnings and pushed it across the table.

"There", said he, "that will take you far enough from this place to start your game again without fear of detection."

Next morning the congregation assembled at church as usual, but the Rev. Mr. Horn did not put in his appearance with his usual punctuality. The hour for preaching passed and the clock in the court house tower struck for noon; still he did not come. Deacon Thompson reported that he had left his house soon after their return from church the night before to do some pastoral work, as he said, and had not returned. He understood that the pastoral work referred to

Mr. Jack Dargan, and supposing that it occupied him till it was too late to return that night, he had given the matter no further thought.

Mr. Dargan was there—had been among the first comers in the morning. His contrite and pious look since the sermon of the evening before had been the occasion for considerable comment, and everybody agreed that it augured favorably for his future. Even Mrs. Bartow Hammond had to admit that there was a wonderful change, however ephemeral it might prove. Jack was approached and his pious meditations interrupted by a question concerning the whereabouts of the preacher. He couldn't say; the holy man had visited him in the night; he did not remember precisely when he had left, but had a vague impression that it was at a late hour; he had not thought to inquire of him where he expected to spend the night, and no information had been vouchsafed him on the point. Some of the more pious members of the congregation wondered if he might not, like godly Enoch of old, have been spirited away to heaven without shuffling off his mortal coil. This theory was discounted, however, by the more practical members, who could not see why he should have taken along the money which he had collected for building the new church, since this coinage according to his own report would not pass current in the heavenly realm.

Wearied with waiting, the congregation at last broke up, and Jack walked home with Hetty. Something in his conduct must have aroused her suspicion for she asked him presently what he kept smiling about.

"Nothing", he answered sheepishly and tried to look solemn as a judge.

"Jack, you know where Mr. Horn is—I know you do; I can tell by your looks", she said stopping suddenly and facing him.

"How should I know anything about him? I'm not his keeper."

"You do though, and you might as well confess it. If you don't, you shan't go another step with me."

"Well, suppose I do?"

A look of alarm spread over Hetty's face, and she regarded him sternly for a moment.

"Jack, did you win the money he collected to build the new church?" she asked breathlessly.

"Don't know; I won some, but wasn't particular to enquire where it came from."

"I have always stood up for you, Jack, when people said ugly things about you; but I see I was wrong. You are worse than you've been painted, and I won't speak to you again unless you return that money to the church and refund all the rest you have made gambling and promise me you will never touch another card." And she looked straight into his eyes and did not budge an inch.

"Great heavens, Hetty! Why, I've saved up nearly four thousand in the last year so I could ask you to marry me. And now you want me to throw it all away! It's preposterous—sheer nonsense! I couldn't think of it." Jack laughed hilariously at the absurdity of the thing.

"All right—good by." Hetty's nose was in the air as she held out her hand to him.

"Stop", cried Jack, "you don't know what you are doing."

"Don't I? I thought I was sending Mr. Jack Dargan home with the understanding that we were to be strangers in the future. If I am mistaken he can set me right."

"Confound it, Hetty, you shan't talk to me like that", said Jack angrily. "What you propose is impossible. The men I won the money from are gentlemen and wouldn't take it back if I offered it."

"Then you can give it to build the new church."

"What, four thousand dollars! How could I ask you to marry me if I am to be a pauper?"

"We—I mean *you* could run the hotel instead of renting it. You needn't ask me if you are to be a gambler."

Jack was cornered and realized it, but with the gnmbler's instinct he determined to play his last card.

"You won't be unfair", he pleaded, "you'll give me a fighting chance. I'll toss this coin; if the eagle falls up you win and vice versa. Do you agree?"

"No. I deny that the world is governed by chance. You must either agree to the conditions or refuse them. I'll give you till tomorrow to decide; that's the only concession I'll make."

Jack went home and fought it out with himself that night. He never related the details of the battle or explained just how he came to a decision without invoking the aid of the goddess of Fortune. But Abingdod began work at once on a fine new brick church, and in one corner is a large white marble slab, as spotless as virgin snow, on which is inscribed in conspicuous black letters the following legend:

Erected
Through the Generosity
of Bro. Jack Dargan, A. D., 19—

Building Committee
Col. J. Bartow Hammond,
Mayor Wm. E. Carter,
J. Dargan, Esq.

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES: THE SUPREME LAW

W. P. Stacy

The adoption of the Constitution of the United States marks the beginning of a new epoch in the evolution of organic law. Coeval with its ratification, a theory for the management of a jural society, was formulated and put into practice which hitherto existed only in treatise. Indeed, some of its provisions are wholly without precedent. The establishment of an independent Supreme Court, as a guardian above the laws made by the people's representatives in Congress, has not a prototype in history. A close perusal of the instrument itself reveals the structure of an anomalous political framework, a singular separation of governmental functions, and a peculiar division of sovereign powers. In fact, the federal Constitution embodies three distinct contributions to the Science of Government. These are American products and to each of them a subsequent paragraph shall be given.

A historical background, for a better understanding of the Constitution and the end it was designed to attain, is indispensable to our purpose. Time and space preclude any lengthy disquisition, but a brief survey of the chief events leading up to its ratification will suffice to give us our bearings. Such excursions are often very tedious, but the subject-matter we are to handle cannot be made vital until it is given its true historical setting. Our conception of the Constitution will be greatly enriched if we pause to examine the circumstances of its origin. And thus by a study of the forces, which converged to make its adoption necessary and possible, many points will be clarified which otherwise would be obscure.

I shall make no attempt logically to defend the mode of procedure, employed by the Philadelphia convention, for putting the new Constitution into operation. For from the juristic standpoint, its adoption was without any warrant of existing law. On the other hand, it was in direct violation to known and established rules of order. The confederate constitution, an agreement between States then in force, was susceptible to change only by a unanimous vote; yet the new Constitution named nine States as a sufficient number for its establishment between those so ratifying. When nine gave their consent, what was the condition of the remaining four? Had the "Articles of Confederation" been repealed, and was there no law touching all the American States? How could nine accomplish that which it required thirteen to do? Constitutional writers simply pass over this point by saying that the adoption of the new Constitution was extra-legal, i.e. illegal. They defend it, however, on the grounds of necessity because of the absence of any workable method of amendment in the Articles of Confederation. Legally, there is no satisfactory explanation. Nine States ratified the new Constitution, but those nine could not repeal the old Articles of Confederation. It is only in the field of Political Science that the genesis of our Constitution can be defended. Here our hermemeutic conclusions may be described by a single word—revolutionary.

Seven years under a Continental Congress and eight years under a feeble agreement between the States mark the first critical period in our national history. They also measure the trying days in which the framers of the Constitution were being schooled. During this short span, many causes conspired to awaken the American people to the consciousness of the fact, that an efficient federal government was necessary for their continuance as an independent nation. Even before the Colonies cut themselves loose from the mother-land, the centripetal forces of geographical unity and complete identity of interests began to be felt in every one of the thirteen. The continental Congress, which was nothing more than a diplomatic board arrogating to itself constitu-

tent functions of protection, held the Colonies together under the excitement and tension of war. But when this same body attempted to deal with foreign powers, it found itself in the humiliating position of being unable to pledge the public faith. Its acting force was dependent upon the acquiescence of thirteen States. France was reluctant to enter into an alliance with a Congress which would probably fail to discharge its obligations. That this central body needed its powers marked out, so that the scope of its authority and limitations might be ascertained, was everywhere manifest. No sooner had the Declaration of Independence come from the nervous pen of Thomas Jefferson than a confederation or a league between the states was proposed. And on March 1, 1781 the States entered into a compact under the Articles of Confederation.

This was the first paper constitution that shaped the formula of the American state. And yet it so limited the authority of Congress and so emasculated its power as to render it almost an impotent body. All powers not *expressly* delegated were reserved to the States. And even within its prescribed field of activity, the Congress was compelled to move with uncertain step. Revenue was to be had and support was to be obtained only by making requisitions upon the States, and not by imposing taxes upon the citizens; for on them this federal arrangement did not operate. It was a compact of sovereign States in contradistinction to a government created by a sovereign people.

The one fatal defect of this system was that it had no continuing body—no permanent executive. One central legislature was trying to adjust itself to thirteen local elements. Such a condition was calculated to devitalize all federal activity, and the cause produced its inevitable effect: the American state, under this makeshift of government, was drifting towards anarchy. The time was opportune for remedial legislation, and a convention was called for the purpose of amending the Articles of Confederation. But when the Convention met, it found the confederate constitution so radically deficient that revision was impossible to meet the

exigencies of the situation. And in lieu of offering amendments, the men who met in Philadelphia, drafted a constitution fundamentally different from the Articles of Confederation. As conceived by the mind of James Madison, the new instrument was to create a government of delegated powers, with its authority measured by the same. But these powers were to emanate directly from the people, the real depositaries of American sovereignty, and not from the States. There was to be no barrier or intricate machinery between Congress and the people; between the President and ohis constituents; between the Courts and their individua citizens.

To this government, however, was to be denied the authority to judge of its own oversteps. Delegated powers were to be parcelled out between Congress and the Executive; between Federal government and State, but to neither branch nor forum was to be entrusted the authority to determine or to limit its own realm. Such relations were certain to call for adjustments, and they logically produced the invention of our Supreme Court: the balance-wheel which gives poise to the whole structure; the spring which responds as readily to the touch of the individual as to the magnate, the corporation, or the government official. This was the crowning work of the delegates. The convention recommended that the new Constitution should be passed directly to the people for their ratification; and that for them, as well as for the States, it should become the supreme law of the land.

To have made the Constitution of the United States other than paramount would have stripped it of that force and efficiency necessary to the creation of a governmeut. It is one of the inherent attributes of a constitutional state that its organic law shall be supreme. If individuals enter into a state of society, the constitution of that society must be the final regulator of their conduct. And if the members of a number of political societies enter into and thereby create a larger political unit, the instrument marking out the bounds and naming the powers of the one central government, must of necessity be supreme over those societies and the individ-

uals composing them. If it were otherwise, such a constitution would be no more than a mere treaty, dependent upon the good faith of the parties, and no government would be formed. This was clearly seen by the fathers, as experience had taught them; and, in a definite paragraph, they provided for its supremacy—This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

Although the Constitution of the United States is the supreme law, we must not lose sight of the fact that it is an instrument of granted powers and thus one of limitations. While this might be the result of general reasoning, yet it is not a problematic question. The Tenth Amendment expressly declares: "All powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." It is only for the purposes named in the instrument, and what by fair implication is necessary and proper for carrying the same into execution, that the federal government has the final word. Conversely, then, the inevitable corallary follows, as expressed by Justice Wilson in Chisholm vs. Georgia, that for the *purposes of the Union* a State can not be sovereign. That is, the Constitution is binding on the States. And over those things, which have been given to the United States as enumerated in the Constitution, the States have no control. It is true that a State may pass laws, for its own citizens, touching some delegated subject (e. g. bankruptcy) concerning which the Congress has failed to legislate. But the central government has been given paramount authority to exercise all federal functions. And where a state law contravenes a federal statute, whether it be enacted before or after that statute, the former must yield and the latter will prevail for it is supported by the organic law.

However, that doctrine which savors of usurpation, or of

national assumption of the residuary powers guaranteed to the States shall find no place in my theme. Our Constitution rests upon the assumption that every man is better fitted to govern himself than any one else; that each locality can minister to its own wants better than any other locality; that the representative of the people should exercise power derivatively. To be more concrete, local self-government, the surest bulwark for the protection of individual rights, is the bed rock upon which the American nation is builded. And the most competent administrations, as means to attain and preserve this end, are the State governments, and they should be rigorously supported in all their reserved rights. While, at the same time, the federal government should be ardently defended in all of its constitutional vigor. The two are not incompatible, but the one aids and supplements the other. At the point of contact between delegated and reserved powers, if we can strike the "medium aurium" of Vergil in construction, our position shall be a most fortunate one; for, the American nation is an "indestructible Union of indestructible States". The preservation of the one is indispensible to the preservation of the other.

To the United States has been given sufficient and adequate political powers for the protection of the whole country and for carrying on diplomatic relation abroad. To the States has carefully been reserved the guardianship of the people's domestic and social affairs. A unique division—the one political, the other domestic; the one national, the other local. This is the general idea embodied in the Constitution; and though not rigidly observed, yet it is true in the main. At points the arms of one reach out into the field of the other. Such, however, we might expect for it is but the natural product of compromise—the basis upon which the Constitution is founded. And out of this has come divergent constructions. The true line of division between federal and state powers has from the time of Hamilton and Jefferson been a mooted question, and one not easy of decision. Honest men have studied the same book and learned different

lessons; read the same lines and construed them not alike. On the line of cleavage there is a great field for debate. But there is no necessity of encroachment, or friction in this dual system, so long as each (Federal and State) moves, unhampered by the other, within its own prescribed sphere. And to keep each in its bounds, the Constitution with the Supreme Court as its interpreter stands guard.

The apportionment of authority mentioned in the preceding paragraph constitutes the first peculiar feature of our Western Administration, and stands out boldly when contrasted with America's second contribution: The great principle of the separation of the powers. In this country those who make the laws determine their expediency and wisdom, but do not administer them. The Chief Magistrate, who executes them, is not allowed to judge them. To another tribunal is given the authority to pass upon their validity and constitutionality, "to the end that it be a government of laws and not of men". It is but commonplace to say that such a separation is found in the organic law of no other country. It is the duty of the President to see that the laws are faithfully executed, which have been made by the law-making body—the Congress. The Courts are charged with the task of adjudicating the rights of litigants, of judging and expounding the Constitution, and all the laws and treaties made, or which shall be made in pursuance thereof, or under the authority of the United States. From this great political division results our elaborate system of checks and balances: a complication and refinement which repudiates all hereditary tendencies and makes the law supreme.

Again, the Constitution of the United States adds a third novelty to the Science of Government. This is possibly the most singular and striking feature in our whole polity. It is absolutely *sui generis*. The American people, a homogeneous race, at the end of the Revolutionary War acquired all the reigns of government. And of their own sagacity and statesmanship they created a democratic state, but refused to entrust to any department, or officer, all the powers of sov-

ereignty. Theirs was the unprecedented experiment to lay the foundation of a nation which should be forever without imperial power. With one stroke they discarded the repugnant and aristocratic ideas of the Old World, which they had received as a legacy. And with a firm hand and heroic purpose, the union-builders gathered together the weak fragments of the settlements along the Atlantic coast; moulded them into a composite unit; and for their social betterment and protection inaugurated a system of government composed of three parts, each separate and distinct and yet serving as a check and auxilary to the other. With a keen and astute insight, they provided for the preservation of the equiponderance of the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial departments under a written Constitution. Those who administer the affairs of state must recognize the Constitution as the measuring stick of their authority. And in the field of jurisprudence this instrument is the *sine qua non* to all federal activity. But back of the Constitution is the fountain head of all law and all administration in America—the people. All latent sovereignty not exercised by their political servants lie dormant with them.

The Constitution places some things beyond the pale of the federal government; and the same are excluded, by inhibitions, from the domain of the jurisdiction of the several States. They, therefore, reside with the people. Both federal and state governments draw their authority from this common reservoir—the sovereign people. They are servants of a common master; working in a common business; striving for a common end. There are some things which the master may do, but which the servant cannot do. The scope of their authority is limited; and all acts which transcend their legitimate sphere of activity are declared *ultra vires* by the Supreme Court.

A single example will suffice to show the relation existing between those who govern, and those who are governed; between those who serve, and those who are served. The Supreme Court held in the great case of Chisholm vs. Georgia

that an individual might bring suit against a State. Then, according to our interpretation, there was but one body in this country that could shake that decision. Even if Congress had had authority to legislate on the point, it could only have said that hereafter no individual can sue a State. But the Eleventh Amendment, which was the direct result of the decision rendered in the case above mentioned, is ingeniously worded. It says: "The Judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit at law or equity, commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign State." The effect of this amendment was not only to preclude any future suit against a State brought by an individual, but it actually reversed the decision of the Supreme Court, given in the case under consideration. "The judicial power . . . . . shall not be construed to extend" means to say that the judicial power never did extend to that limit; and, therefore, the decision of the Supreme Court need not stand. Georgia did not satisfy the judgment. From these facts the opinion has been ventured that the States are the real sovereigns in this country as they exercise paramount authority over the Constitution by means of amendment. But it must be remembered that the States amend the organic law by virtue of the Constitution itself. Those who ordained and established the Constitution provided for a convenient method of change, but they did not divest themselves of absolute authority. When reduced to its final analysis, the people rule in America.

This democracy of ours, in an ever expanding and growing country with diversified occupations and changing conditions, is possible of preservation only by adhering to some criterion of legislation. Forty-seven separate States would not act in concord by accident. And if the Constitution of the United States were not binding on all, national authority would be reduced to a mere shadow. But with a paramount instrument, unity of action is insured; the rights of each are known and preserved; the principle of a free republic is

made possible on a large scale. The supremacy of the federal law is a condition precedent to a safe and sane self-government.

From this brief and somewhat cursory glance, we conclude that the Constitution of the United States is the live and vital cord in our governmental structure; the conduit pipe through which flows all national authority; the supreme law of the land. It is not superimposed upon those who live under it, but it is the touchstone by which we may try the services of those whom we trust—our political servants in whom we have reposed confidence. Just as we demand of them a strict adherence to the provisions of the instrument, which creates for them and their constituents the relation of *trustees* and *cestuisque trustent*, it is equally as imperative that we, as beneficiaries, should discharge the obligations imposed upon us by the trust. Freedom and duty are inseparably connected. Eternal vigilance is the price to be paid that this constitutional government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" may not perish from the face of the earth.

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With the increasing complexity of operation in all departments of the University, a source of information in respect of faculty regulations and procedure more reliable than chance enlightenment should be provided. Neglect in making such provision has already resulted in much inconvenience and confusion, and in one case at least of injustice. The seniors find it difficult to keep up with things and the freshman a trying task to get on to things This provision, then, we must have. But the students are entitled too, to a more cordial understanding of the whole working organization of the faculty, executive procedure, and inter-faculty regulations. A great deal of the occasional misunderstanding and criticism on the part of the students would, thereby, be easily eliminated. The publication of a small pamphlet, fashioned after the Y. M. C. A. handbook, containing the suggested information would count strongly for increased harmony between students and administration.

Things Talked About this month contains at least one article that is at variance with the prevailing sentiment among the students. The publication of this article is a simple illustration of the nature of the department. *Things Talked About* is open to the expression of every mans' views. The article before mentioned is one Mans' thought on a question of general interest. If you dont like it, this same department is open to you for your criticism and opinion.

Of general interest to college students throughout North America is the international convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions to be held in Rochester, N. Y., in December. Beginning on the twenty-ninth of the month and continuing for five days, with a limited attendance of three thousand representatives from seven hundred educational institutions, the Convention will be, probably, the most important student gathering that has ever assembled.

This Convention will be the sixth since the organization of the movement. A striking illustration of the proportions to which it has grown, is the fact that at the last meeting, in 1906, there was an attendance of 4,235 and 1,500 registrations were returned for lack of accommodations.

The enterprise today controls an annual expenditure of $22,000,000. Since 1886, the year of its organization more than 4,000 volunteers from North American colleges alone have taken up the foreign work. The movement has expanded until at present 138,000 students and professors in the various countries of the world, are united with those of North America in the work.

The especial object of the sixth convention is defined: The present situation in the Orient, the Near East, Africa, South America, and other lands will be reviewed, with the purpose of ascertaining what contribution the colleges of North America can and ought to make toward the solution of social, political, industrial, and religious problems now confronting the peoples.

A practice as discourteous as it is disgusting has recently developed among a certain element of the University students. From ignorance of the true temper of their fellows, or for a failure to appreciate the early principles of delicacy and public bearing has it come about?

We refer especially to the hand-clapping and jeers with which those certain students greet undergraduates in company with ladies; a regrettable occurrence on the campus last spring, and more recent performances in the auditorium bear out our reference. Could it be explained as ignorance, it could not therefore be excused. Were it confined to the new men, we should indeed presume a lack of former good breeding; but when we see that it is not so confined must we conclude that there has been, also, an abnormal failure to absorb something of the bebragged culture of a University environment? At any rate we feel safe in promising that the hisses with which this practice has hitherto been condemned will not be long in turning to more effective measure of reproof.

Our readers are due an explanation for the late appearance of the October issue of the magazine. The Magazine is printed by the University Press, the quarters of which are contiguous to the heating and lighting plant. In the course of the extensive remodeling of the plant the press was for some time cut off from all power. The interruption came just at the time when the Magazine copy was in form for the press. Hence the delay.

THINGS TALKED ABOUT

The prevalent feeling around here is that the student body as a whole should support the Athletic Association. That is, that every man in college, no matter who he is, should belong to the Association and of course contribute to the support of the teams. This is tacitly accepted as a truth needing no proof, very much as religion is accepted and with about as much sense. But besides intercollegiate athletics we have intercollegiate debates which, according to some views, represent the University in a broader and deeper sense than athletics ever can. Now the expenses of the debating teams are borne by a couple of societies existing chiefly for the sake of training in debate to which by far all the students do not belong and to which it is not considered essential to belong and to which fewer students would belong were it not for the fact that freshmen and others equally callow are inveigled into them not knowing exactly what they are joining and afterwards repenting for having done so. But nominally at least the intercollegiate debates are supported by those interested in debating.

On the other hand, whether a man be interested in athletics or not, he is expected to join the Association and contribute to the support of the teams, even, if need be, denying himself money for other things in which he is interested. In mass meetings and the Chapel we are exorted to join, not by an appeal to our reason, not by a simple appeal for help, but as if we were debtors who had not paid some long overdue bill. We are told that we are not good citizens of the community. Personally, I am an American citizen and that, I find, heaps obligations upon me, without hunting up some fool sentiment for, as far as an education is concerned, a non-essential part of an institution which means nothing to me beyond preparation for a certain profession—something that

hundreds of other institutions could give me as well, many better. If athletics are inseparably bound up with the fact of being a student let the membership fee be added to the registration fees and be made at the time of matriculation. If they are not, then let those who are interested in them take care of them.

Certainly nothing can be more annoying than to be without lamp, candle, or, even matches when the lights are turned off. If they were turned off suddenly it would be better, but to consume about five seconds in going is tantalizing. They have a way of catching a person unawares, and going off slowly as if to say "this is one on you."

There used to be a time when the lights would "wink" at a quarter to twelve, an arrangement which gave a person time to disrobe and to retire. But with the installation of the new machinery in the power plant, it is doubtful to the writer's mind whether the lights have ceased to "wink" through dignity for their new position; or, whether the electrician has forgotten the custom.

However that may be they wink no more and we undress "in the dark."

The disastrous effect of the present method is that it causes one to "cuss" where otherwise one would say his prayers! The advantages of the old method are: (1) it gave one time to undress and to retire by light, and (2) it was a most convenient way of bringing a letter home to a close by saying, "the lights have winked so must say good-night."

So, let us, Mr. Power House Man, have more lights, better lights, and be sure not to leave without giving us our customary good-night wink.

With an hour's wait between supper and mail, and nothing for it but to loaf around and listen to Doc's graphophone, any suggestion for a more pleasant passing of the time deserves consideration. That the library opens at six-forty-

five, and closes three-quarters of an hour earlier than the present closing hour, would be an arrangement as satisfactory to the library assistants, very probably, as to the students. It is a fact that the night hours at the library are inconvenient—a fact that accounts for the unsatisfactory number who make use of the library after supper. Mail is up just a quarter of an hour before the library opens, and a fellow having already loafed away an hour must get to his studies. Those that would stop, were the library open, will not wait for ten minutes on the steps in the cold. The suggested change would result in, clearly, economy of time and more efficient service.

Doubtless it is a rather astounding fact; but nevertheless, I am fond of reading: good reading, that is: I am seldom caught with "Dick Merriwells" and never with "Diamond Dicks" or "Nick Carters." On the contrayy, I once read a couple of novels by Tolstoi, one by Turgenief, am passionately fond of Ibsen, and have even been guilty of reading "The Origin of Species" and appearing interested. Such is my crime; and having committed it, the penalty, according to the ordinary sequence of events, has followed. Lo and behold! Here am I, an oddity, a psychological problem as yet unraveled tho several have undertaken to cut the knot with more or less dull knives, sometimes pitied, sometimes cussed for a fool, and at intervals, far and a long time between, given credit for having just an iota of sense.

The above is simply an illustration; and, what is more, it actually illustrates. We have at this institution, which nominally is devoted to the dissemination of knowledge and to which students come generally with the intention of learning something, one of the flattest inconsistencies imaginable. We have as has just been pointed out—it might not have been noticed if it had not been pointed out—a group of men spending time and money for an education who think it strange and funny that a being seemingly in possession of all

his faculties should read stuff that is really worth the reading, while they think it perfectly normal and right that a man should waste his time reading the evanescent literature of the day which can serve for nothing better than to make idleness a little less boring. Verily, this is not a position for university men to take. I don't try to explain it. That is beyond me. I simply accept it as a fact and wonder how the Professor of Philosophy can, in the face of it, claim that human nature is white.

EXCHANGES

"ASHES OF EMPIRE"

John J. Ellington

GREY DAWN

Those pagod things of sabre sway,
With fronts of brass and feet of clay.

—Byron.

The shell-stormed columns wheel and turn, and turn and wheel again,
As calm as moons that wax and wane—as fierce as fires that burn.
The dull, dead throb of pulsing drums— the bugle' s thin tongued song
That swiftly, shrilly leaps along—the heavy, heavy hums
That boom from sullen, deep-toned guns—despairing wails from throats
Death-clutched—brows drenched with blood that gloats and mirrors mocking suns;—
And the hush of the cold, grey dawn at last,
Dear Lord,
The hush of the cold, grey dawn at last.

With eyes a-flame and nostrils wide, with tense and corded flanks,
His charger sees the serthing ranks, and paws with restless pride.
Half-loosened reins! and o'er the dead he bears with bounding haste
A boyish Captain who has raced to battling cohort-tread
Not once before. Into the van, with sheathless, naked sword
He seeks the surging, smoke-hid horde—dares death as man to man.

And the hush of the cold, grey dawn at last,
Dear Dord,
The hush of the cold, grey dawn at last.

The roll and rumble of the hosts that charge, and march and charge
And bear blind wounds for crimson targe, bay long their gun-mouthed boasts
To hoarse-thrummed echoes from the hills. The soft smoke circles o'er
The field and hides death's pallid lore, until the breeze slow fills
Each silver sail, and bids it flee; while sun-set taunts and shames
Mad life, and frets with blood-dipped flames war's tawdry tragedy.
And the hush of the cold, grey dawn at last,
Dear Lord,
The hush of the cold, grey dawn at last.

The gun-gapped columns wheel and turn, and turn and wheel again
With flags that flout the grinning slain, and those whose lips are stern.
Beneath the troops that toss and draw their red-stained sabres there
The Captain lies, lit by the glare that leaps from cannon's maw—
And there, with wistful neigh, his place still on the corse-strewn fields
A horse without a rider shields a damp, distorted face.
And the hush of the cold, grey dawn at last,
Dear Lord,
The hush of the cold, grey dawn at last.

—*The University of Virginia Magazine.*

BILLY BRINT'S VACATION EPISODES

I

Soda Water

(Wherein the Sparkle Proved Amiss for Billy.)

Things weren't just right . . . wouldn't work out just right for Billy . . . so Billy tacked into a milk-shake shop and sat indifferently together at a table in a corner under a fan. He wanted cooling and he wanted "A dope, young lady; and make it strong, please." "Yes, sir." And Billy's dope, strong and with a head on it, was presently served and then listlessly sipped by that individual.

Tasteless, perhaps biting, he pushed it uncompromisingly aside; then he let his eyes rove slowly, deliberately, over the throng of gay young men and women, jabbing at ice cream, tilting sodas, and sucking through long, yellow straws.

At one table far to his right sat a man with a pretty young girl, and nearby, apparently unaccompanied, standing by the marble counter, was an old boy acquaintance of Billy's. Acquaintance or no acquaintance, Billy didn't want to invite his attention by attracting or meeting his eye, which invariably kept swinging around in Billy's direction.

"How in thunder can I look at that girl without having to see Sam Grant at the same time! I don't want to see him . . . don't want to have to talk with him. True, I haven't seen him for quite a while, and that's perhaps reason enough why I should speak to him now. But why bother? Sam always was a cad, a bore. Maybe he's waiting for me to make the advances. I'll just hurry and get out of here before he takes the notion to come over. But—constant Penelope—that surely is a good-looking child! It's purely a case of 'how can I bear to leave thee.' Certainly attractive . . . looks like she might have just enough of our darling product—Americanitis—to make her interesting. Not a bad-looking lid that, . . . and her frock is a smart one. Note the complexion, and the hair bobbed up

tastefully at her neck; the devilled eyes, and the good round augh in her throat—gods! Wonder who she is? And that guy with her—dudey, isn't he? Oh, lizards! Sam's getting ready to swing his eyes me-ward again. I guess I'll quit the place. The fellow torments me—actually torments me—and here I am trying to take, in a gentlemanly fashion, a sort of inventory of a good-looking stranger. Where's that dope check? Thunder! And my hat? On the floor, of course. Well, I'll wait outside and get another squint when she comes out."

Billy, however, had the chronic masculine weakness, and his gaze again switched around in order to verify his late inventory. But Sam was first in the orbit, and as luck would have it Sam was cocked and primed when Billy's focus hove into range.

Sam smiled in recognition; Billy recalled sotto voce the manor house of Satan, forced a smile and nodded as a return courtesy. Sam, the next moment, was pressing his hand warmly.

"I tried to make you see me, Brint—I thought I did once or twice, but you seemed to have forgotten me. I'm glad it's otherwise. Come over and let me make you acquainted with a pair of my cousins . . . he's a first-rate fellow, and she, Billy—well, just come on."

And Billy, shamelessly, went.

II

A HEAVY FOG

A Difficult Problem for the Sun but It Was There

Summer evening on shipboard, water panorama, a brisk salt-laden breeze, a clear sky, and man's spirit finds itself swinging out in its native freedom, ease and beauty, like the long, soft, silken streamer 'pon the flag staff. Billy Brint's spirit, persuaded by the gentle, heavenly influences around him, was in that free, easy, beautiful thrill. Smoothed and sweetened unto perfect content, his mood was seraphic; Zion's own radiance enveloped his soul; Saint Peter's best spare room was for his asking. His half-smoked cigar was the one

remaining earth-tie; he realized it; and presently he flipped the fire-tipped thing upon a madly tossing white-cap. Saint Peter smiled indulgently upon Billy; Billy gasped at the wonder of the saint's gold-filled teeth, and stepped upward —to meet, face to face, an angel making earthward, tailor gowned in a faintly striped black serge, ankle high, black silks, dull half-pumps, and geared with a blest-if-I-don't-like-'em black straw, under which gleamed golden yellow waves and sombre blue eyes, a fair skin and an oddly beautiful nose—other features to match.

This was Billy's Sodom. When it had passed beyond he turned to look and to settle delightedly into a pillar of salt. But when the actual Heaven hovered about a deck chair and finally enthroned itself there Billy's immobility was a new and greater joy to him.

"This is my idea . . . I like this kind of Heaven . . , it suits me better." But at once Billy's spirit took on blustering temperatures. He knew he couldn't attain unto it; couldn't even look at it but just so often; and never, never could talk to it. A strange thing it is after all how so nearly linked is the good and the bad place—it requires but a slight variation while journeying along to drop from one to the other and back again. But that wasn't Billy's thought just at this time. This young man was lighting a cigarette, the performance serving as a screen while he absently looked upon Heaven seated before him, and was wishing with all his heart the other starers would kindly take to the cabin and leave the deck to him.

"I'd certainly like to know her . . . she's evidently alone . . . so am I . . . and there is nearly two hours' more run across the Bay. These men and women are too much in the way of good endeavor. I'd venture the thing, but if she snubbed me—well, I hardly think I should relish the direful consequences incident thereto. Maybe a chance will offer itself . . . after a bit of time . . . and then . . . "

And so chance did. When Billy had swung his gaze for

the hundredth time into her face (about every third time finding home in her own eyes) something occurred. The large black leather bag, resting upon knee and supporting elbow, slipped and fell to the deck. Billy, like a fishhawk, pounced upon it with outstretched claws, restored it to Heaven, and then waited for an acknowledgment of some sort. It did not come, and he did not go. Billy was conscious of the array of curious eyes centered upon him from all around; and then Heaven looked up inquiringly.

"I'm waiting," said Billy quietly, "for an acknowledgment, a—a—'thank you'."

"I have none for you," replied Heaven, eyes aflash.

"Then perhaps you had better let me have the bag until I can find someone who will give me a 'thank you' for my trouble."

Heaven colored—beautifully. It was Billy's victory. Then:

"You have been exceedingly rude, Mr. ———"

"Brint," Billy assisted, cheerfully.

"And you will oblige me by gazing at some other passenger or passengers for the rest of the trip. Good-bye."

"Beg pardon, Miss——, but do you know that you have been directly in line with my sight-seeing since you came on deck?"

"I'm perfectly well aware of it."

"And do you know—"

"I know this much, sir, that for the best part of the time I've had to keep my eyes either shut or fastened upon some indefinite object straight ahead."

"And for the rest of the time?" questioned Billy fearlessly.

Heaven flashed lightuing, and then the thunder came in low, measured roll—scathing, relentless, disdainful:

"At first I tried to pay no attention . . . you continued gazing . . . it tired me . . . I met your eyes several times to tell you you were rude . . . then you began to think evil . . . you thought I was flirtin . . . the next time I

met your look my eyes told you plainly you were not a gentleman . . . you seemed not to understand . . . and now, now I am glad I can tell you so verbally."

The curious passengers—blessedly ignorant of the context of the Billy-Heaven conversation—had lapsed into sullen envy and were again preoccupied with magazines and newspapers. Billy surveyed the throngh became emboldened by the hopeful atmosphere; choked down a weak-forgive-me-please explanation; and told her that—

"Under those circumstances I shall be pleased to withdraw. But—as trivial as may be the matter I wish to mention, and as trivial as I may appear to you because I mention it—I consider that you still owe me a small debt of gratitude."

"For what, please?"

"For the slight courtesy I recently extended you."

"And you, you?"

"I merely wish to say 'good-bye'," said Billy matter-of-factly.

But Heaven's voice burst upon him, ominously, and—"I dropped the bag purposely"—shoaled Billy, so that for a breath-taking while, wave beaten and buffetted, he had neither will nor desire to face the stinging purport of her remark.

"Purposely to tell me," he began, voicing the revelation, "to tell me I am not a gentleman."

Billy Brint's spirit was now neither enamoured of either the theoretical or the actual Heaven. Not even the silver-bearded saint could induce him to grasp out again for the aerie of peace and comfort. "I'm done for," mused Billy, like a soldier who consciously faces fire for the last time, "decently done for. And now for the retreat. You are very clever," he said, turning upon Heaven. "Good-bye."

But a smile was lurking upon the lips and in the eyes of Heaven. Billy's defeat, however, had nonplussed Billy, and in all his groping he could find no tangible support. Heaven seemed to know his dilemma and secretly reveled in his helplessness.

"I dropped it purposely," said Heaven.

"I know, I know," said Billy hurriedly, preparing to move away; then bravely added, for the pleasure of her triumphant spirit, "you dropped it purposely to—',

"To—to pay you a small debt of gratitude."

"For what, please?" asked Billy.

"For the slight courtesy you would extend by restoring it to me."

Saint Peter slammed his door shut. Why bother anyway? —that steamer had no more than an hour and a half's more time, while he—well, he had a whole eternity.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly.

TO CHAPEL

R. S. C.

Weary and worn, but walking fast,
Along the campus path there passed
A youth who bore a very nice
Expression, with this strange device,
"To Chapel".

With heavy heart and tired feet
He hastened onward down the street;
And like the chapel bell were rung
The accents of that well-known tongue,
"To Chapel".

In many rooms he saw the light
Of morning fires gleam warm and bright;
Beyond, the early sunlight shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan:
"To Chapel".

"Try not the grass," one fellow said,
"And yet the paths are stopped ahead
By ponds of water deep and wide";
But loud that rasping voice replied,
"To Chapel".

"Oh, stay," a student said, and rest;
Cut chapel; that will suit you best."
A tear stood in his gray-green eye;
"My absences are mounting high—
"To Chapel".

"Beware the crowded chapel stair,
Beware the choir-monster's snare";
This was the sleepy boy's farewell;
But loud that ringing voice did swell,
"To Chapel".

At chapel time as studentward
Old "Project" bent a look so hard,
Watching the gathering students there,
A voice rang through the chilly air,
"To Chapel".

The source of this unusual sound
They soon a flying student found,
Still bearing his no longer nice
Expression, with the same device,
"To Chapel".

But now at last, by hastening fast,
The chapel doors he swiftly passed,
And as he quickly took his seat
His neighbors heard a voice repeat,
"At Chapel".

—*Davidson College Magazine.*

BOOK REVIEW

"In Love's Domain"*

This little book of verse comes decked out in exquisite garb, with photographic illustrations which show unusual beauty in themselves as well as esthetic taste in the selection. The pictures furnish a fortunate setting for eking out the imaginative fancies left unfulfilled in the poems themselves. Poetry, modern poetry particularly, runs to extremes of sensuous beauty of expression, or intricate turns of thought. Extreme simplicity, even youthful naivete, of thought requires something verging upon lyric intensity of expression, to redeem the almost inevitable note of banality. The author of these poems lutes no unaccustomed lays, finding full satisfaction in linking the simple, even trivial, aspects of nature with the simpler phases of sentimental feeling. The reaching after interpretation of Nature's moods eventuates, not in arresting pictures of field, forest or stream vividly caught and instantaneously held, but in pseudo-pretty garlands of word-posies, in which "mock-birds" and daisies and anemones alternate in somewhat meaningless sequence. One stanza of "The Dogwood Trees" gives a momentary and refreshing picture:

> What time the grass upon the hills
> Feels touch of Spring and thrills,
> Then down the wooded slopes of gray
> Peeps out a mass of whitened spray,
> For through the leafless glen one sees
> The glory of the dogwood trees.

There are possibilities in the little poem, "Perhaps", with its brief succession of hopeful tentatives. And "On the Road to Sleepy Town", with its drowsy lilt, comes nearer to taking the measure of the author in his best vein, than any other in the selection. "My Silent Guest", obviously some hazy replica of Riley's "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" has in

it a touch of real feeling naturally expressed. And the mood and even the form of "Life's Twilight", without its final obtrusive parallel, brings back a faint memory of McNeill:

> The evening star and glow of sunset in the west,
> A mist upon the hill, the hour of rest.
>
> A sound of vesper bell across the harbor deep,
> Parting of dark and day where valleys sleep.
>
> And when I say good-bye to face an unseen day,
> May peace as sweet as this twilight my way.

**In Love's Domain,* by H. E. Harman. Stone and Barringer Company, Charlotte, N. C.

ALUMNI NOTES

J. W. Speas, Jr., is teaching school at Kernersville, N. C.

L. P. Matthews, '08, who received his license to practice law last year, has located in Norfolk, Va.

T. R. Eagles, '08, is working in Bethany, West Va.

A. M. Secrest, Pharmacy '07, is in the drug business in Monroe, N. C.

Ernest C. Ruffin, '08, is principal of the Rich Square Graded School.

Martin F. Douglas, who took law here last year and during the past summer, is practicing in Greensboro.

F. I. Sutton, '08, is at Harvard.

W. E. Yelverton, '08, is with the Winston-Salem Journal, Winston-Salem.

Drury M. Phillip, '08, is a student at the University ot Texas, Austin.

J. B. Whittington is at the North Carolina Medical College, Charlotte.

Percy H. Royster, '07, is a student at Harvard.

Jack Watters, ex 1911, is with the Standard Oil Co., Charlotte, N. C.

W. P. Jacocks, '04, is studying medicine at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.

H. H. Hughes, '07, is at Columbia University, New York City.

W. S. Dickson, '07, is a chemist at Napier, Tenn.

J. H. Hall, ex 1911, is working in South Boston, Va.

Milo J. Jones, '09, is teaching at Shreveport, La.

J. H. McLain, '09, is principal of the Rowland Graded School.

R. M. Wilson, '09, is principal of the Hillsboro School.

W. R. Bauguess, 1910, is working in a bank in Jefferson, N. C.

F.B. Drane, '07, is in the U.S. AssayOffice,Charlotte,N.C.

L. W. Parker, '07, who was with the Ben Greet Players during the past summer, is a student at Johns Hopkin University, Baltimore, Md.

F. P. Borden, '09, is with the Southern Cotton Seed Oil Co., Goldsboro.

Bolling Hall, '09, is teaching at Ruffin, N. C.

C. C. F.azier, '08, Law '09, is practicing in Greensboro, N. C.

A. E. Lloyd, Jr. '09, is with the American Tobacco Co., Norfolk, Va.

J. S. Mann, '09, is studying civil engineering at Cornell Uni- versity, Ithaca, N. Y.

W. H. Strowd, '09, is with the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railway Co., of Ensley, Ala.

H. B. Wadsworth, '09, is teaching in the Wilson Graded School.

O. C. Cox, '09, is teaching at High Point.

R. M. Watt, ,09, is with the Atlantic Electric Co., Greenville, N. C.

C. D.Wardlaw,'09 is teaching at Terrytown-on-Hudson,N.Y.

W. J. Parrish, '09, is with the Buckhorn Power Co., Buckhorn Falls, N. C.

Jerry Day, '09, is teaching at Rockford, N. C.

John A. Moore, '09, is working at Nighthawk, Wash.

W. E. Lester, who took two years in medicine here, is now at Tulane University, New Orleans, La.

R. A. Freeman, ex '09, is teaching school at Lignum, Va.

N. C. Curtis, who was instructor in drawing here for several years, is at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.

Wiley H. M. Pittman, '07, is teaching at Marion, Ala.

C. A. Holden, ex 1910, is working at Columbia, Mo.

S. H. Farabee, ex '07, is editor of the Winston-Salem Journal.

J. M. Porter, '08, is with the western office of the Raney Canner Co., Texarkana, Ark-Tex.

SKETCHES

The Lost Paper

At 3:36 p. m., right in front of the twelve inch guns, on the forward deck of the *U. S. Virginia*, gunner Potter began to act like the villian in a Bijou melodrama. He bent his back and glanced around furtively. "The paper," he muttered, "where is the paper?" He seized a bucket of water, examined it closely, and then threw it at an astonished deck mopper. Next he stepped up and tried to peer into the muzzle of one of the twelve inch guns. At this moment the captain and the surgeon came along the deck.

"What the devil!" ejaculated the captain when he saw Potter. Then as he recognized the gunner—

"Potter!" he called sharply.

Without replying, Potter stopped his antics and stared vacantly at Fortress Monroe, two miles away, muttering to himself, "The paper, where can it be?"

"He's been having those spells for two weeks," spoke up the surgeon. "Seems to think he's lost some sort of paper."

"Well," said the captain, with conviction, "Such a man is not fit to stoke, let alone shoot a twelve inch gun. We'll release him at once."

The necessary formalities were hastily gone through with, and at 3:58 p. m. ex-gunner Potter, with his official discharge and kit, was in the auxiliary launch, bound for the government pier at Portsmouth. During the ten minute trip, he crouched on his seat, muttering, "Where is the paper? Where is the paper?"

At the pier he was assisted out, and his kit tossed to him. Then he straightened up and looked down at the ensign in command of the launch.

"Youngster," he said grinning, "Tell the cap'n and the surgeon that I have found my paper." And he held up his

paper of discharge. Then, turning, he walked down the pier with his eyes glued on a nearby signboard:

"The Jolly Tar Satron"

THE BEST COURT

"Hey Bill!" I bawled across the hall as I jerked on my tennis shoes, "Net's on the best court. Get a hustle on."

"Go on," came back, "I'll be there in a minute."

At this I grabbed my racket and hurried to the court. Here—well the dickens! My net lay in a pile on the grass and a couple of fellows were on the Best Court having a nice little game of singles. I didn't know either of them. One was small and insignificant, the other a big hulk, six and a half by three. A couple of freshmen, thought I. By the shades of the Davie poplar! What nerve!

"Love thirty," sang out the big fellow, who was serving.

"Look here," I demanded of him, sharply, "What'd you take my net down for?"

"To put mine up," he replied shortly, giving me a glance —and he served the second ball into the net.

"Well don't get too fresh now, for," I went on loftily, "this court's reserved for upper-classmen and so you two freshmen skiddoo."

"You left it didn't you?" he snapped angrily, "Well"— and again he sent the second ball into the net—"The devil! —a love game and you," he glowered at me fiercely, "And your mouth the cause." Then he made a break for me. Discretion seized my legs and in four seconds I stood in front of the Law Building, breathless but safe.

At that instant Bill came tripping out of the South Building.

"Who's that big devil?" I hailed, pointing at the freshman, who was returning to the Best Court.

"Oh that's ————, the new professor. Say he's got an awful temper."

"Well yes," I agreed, "he has."

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De Dinner Horn

J. L. Orr.

When workin' cause I got too,
Ahoein' out de corn,
I never yet forget to
Hear de dinner horn.

Ahaulin' in de hay,
Or shockin' up de wheat,
I love to hear 'em say,
It's time to quit and eat.

Since de time it hailed,
De day dat I was born,
I never yet have failed
To hear de dinner horn.

The Song of the Blue Pencil

I come from Pandemonium's deep
With dev'lish hatred gushing,
And down on hapless youth I sweep,
In demon's madness rushing.

My guardless prey I seize upon,
In stygian glee exulting:
My sateless rage I feast anon,—
Swift death the while resulting.

I stalk the land which once he knew,
His pals I keep on trailing,
No wine so sweet as bloody brew!
No music rivals wailing!

This frenzy naught can satiate,
'Tis quite beyond appeasing;
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KEEPING TIME

It didn't happen. It wasn't an event, even. I merely observed a freshman in the gymnasium class drill, the other day. The exercise was simple, just a matter of keeping time with the dumb-bells. The freshman was, consistently, a quarter of a motion behind the others in the figure. He could have kept time; there was nothing impossible in it. He only didn't think of it; felt no necessity for it.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ORATOR

R. U. Loquacious.

My first speech was made from my father's knee, and was said upon all state occasions amid applause and kisses from the female part of the congregation. I could put up with these because I knew Grandmother had some candy for me when it was over. The oration was like this;

"Had little dog
Name was Rover;
When he died,
Died all over."

When I became a little older and went to the public school, every Friday we had to make a speech. One which always drew applause was:

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage,
And if I fail, or fall below
Demosthenes and Cicero," etc.

The years went by and very soon I heard myself saying in a changing voice now firm, now coarse, with my hands in the way, and with my eyes on my toes:

"Strike the nail aright boys;
Hit it on the head!
Strike with all your might, boys,

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While the iron is red.
Standing at the top, boys,
Gazing at the sky,
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?'' etc.

After this I began to hope for long pants, and when they finally came, I put on my most grown up air, and with numerous gestures said:

''Friends! Romans! Countrymen!
Lend me your ears! I came to bury
Caesar, not to praise him. The evil
That men do lives after them; The good
Is oft interred with their bones.'' etc.

And then to the high school. Those were happy days. And I knew that in a certain seat, a certain girl had a bright smile and blush for me when I finished, as I said:

''They tell us Sirs that we are weak, but when will we be stronger! Will it be the next week? Or the next year?'' And ending fiercely: ''I care not what others may say, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!''

These, then, are the steps upon which my oratory mounted, and, thinking it over, it seems to me that they are, though well worn, precious because greater orators than I have worn the rounded surface of the same steps. I have often wondered what Demosthenes talked about with the pebbles in his mouth.

MY ROOM AT COLLEGE.

Given: four walls, a ceiling, and a floor, none very far from the others,and you have an idea of the only room there was vacant when I came to college. I almost forgot the two windows and the door, but then you have to look very carefully to find either. I dont call them a door and windows, myself, for doors and widows are supposed to close up openings in the walls when the oc-

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cupant wishes to be alone. I took the room and three days later moved in. There was a great transformation. A bureau with three drawers, two handles, and a looking glass, stood on one corner—it was a very small bureau. I have gotten accustomed to the tilt forward of the bureau and I dont try to hold it up any longer. The bed covers five-eighths of the floor space and the rest is filled with one trunk, three chairs, a very small table, and a rug. The rug is the size of a large pocket handkerchief. Oh! yes, there is a mantle piece too. It is stuck way back into the chimney where the man who was building the fireplace didn't have bricks enough to finish. It is a good thing that this mantle is *RETROUSSE* or there wouldnt be room for it.

The four side walls and the ceiling are covered with a beautiful light saffron paper with roses sprawling about on it. I was glad to see that these roses had room to sprawl. My room isnt tidy. It isnt large enough. Things are all scattered about everywhere. I can sit on the foot of my bed and reach out placing my hand on anything I want. It's all within reach. That's one of the reasons I like it. I look about me and see clothes in every corner: I have more than four clothes, there are two in some corners. But what do I care. No one sees it but the boy that doesnt cleanup in the morning. This room is but the shipping crate. Soon the educational freight will stop and I will get off into the big wide hustling world.

I smile at the shirt hanging on the umbrella in the corner. Yes, you little new patent leathers, peeping from under the bureau, I will wear you then. Such little conveniences as putting the chairs on the table before you can open the door, dont amount to anything after all. I might have banged the furniture about during the first few weeks, but I didnt hurt anything. The only way I could throw anything was toward the ceiling, and that was hardly seven feet away.

I must stop telling you about my room now. But isnt it nice to be able to lay in bed and blow out the fire.

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TOUGH LUCK

J. L. Orr.

When the moon's jes' sorter stickin
Over behin' de hill,
Den's de time to get yo' chicken;
Things is dark an' still.

One night like dis, den,
Acomin' from er show,
I drug down er speckle hen
From off er stable do'.

Dat wusn't de place whar she b'long,
Whether she's fat 'r not,
So I jus' toted 'er erlong,
To fill an empty pot.

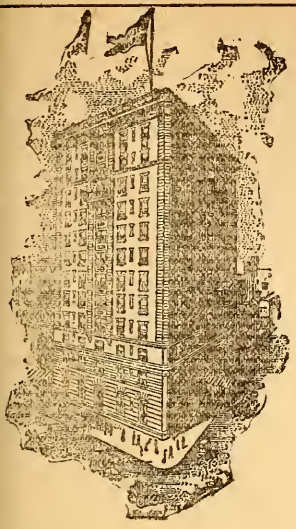
But, Lordy! when I lit de light,
Malinda sho did howl:
In de darkness of de night,
I 'ad tuck er hootin' owl.

THE CHARGE OF THE BRAVE BRIGADE

(As Tennyson would have it now.)

S. B. Stroup.

Half a yard, half a yard,
Half a yard onward,—
On to the football field
Strode the 'leven huskies.
"Forward this brave brigade!
Charge for the goal!" he said
Into the football game
Drove the 'leven huskies.



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"Forward this brave brigade!"
Was there a man dissuaged?
Not tho' the captain knew
Some one had blundered;
Theirs not to make reply
Theirs not to reason why
Theirs but to do, or die.
Into the football game
Drove the 'leven huskies.

Williams to right of them,
Winston to left of them,
Georgetown in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with band and yell,
Boldly they fought and well.
Into the game of death.
Into the mouth of hell
Drove the 'leven huskies.

When can their glory fade?
Oh the wild charge they made;
All the world wondered!
Honor the charge they made,
Honor this brave brigade,
Noble 'leven huskies!

The University Magazine

FEBRUARY, 1910

Old Series, Vol. 40 No. 3 New Series, Vol. 27

EARLY ENGLISH SURVIVALS ON HATTERAS ISLAND

Collier Cobb

Notwithstanding the uniformity of American life, which has impressed the European visitor to this land as our country's most serious drawback, there are still a few secluded spots, isolated land areas around the borders of our continent, whose inhabitants have escaped the blighting influence of predigested breakfast foods, Associated Press despatches, syndicated stories, trust-made school books, and that great destroyer, the schoolmaster.

Physiographic features here present such uniformity over vast areas that the few unique spots of land which might produce inhabitants of varying types are set apart as state or national parks, or forests, to be used as playgrounds for the people. Even the mountain section of North Carolina, which Southerners are fond of calling "The Switzerland of America," probably because it possesses not one feature of Swiss scenery, has become thoroughly modernized and Americanized, and there is not another town of its size in our country so thoroughly cosmopolitan as Asheville, our mountain metropolis, has become during the last two decades. The arts and crafts of the mountains had practically disappeared during that time, and had to be taught anew to the women of the Biltmore Estate, whose mothers and grandmothers, less than a score of years ago, were skilled weavers of exquisite tapestries.

In a land where journeys are made from the plains of the interior to Longwood or Atlantic City for a summer's out-

ing, or from Carolina to the geysers of the Yellowstone for a fortnight's holiday, and all this with as much ease and comfort as staying at home, there is little left but the monotony of American life that so deeply impressed Mr. James Bryce when he was writing his "American Commonwealth."

The sand reefs of the North Carolina coast, before the advent of motor boats in that region just a decade ago, afforded a large measure of seclusion, and that safety which comes from isolation, safety from the incursions of tourists and pleasure seekers, and from exploitation by magazine writers.

The most interesting of these reefs was then three days' journey from almost any point, but when you had made the journey you had gone back three centuries in time. Though known to everyone by name, and dreaded by all seafaring men as the graveyard of American shipping, hardly a score out of our eighty millions of population had ever set foot on this island. Even all the fingers of one hand were not needed to count the dwellers on the mainland who were personally acquainted with this dangerous sand-reef and its mild-mannered people. To most men it is a sort of world's end, as indeed it has been to many a poor mariner; and even to the few who know it best it is a veritable foreign land at home.

Hatteras Island is an elbow-shaped sand-spit, forty miles in length measured around the elbow, and from half a mile to five miles in width. It lies along the very border of the continental shelf, a hundred miles beyond the normal trend of the coast, and almost within the Gulf Stream. It occupies the center of the quadrangle made by the parallels 35° and 36°, north latitude, and the meridians 75° and 76°, west longitude.

The geological history, physiographic features, and climatic conditions of this island have been made a subject of special investigation by the writer for something like a score of years. But since geography is a study of the earth as man's physical environment, and geology a study of the earth as a field for the development of organic life, the geologist

must of necessity have an interest in the influence of environment on the human organism. The purpose of this paper is to deal with this human interest in one of its phases, the influence of isolation as it shows itself in the preservation of old English words and the ancient forms of speech once common to our group. On this island, in spite of Nature's changes, with all her storms and buffetings, we find words in daily use that have never here drifted from their mediaeval moorings.

When I reach any point on the island, my friends who have not seen me land invariably ask: "How did you come? Did you come in a boat, or did you travel?" *Travel*, in this case, means to walk. Once I was told that I could reach a certain sand dune by traveling about two acres, across a palmetto swamp, an *acre*, in this case, being a furlong, or eighth of a mile, an old English use of the word.

"How do you go home when you get to the country? Do you go by boat up the river, do you go by train, or do you travel?" I was asked by a man who knew my fondness for walking. "I do not know what I should do if we lived in the country where we could not hunt or fish, for I had rather starve than have my husband dig potatoes," one good woman said to me. By *country* they mean the mainland opposite the island, this woman explaining it to me as, "Some such place as North Carolina, or even New York, or Norfolk, or Raleigh, or Chapel Hill; anywhere off The Banks," meaning by *The Banks*, the line of sand reefs along the North Carolina coast, and using the word country very much as Britishers would say "the continent." On The Banks, then, a traveling salesman would be a tramp peddler.

Now this use of *travel*, as meaning to walk, to move along on foot, was common in England in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and I have found it used several times in Hakluyt's Voyages. It is used with a somewhat different pronunciation, but in exactly the same sense, today, in corners of Ireland, of Yorkshire, and of Scotland. I have never met with this use of the word in North America except on Hatteras Island; though among the Sioux Indians of the North and

Northwest there is in use a kind of trailer made of two lodge poles attached to a horse, like shafts, having a sack of skins lashed to the cross-bars behind the horse, and used for carrying goods, or for sick or wounded persons. The Indian name for this vehicle is *travay*, but the word used in this way is more nearly related to working than to walking.

This Hatteras Island use of *country* is the original use of the word, as meaning the land opposite. It occurs in this sense today nowhere else, so far as my observation goes. *Continent* is used for the mainland on some of the islands farther north, as on Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. The lady who used country in this way had been but recently married, and the bridegroom had furnished the trousseau, an ancient custom that prevails today nowhere else in North America, and one that is falling into disuse here.

I have always taken a kodak with me when visiting the island, and the chief pleasure derived from its use has been the taking of pictures of my friends there. On one of my early visits to Hatteras a young man asked:

"Wont you make a picture of my may and me?"

"I'll be delighted to," I replied; "but what does your ladylove look like?"

"You may not think her pretty, but she's a couthy girl, and canty too."

Here were words I had never heard before, but I soon came to understand their meaning, after I had met many of the island people who were "couthy women and trusty men." I have often met the word *may* in old English love songs, meaning a maid, a fair woman, a cousin, a sweetheart. It is used most often as meaning maid, of which it is really a contract form, and dates back to the middle of the fourteenth century or beyond that time.

Couthy, besides meaning tender, sympathetic, motherly, as applied to these good women, or affable, pleasant, agreeable, like a familiar friend, has another meaning which is well illustrated by the statement, "Will Watkins looked so kind and couthy-like to Lucy Lowe."

Canty means merry, brisk, lively, as in the old couplet

A cozy house and a canty wife
Keeps aye a body cheerly.

Cant was the first form of this adjective, and *trusty*, of course, means trustworthy. This is a use familiar to us.

I promised to meet the young people at nine o'clock the following morning to make the picture. At nine the young fellow came alone. When I asked why he had not brought the lady, he said: "She scooped me," meaning that she had got the better of him, run away from him, scampered off at the last moment. "And," he added, "she could fleech you, young man." Fleech is from the French, *flechir;* it passed into Middle English as *to bend*, then *to flatter*. Here again were words that I had never heard before; but I found that he meant she could flatter me into loving her, and then run away from me. Nothing so remarkable about that girl after all!

Another time the young man described her to me as smicker. I took it to mean that she was neat in her person and elegant in her manners, as he did mean, and rightly; but his friend told me that it really meant that 'she was soft on him.' What a strange mixture of mediaeval English and modern slang! I inadvertently mentioned the young man's name to the lady's mother, who said, "Oh, he scunners me," meaning "He digusts me," which would seem to be a causative use of what meant "to loathe."

Here a kelpie is a water-sprite, an animal of the sea, a water-dog of some kind. "A kelpie is a sly devil; but you might possibly catch one, for he always roars before a storm at sea." A Hatteras man looking on a seal in a Norfolk park told me that he had never seen a kelpie, but he imagined that a seal looked very much like one; and all along this coast Kelpie is a common given-name for a dog, especially for a water spaniel. In the Scotch he appears to be more like a horse, and foretells drowning.

All of the words mentioned so far are found in old English or Scottish ballads, and several of them occur in one of the three Mermaid songs heard occasionally along The Banks. These songs are now rarely heard except from the older women, and they seem ashamed to be caught singing

them. It has been with the greatest difficulty that I have ever persuaded them to repeat the words of an old song for me while I took it down from their dictation.

I have constantly met with other words in the speech of these good people, which I was inclined to regard as careless or slovenly pronunciations, believing that "Indolence doth much corrupt our language." In this class I place the pronunciation of words with the omission of certain letters; as, daugher (daughter), waer (water), buer (butter), leer, (letter), and a host of others; faute (fault), fause (false), wanut (walnut), plead (pleased); others of unusual pronunciation, as trod (trot), throcked (thronged), leuch (laugh), birk (birch, sixteenth century form), egal (equal, like the French), thocht (thought, Scotch spelling, O. E.), sweet (sweetheart), fant (infant), wonders (wondrous), wharrel (quarrel, in Middle English, but French in origin), know (knoll), fole (fool); and others whose origin is not so evident, as throddy (plump), sleek, in good condition, as applied to a steer or to a mullet; cracker (boaster, cf. Burns and our "cracking jokes"), in which case Mr. Roosevelt's "crackerjack" would not be a "bully chap," but a boasting clown.

There are other words in which there seems to be the insertion of a letter; as bloast or bloust for brag; and still others with which we are familiar, but used here in an unfamiliar sense, as blabber, "a great blabber" meaning simply a great chatterer (goes back to fourteenth century and miracle plays); bloater, a chubby child; cant, gossip; cap, surpass, in "I can cap you at that," or "I can cap your story," like our "cap the climax," or the game of "capping verses"; accord, agree, in "Let's accord before we eat."

Abash means bring discredit on, and was used by a student from the coast in a speech made in a literary society at the University of North Carolina, in the sentence, "Shall we abash our national honor?"

Abrade may mean to sicken or nauseate, as "Cornbread and fish abrade his stomach," said by my hostess when I was really sick from too much tramping over dunes in an August sun.

Many of the words in my list are used with meanings other than those we now associate with them. *Fause* means a tidal creek or a ditch, as well as false. *Wanut*, used in warnit-know and warlock-knot, means a knot in timber or a particular knot in a rope, a very tight knot, and it is also used as a verb meaning to tighten, as the rope in rigging. *Birk* also means a smart young fellow, one who needs the birch, no doubt; and an interdune area, wet and grown up with aspen or cottonwood switches, was described to me as *birky*. Birkie in old Scotch has this meaning, and the verb *birk* in Scotland means to answer sharply. In the broadest part of the island near Buxton there are *knows* of sand covered with tall pines.

These words may be mere slovenly pronunciations, but if they are due to mere indolence, it is an indolence that affected our ancestors when they were laying the foundations of the English language, as many of them date back to the age of Chaucer; and they show as diverse origins and as fine a blending of different characters as the Englishman himself. Some of these pronunciations are natural musical variations.

In a Methodist church at Kinnakeet, on Hatteras Island to the north of the Cape, a young mother nursing two children sung to them a mermaid's song,

Follow, follow through the sea,
To the mermaid's melody,

* * *

the tune harmonizing very well with that of the hymn,

Come Thou fount of every blessing,

which the congregation was singing. This was in 1895, and yet the tune was essentially the same as that of Ariel's song in The Tempest,

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made,

* * *

sung in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and the music written out in the middle of the seventeenth century by John Banister. I have also heard Rosalind's Madrigal (1590) sung

from the rigging of a ship, the sloop *Loreda*,

Love in my bosom like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.

* * *

In the third line the singer said "he tickles me" instead of "he plays with me."

But the question naturally arises: How came this Elizabethan and other English here? In any one of several ways, or in several different ways. There are strong reasons for believing that the lost colony of Roanoke fled to the protection of its friends, the Hatteras Indians. This question was discussed by the writer many years ago. Then there are records of wrecks off Hatteras from 1558, when a ship was cast away near Secotan, manned by white people, and some of its crew preserved by the natives, and 1590, when Captain Spicer, Ralph Skinner, Hance, the surgeon, and others, eleven all told, were washed overboad from the ship of Raleigh's adventurers, to the present time, when many of the inhabitants of the island are there because their forefathers were wrecked there and preferred to remain on the island and make it their home. The language of the island, particularly the older forms of speech found there, is that of the better classes, or at least the middle classes in England in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The Raleigh voyagers having counted among their number gentlemen adventurers from all parts of the kingdom, it is not difficult to imagine that these forms were introduced by them.

The fact is interesting in itself, however we may account for it, and it will soon be a thing of the past, as the traveler and the tourist, the schoolmaster and the trader, are fast making even Hatteras like the rest of the world. The writer's acquaintance with the island began in his early childhood, and he has noted greater changes in the speech of the people since the coming of the daily mail in motor boats just ten years ago, than he had observed in the preceding thirty years, and the songs of the mothers and the grandmothers are well nigh forgotten by the daughters.

THE WHICH LETTER

T. M. Hunter

Excitement has always been the breath of life to me. Whenever the days settle down into their usual humdrum passage toward the past, ennui opens the door and stalks into my soul. Often to decide some real life question I have based my actions on the toss of a coin, naming the decision while the silver was yet flashing above the table.

But time has taught me a lesson. My New Year's resolution is never to tempt Fate again, with the odds on both sides against me. Six months ago, yesterday, I tossed my last coin, in both senses of the word, and ever since it fell, I have been wondering which side lay ultimately uppermost. I am stlll worried to know the result,—but that is anticipating.

The New Year's resolution came about in this manner. There is a woman at the bottom of it, of course. I met her as a "summer girl". I knew her a few months, and decided finally that I was deeply in love with her. We corresponded furiously. I wrote like the school boy who writes home for money—as often as I dared. Not being afflicted with nervous trouble, I wrote every day. During the height of this correspondence—with due postage slips in my box every other day, and a twelve page note sandwiched in between—my old enemy, ennui, strolled down the porch, and, uninvited, walked in. We quarrelled for the possession of myself for a day; then it happened. Excitement I must have. I tried all manner of fool expedients, each resulting in the same feeble glow as its predecessors. Then it happened, and over went the oil can into the fire.

I wrote two letters to her that night, each of equal length and breadth, but different in nature. I told her in one that this little game we were playing with each other had gone quite far enough. She must know that I did not love her, and that the syrupy sentiments of my hundred letters had been but sweets due—and gladly rendered—to the "summer girl". In her, I supposed I had found that same startling lack of sincerity that had prompted me in the writing of all but this, the last letter to pass between us. I admired her for her gameness, I said, but that since I did not, and could not love her, I thought the manly thing was to tell her so, and close the most interesting flirtation with the hope that she and I could be always, silently, the best of friends,—each forgetting the other entirely.

That is what I told her in one of them—but there, I am not sure I told her that,—and it was six months ago. The other letter was quite the opposite, beginning with the assumption that there was nothing in the world but her and that she stood in a class by herself, and then continuing into the heavens—and still not finding anything suitable for comparison, I went on and on—yes, just as they all do. I did not tell her that I loved her the first time I saw her, that is so old. Oh! I just went on and wrote her a love letter, and asked her to marry me, and said a lot of other things I have said so many times. I saved her mother the trouble of looking me up in Bradstreet. I put it all in that letter wrapping each aged statement in a different colored tissue.

I looked at those two letters; read them over; and laughed. It was the first laugh my walls had heard in two days. I folded the letters; put them into blank envelopes exactly alike; and threw them under the table into the waste basket. Then I went to bed and slept soundly. I dreamed about that old story, *The Lady or the Tiger*.

The next morning I was in my usual hurry to get nowhere in particular, so I just snatched one of the envelopes from the basket, directed, and mailed it. That night, when I came in late, I looked in the basket to see which of the letters

was left. The boy who had never cleaned up before, had paid my room a visit in my absence. There was nothing in the waste paper basket but the bottom, but there were a lot of little black cinders left by burning papers in the grate. Yes, that was fun; even more excitement than I had planned. I had been careless, but my carelessness had only heightened the excitement.

I knew it would be four days before I could get an answer to the "which" letter. After all, love is a sweet uncertainty. In reading the four daily letters she sent me, her splendid sentiments, her utter congeniality, and the uncertainty of it all made me realize that I very much wanted to go through the door to the Lady and to escape the Tiger. On the fourth day—the due postage day—there was only a note in which she told me, with a woman's characteristic definiteness, that my letter had been received. Which letter? I had never asked her to marry me before; maybe I had not then. I had always told her that I never meant what I did not say, and vice versa. And now that I loved her. . . The sweet uncertainty of it! But what had I done! Her letter was a little unusual. Both of mine were. Did it spring from the heart of the gracious Lady, or was it the purring of the awakened Tiger!

This is the question that gave me my surfeit of excitement. I could not ask her directly which letter she had got, for then I would have to live down a confession.

The months have come and gone. I am still writing to her, and she to me. The first mad rush to tell each other more than we knew is over. The correspondence has dropped to three a week. We are getting dignified. I am tired of this exciting game where we all jump from one square to another, hoping that the wheel will turn out the ball on which we are betting. There is too much risk. I want to get out of the game, not alone for my own sake but for hers, also. She says she too is tired of it all—does she mean the date is September?

A messenger has just come in with this telegram for me. "Disagreeable contingencies have arisen. Meet me in Raleigh. Evelyn."

"Now that is something definite," I said to myself as I tore the paper to pieces. I carefully packed my dress suit, and a quart of satisfaction for blasted hopes, and started for Raleigh, to find out—what? Which letter?

A FRIEND

To E. L. J.

A clear, bright smile,
A firm, warm hand,
And a heart that's tried and true;
Others have turned aside in passing,
And sneered—but never you.

When life seemed guile,
And to understand
Was but to wish the end,
And foes on every side were massing,
I have found you always—a friend.

—S. H. Lyle, Jr.

IBSEN AND MODERN DRAMA

R. L. Deal

In glancing over the drama of the nineteenth century, one can readily see a break between the first three quarters and the last quarter of this century. The keyword of the first period was *Melodrama*. The object of the theater was not to educate, but to amuse. True, the play in which virtue was rewarded in a material way, and in which evil was damned, might seem to hold up a moral teaching. On a close examination, however, this is seen to have been done merely because it pleased. This kind of play did not teach, because it did not try to present the truth. The whole action of the play might turn upon an accident, a mere coincidence, or a succession of such improbable events that the chance to reveal any general truth was destroyed. Outside of the plays of Shakespeare there were practically none of real value. The popular taste had become so depraved that it was even necessary to introduce vaudeville between the acts of Seakespeare's plays to secure attendance. Morbid sentimentality and absurd idealism were the rule.

The leading figures in the latter part of this period were Scribe and his school. Scribe dominated the French theatre, and the French theatre dominated the theatre of the world. Scribe perfected the ingenious French plot play, in which the spectator's curiosity was kept constantly on the alert, and in which his vanity was tickled by cunningly fulfilling his vague expectations. The subject matter and characters were always subordinated to plot development. Any criticism of life that Scribe offered was always of a conventional and commonplace kind. Because the characters were mere types and the subject matter unimportant, these plays could be readily adapted to any stage in any language. For this

reason, the theaters of England and America were flooded with this type of play.

The reign of the French play in England was not entirely without opposition even at the full flow of its tide. Such men as Gilbert and Robinson had attempted to restore truth and nature to the stage, but they had failed. The fact is that the man who was to oust the Scribe play, and elevate the theatre, came from an unexpected quarter, for that man was Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian.

Henrik Ibsen was an unconventially educated, morose man, who had fought his way to the leading position in the dramatic world by sheer strength. A poverty stricken, dark, and unpleasant youth and young manhood had embittered him. His lack of education had prevented his writings from being stagnant with commonplace and conventional matter, and lumbered with *sacrosanct* forms of composition. In the capacity as manager for a small theatre he learned something of stage craft. His earlier productions show that he was influenced by the Scribe school. Indeed, as far as form goes, some of his plays might have come from a French workshop. All of Ibsen's plays up to *A Doll's House* show this influence. After that play, however, he is free from the French style. A poet's pension from the government enabled him to leave Norway, which he detested, and which hated him for his satire, and to sojourn on the continent, where he was to perform his great work.

Ibsen's method was realistic. So, after his first few plays, he discarded poetry, and aimed to use the most realistic and the most direct prose. In plot he had great compression. He, more than any other dramatist in modern times, has observed the unities of time, place, and plot. Every action in Ibsen's plays is soundly motivated. His characters are real, live men and women from the every day walks of life. They are individuals, not types.

But it is in subject matter, and method of treatment, that Ibsen has done his real work. He took the questions of life, of family, of town, of church, and of morals, and presented

them with startling force, with effective satire, and with utter disregard of convention. He broke the dams of society's ponds, green with convention, and stagnant with self-satisfaction, and scraped their bottoms,—much to society's dislike at first; but when the clear waters of the new drama began to flow in, then Ibsen was hailed as the savior of drama. Ibsen destroyed before he created. Many did not like his plays, but when they turned again to the French plays they were dissatisfied. That was Ibsen's mission. People came to recognize that the theater's first duty was to educate, to depict the truth; that to amuse was only a means, though a means of the highest importance.

Ibsen's plays did not gain a very wide popularity outside of Norway. They were too local in their subject matter. But this is their greatest virtue. Had they been anything but national Norwegian plays, their only effect would have been to cause the world to swap the Scribe drama for the Ibsonic. Ibsen did not found a school. His method was too difficult to be successfully imitated. What Ibsen did was to create an immediate desire in the play-wrights of the world to translate their own national questions for their own individual theatres.

About this time—1885—the "free theatre" movement began to make headway. These theatres produced plays for art's sake, money being of secondary importance. The thing that gave these theatres their impetus, and that enabled them to hold their own against the legitimate theatre —which produced the French plot plays, and the bombastic rhetorical plays—was the work of Henrik Ibsen.

The result of this movement through the "free theatre" was that England ceased importing French plays about 1885—America somewhat later—and began writing her own. France ceased to produce cosmopolitan dramas, and began to develop national French plays. From 1885 to the present day, the English theatre has been free from French influence. English writers of a constantly increasing number are writing English national dramas of a constantly better quality.

Because of the stage censorship in England, a few of the leading playwrights and actors, in 1889, formed the Stage Society. The members of this society escaped the censorship by admitting their fellow members without entrance fee. Since its formation the society has been doing pioneer work in England. It has produced such geniuses as Granville Barker and John Galsworthy. It has produced such plays as Bernard Shaw's *You Never Can Tell* and *Candida*, and Ibsen's *League of Youth*, *Ghosts*, and *Pillars of Society*, and others—most of which the stage censorship would not have permitted the legitimate theatre to produce. The Stage Society has led to the establishment of the Court Theatre, where the long run system has been discarded in favor of the repertory plan. This Court Theatre has been supplied, to a large extent, by Bernard Shaw. It's chief benefit, however, has been the fostering of young producers of national drama, such as Granville Barker, John Galsworthy, John Masefield, and St. John Hankin. A movement is now on foot to establish a "national theatre" as a Shakespeare memorial, to be completed by the three hundreth anniversary of Shakespeare's death, 1916. The fight against the stage censorship is still being carried on; the free repertory theatre is still carrying out its work.

Not only the independent theatres, but the legitimate theatres also, have come, to a great extent, to the national pschychological drama. Such men as Pinero, who has written *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, *Iris*, and *His House in Order*, Jones with his *Saints and Sinners*, *and Mrs. Danes Defense*, and Bernard Shaw with his numerous plays, all following the Ibsen tradition, have firmly based English drama on the pedestal of truth and nature.

In America the stage has always had some national tendencies. The Civil War plays, the most notorious of which is *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, have preserved national sentiment in America. Never encumbered by a stage censorship, other than the unofficious chief-of-police, the American public came to admire Ibsen and Shaw before the English did.

Ibsen's *Ghosts*, *Hedda Gabbler*, and *A Doll's House*, were popular in America long before the English publie would tolerate them. It was not until 1900, however, that the number of American national plays, written by Amerieans, began to surpass the number of English and Freneh Plays. This was because of the old Ameriean habit of eopying European fashion.

America has not yet produed a dramatic genius of outstanding fame. William Archer, the leading English dramatie eritie, has seleeted the following as leading American playwrights of the present day, together with their best plays: Rochael Crother, *The Three of Us;* William V. Moody, *The Great Divide*, and *The Faith Healer;* Paul Armstrong, *Salome Jane;* Clyde Fiteh, *The Truth;* Langdon Mitchell, *The New York Idea;* George Broadhurst, *The Man of the Hour;* Charles Klein, *The Lion and the Mouse;* James Forbes, *The Chorus Lady;* Eugene Walters, *Paid in Full*, and *The Easiest Way;* and Edward Sheldon, *Salvation Nell*. Every year new writers appear; every year there is a fuller harvest of better plays. The "Independent Theatre" movement is gaining headway, as is shown by the establishment of such theatres in New York, Chieago, and Boston. All the greater universities have added a eourse in eontemporary drama to their Engglish dcpartments, and college men of literary tastes are being added to the inereasing group of wide awake playwrights.

Just as *melodrama* was the keyword of the early nineteenth eentury drama, in whieh the ingenious plot plays of the Scribe school sought only to amuse, and in whieh the great actors shone because of thc poorness of the plays, so the keyword of the modern drama may be ealled *nationalism*. Henrik Ibsen awoke the world to the true sphere of thc theatre, and showed the way to a higher development. Today, in plays observing the unities of time, place, and plot, in whieh action is logically motivated, the awakened genius of the new drama treats of subjeets of vital local interest and of national aspects, sueh as the old unending war between the

church and free thought, the struggle of the individual against the tyranny of capital in the economic and intellectual world, the moral and social problems of our epoch, and the fight of women for their rights. Ibsen did not become the master of modern drama. He only lifted it out of its old, self-made ruts, set it on the right road, and gave it a decisive push forward to better things.

OF LIFE AND DEATH—A COMEDY OF TEARS

Samuel H. Lyle, Jr.

Now, in the natural discourse of events, it behooves us to speak of Death, telling of how it sweeps down upon the Roads of Life, chilling and killing the Annabel Lees of fact and imagination.

There are those of us who strut and swagger about the Sands of Time, leaving jagged footprints that will not wear away. And others, coming after, gaze upon the works we have left behind us, wondering what sort of men were they who lived in those olden days. And yet what does it matter? We dice and swagger, gamble and drink, love fair women and fight brave men along the Ways of Life, laughing at the tricks of Fate, snapping our fingers in the teeth of Death, till, suddenly, a little breeze comes out of the night, and in a frenzy of fear we realize that it is over.

There are those of us who dream dreams, those of us who see beautiful visions and rear lofty ideals. And we are the chosen few who play in the Fields of Life. The world whirling around us shows many-colored and glorified, and all Creation is tinted with the hue of our dreams. But always there is the bitter of awakening, the shattering of soap-bubbles in the air. The stones on the Road of Life cruelly cut our feet, and men sneer and mock at us on our way. And with the falling of the air-castles about our ears, the vanishing of dream faces into the drab realities of Life, the sneer of the mob, and the breaking of hearts, we, too, turn in at the Tavern of Death, grateful that the Farce of Living at last is over.

But there are others, the workers on the Road of Life, and they drink the bitterest of the gall. The hours they spend

in the Labor of Love, with before them the luring phantom of reward in a world to come—in what coin are they paid? They plant the flowers in the Garden of Life that the feet of the heedless ones tread down in wanton glee. They have not the reckless joys of the wild nor the visions of the dreamer; for them there is but the heavy burden of the Labor of Love, the aching hour, and the dulling heart. And turning in at the Tavern of Death they seek alone but rest, hoping against hope a reward that has been promised for the Labor of Love.

At night, in the Tavern of Death, gathers a motley crew. Weird lights gleam and glow about the shadowy rooms, and the shades of lost hopes wander restlessly from place to place. Broken hopes, lost illusions, vanished dreams, wrecked lives, all are there, and a wee phantom shade, the Myth of Christianity, wanders, weeping, through the throng, mocked and spurned by all. The hope that held through Life has failed at Death, and the whole scheme of Hereafter has crashed down in reverberating ruin. And the lights waver and gleam weirdly through the night, the lost spirits jeering, and mocking, and cursing as they move ceaselessly through the gloomy halls.

And the wee phantom shade, the Myth of Christianity, wanders, alone and unheeded, about the Tavern of Death, crying out to deaf ears and hearts that are stone and dust.

A CABIN LULLABY

Arnold A. McKay

Oh de moon's gone down behind de hill,
De win' has lef' de pine trees still,
En de rabbit's don' ben to de turnip patch,
Don' et his greens and 's hustlin' back.
De ole owl hoots frum de hollow tree,
En his fussin' kinder puts queer feelin's on me—
En Ole Spot howls,—hit's den hit's sed,
A Sumpen ketches chillun dat ain't in bed.

Now honey jes' close dem eyes of your'n,
Don't mind yo' po' ole daddy's snorin',
Fur he's kinder worrud wid his new-ground patch,
En hit's time fur folks to sleep.

But yo' big white eyes keep a-blinkin' at me,
En I sit en I wonder what you'll be;
Mebbe a preacher wid specks,—no tell;
Or a dressed-up waiter in sum hotel.
But den yo' quar'-shaped head kinder looks
Dat you was cut out fer de knowledge o' books.
But whar you'll be, or what yo' wealt',
I hope, O Lord, you 'll keep yo' healt'!

Now littl'un, littl'un can't you see,
Dat I'm jes' as sleepy as sleepy kin be?
Why don't you close dem eyes of your'n
En let yo' mammy res'?

WORKING ONE'S WAY AT THE UNIVERSITY

W. H. Jones

One of the first new men whom I met at the University in September was a lonely fellow waiting one night in the lobby of the Y. M. C. A.,—lonely not beeause he was really alone, but beeause the men who were passing in and out with brisk steps, and greeting eaeh other with the familiar joy of old students were, to him, strangers. Strange, too, were the college songs that resounded from the eampus. No doubt they suggested to his faney a mob of marauding sophomores thirsting for just such a freshman as he was. Having come in on the night train, he was waiting to see the secretary of the Association about some work by whieh he hoped to pay his eollege expenses; for this young man, like many others, had eome to the University with no money, asking nothing more nor less than a chance to "work his way through." He had written the President and had been assured that a number of students earned their board by waiting on the tables at Commons Hall, and that other employment might be secured. He was here on the strength of that assuranee, and when the waiters for Commons were afterwards chosen he was given a place. Together with twenty-five other student-waiters, he dons a white apron three times a day and serves a table for his board.

This man is only an illustration of what a great number of students are doing in one kind of work or another. To enumerate the various things that University men have done and are doing while students, would be to give a rather full business directory both of the University and of the town. It would require less spaee to name the things they don't do —sueh, for instance, as working in the millinery establishments of the town. So far as I have learned, there is no

tradition of a University man who did fine sewing in his spare hours. But they work in stores and in banks; they run boarding houses and pressing clubs; they mend shoes and cut hair. A good many find work in the laboratories, the library, and the printing shop. On cold mornings, long before the sun is up, a few of the most courageous may be seen hurrying down "Faculty Row" to start fires in the furnaces of dwelling houses. Down at Bohe Hall a big senior drags himself out of bed at five-thirty to feed and milk three cows—the beginnings of a dairy as an experiment in student self-help. Just as the sun rises, a wide-awake freshman, who is in partnership with the senior, is off with a pail of milk in each hand for a regular customer.

The examples given are but suggestive of the wide range of activity in which self-supporting students are engaged. Occasionally the town is canvassed by some representative of the Y. M. C. A. for such vacancies as students might fill. Students are aided in securing work, also, by the Self-help Committee, composed of members of the faculty. Bohe Hall is owned by the University for the benefit of students who are working their way. More than a dozen men are furnished with rooms in this building at the rate of a dollar a month for each student. These men buy their provisions, employ a cook, and thus get their board at actual cost.

Men who intend to come to the University, especially those who wish to earn a part of their expenses here, will be interested in knowing the cost of a year at the University. But an estimate of expense, beyond a mere statement of the cost of tuition, board, lodging, and necessary fees, is of little value; for the matter of other expenses is one for individual adjustment. The cost of tuition—which is free to teachers, prospective teachers, ministerial students and ministers' sons —is sixty dollars; necessary fees, twenty-five dollars; board at Commons Hall, ten dollars per month; room rent, two dollars per month, more or less, according to situation. A number of students secure scholarships which pay their tuition, and some borrow money from a fund established for

that purpose at the University and known as the *Deems Fund*, paying the debt after they leave college. The student who avails himself of these helps has still to depend, for a large part of his expense, on other sources. And, it might be stated, only a small per cent of those whom we call self-supporting students earn all their college expenses during the four years. Statistics, compiled for 1908 and published in the University *Record* for August of that year, showed a hundred and sixty-four students earning a part or all of their expenses—the total amount earned being sixteen thousand, four hundred and eighty-six dollars. This gives an average of a little more than a hundred dollars for each of the one hundred and sixty-four men.

Here, as everywhere else, the skilled worker earns much more than the unskilled. As a matter of course, where the work requires no special knowledge or training there are more applicants than positions, and competition cheapens the labor. But stenographers, private tutors, assistants in the various departments, and men who can succeed as salesmen of clothes, shoes, pennants, and other college necessaries are well paid for their time and work. Several stenographers are employed in their spare hours as secretaries to professors and as helpers in the Bursar's office. Others find a good deal of such work as copying manuscripts and students' notes and writing letters for various organizations and committees. Some of these men often make as much as twenty-five or thirty dollars a month. Tutoring is well paid. A member of the present senior class earns a hundred dollars this year by instructing a professor's son ten hours each week. Three University students devote a few hours a week each to instructing classes in the town high school. Opportunities for this kind of work are necessarily limited.

The largest field of student activity, perhaps, and the one susceptible of the greatest development is presented by the agencies. To the things that students are agents for there is no end. The agents for clothing, college pennants, and

pressing clubs have already been mentioned. Then there are the laundry men, the insurance men, and the men who sell fountain pens, books, and various college, fraternity, and class pins and emblems. A few represent wholesale stores and sell to the merchants of the town. One man did a good business at the beginning of the fall term selling aluminum ware to the boarding houses. Owing to their large sales, those who sell clothing and athletic goods probably reap the largest profits. The laundry man, also, does well, for if his gains be not large they are steady and regular, not subject, in any great degree, to fluctuation of the market.

So far, I have spoken only of the work done by students while actually pursuing their studies at the University. But they have other resources. Some prefer to drop out of college and work a year rather than to divide the time while here between some outside work and their studies. All of them find some employment in the summer. Indeed, the summer is the self-supporting student's time for making hay. He is limited neither by recitation hours nor by locality. He leaves on the afternoon train on the day of his last examination in May, buoyant with freedom and with the anticipation of adventure. Sometimes he goes alone, sometimes with companions. And what does he do? Well, he may go to Pennsylvania and sell stereoscopic views, or he may go to the pine belt of Georgia and haul logs to a saw mill with a team of steers. And almost any occupation between these, geographically or otherwise, he is likely to engage in. Most probably, however, the student out for summer work becomes a salesman, because it is easier to get an agency for the short space of vacation than to get any other kind of work. In fact, when the representative of the map publishers, or the stereoptican man, or the enlarged-portrait man comes around looking for agents in the spring it is often hard to refuse an agency. A fellow naturally decides, after some hesitation, to accept the fortune offered on such generous terms — and so insistently — and signs a contract to that effect. He could, of course, go home and

work on the farm or in the chair factory, and sometimes he does this. Sometimes he finds clerical work in the office of the register of deeds of his home county, or earns a few dollars as tax-lister for his township. He teaches, clerks in hotels, and sets type in printing houses; he works on railroads, at telegraph stations, and on government surveys; he writes newspaper articles, clerks for Jews who sell clothing, and preaches. He does all these things and more. But first of all he sells things. Maps, pictures, cooking utensils, life and fire insurance, fruit trees, aluminum table ware, sewing machines, and Oklahoma real estate are among the commoner wares of the student salesman. In the short space of the three months vacation some students save enough money from their sales to pay the entire expenses of a year at the University. But these are men of considerable business experience or of unusual ability as salesmen. The expense in this kind of work is large, and a rather common report among those who try the agency venture is, "We had a rich experience and made expenses—nearly."

No statistics showing the relative standing of self-supporting and non-self-supporting students in their classes are available It is the common opinion that the working student equals, if he does not surpass, the student who has only his lessons for a task. The men who are making a part of, or all their expenses say that they prepare their recitations as well as they would if they had nothing to do. Those who are in a position to know say that a very large per cent of the men who work their way through the University "make good" in after life. Numerous instances could be mentioned of men who had hard struggles for their four years at the University and who are now holding high and responsible positions.

It is not my purpose to make the completion of a four years course at the University, when one works for it, look like a holiday task. The man who tries it will find it far from that. I do wish, however, to make it clear that the

University student who hasn't money, at least has chances. He necessarily denies himself some pleasures that other students enjoy. He is often overworked. One danger he has always to guard against—that of allowing his college work to become secondary to the business by which he pays his way. He is called upon to serve two masters without despising either. While he is earning his living his friends are, perhaps, gathered at the postoffice, the book store, or on the athletic field. It may be said that he is thus saved from habits of idleness. But he also loses the social pleasure and recreation that comes from mingling with his fellows. When all has been said, the question of working one's way through college, like other questions, has two sides. Not every one, perhaps, who makes the attempt succeeds. But no one who has ambition, health, and no false pride will be afraid, on that account, to try. The great question, if not the only one, which one need settle before undertaking the task, is: Is it worth the price?

A PRAYER

Samuel H. Lyle, Jr.

O God, to-night to Thee,
Master of life's eternity,
I make this humble prayer:
Give me but light to see,
To know what lies behind the mask,
If this friend be true, this joy a sorrow,
But hidden by the dross;
To-night—O God, how much I ask!—
The guidance of thy gentle hand,
The knowledge of the pure and true,
The fear of all that's false—
Let me but understand!

THE DOLLAR VICTIMS

By T. P. Nash, Jr.

The Four looked up hopefully as Lipps entered. His chagrin, apparent in his face, answered them, and they turned back sourly to their game of fan-tan.

Lipps tossed coat and hat on the cozy corner, and pulled up a chair to the table. The game progressed in silence. Lipps was ignored.

Toady chipped; then again.

"Luck! Luck!" he moaned. "I can't even win matches at a cent a hundred."

The silence broken, Bones glanced across the table at Lipps. "Well?" he questioned shortly.

The others paused in their play interested.

Lipps jerked a letter from his pocket and tossed it towards him. "Read it," he snapped, but grabbed it up himself, before Bones could reach it. "It's a little too rough," he explained, reddening. "But, interpreted, it translates that in consideration of the three *X's* I got last month I am to stay right here in this dear place and grind for the rest of the term."

"Is that all?" sneered Topps.

"No?" grumbled Lipps. "The worst of it is I had a card from Sece, too. She expects me to meet her at the game."

"What are our combined resources?" asked practical little Morris. He looked at Toady.

"Not even credit," negatived Toady. "I begged Doc fifteen minutes today to let me have a jar of peanut butter,—reminded him of all the dollars I'd spent and was to spend with 'im, but no go."

Topps displayed two stamps in silent answer. Then he passed one of them across to Lipps. "Here, take this and answer that postal," he said. "Be sure to say that unexpected and unavoidable—"

"I tried to sell Long Bill my last-summer suit for seventy-five cents, and he wanted to take it out in pressing," interrupted Bones.

"And Thanksgiving only two days off," summed up Morris.

"Deal the cards, Toady," rasped Topps.

"Lipps, ignored again, moodily watched the game. Presently he drew out an envelope and began figuring upon it.

"'Ray!" he shouted suddenly, "How's this!"

The Four were interested for a moment, then they remembered.

"Fellows, I've got an idea," continued Lipps enthusiastically.

"Shut up," growled Topps, this time. You remind me of that *Siwash* kid. It was your idea that cleaned us up, wasn't it? And then it was your idea to work your old man for the way out of the mess. Bah!"

"Well, we'll leave you out of it, Topps," came back Lipps, very superior in tone, now.

"What's in it?" asked Morris, becoming interested.

"There're free trips in it for all of us and maybe others, that's what," declared Lipps. "But since you people don't want to come in—" He moved significantly toward the door.

"We might as well hear him, anyhow, fellows," decided Toady, his unbelief apparant.

"Yes, let's have it, old Siwash," jeered Topps.

"We don't have to take it up," assented Bones.

Lipps hesitated, apparently, between leaving and staying. Finally he came back to the table.

"I believe I'll tell you bone-heads, just to let you know what you're missing," he declared scornfully. "Now I think of it, you could n't come in, anyhow."

He proceeded, indifferently, to unfold his scheme, covertly watching its effect upon them. Before he had gone far they

were, all, leaning towards him over the table, eager hope in their eyes. When he concluded they were enthusiastically expressive.

"You're the real thing, old man," rejoiced Morris, running around to slap Lipps on the back.

"Yes, it's a good scheme," agreed Lipps calmly. "I'm sorry you fellows can't take it in."

"What?" voiced the Four in consternation. "Oh, come now Lipps; you know we were just kidding."

"You haven't the necessary dollar apiece, to begin with," went on Lipps, unheeding the interruption.

This was a fact so dreadfully true that they could grasp it only in stunned silence.

"Fellows, we've got to do it, somehow," broke out Bones desperately. He looked at the Two, and a sudden flash of understanding passed between them. The Three turned upon Topps.

"Topps, it's up to you," said Morris solemnly.

"What—" began Topp; then he understood their purpose. "Not in a million years!" he shouted.

"Here!" interrupted Lipps, "I haven't got all night. If you fellows can get up the price before I get back I'll consider giving you the show in."

When he returned he found the Four waiting. Topps was the only one who was not jubilant. If Lipps had peeped into Topps' closet he would have observed that the fancy vest which had been the envy of every boy on the second floor was no longer there.

"What kept you so long?" queried Bones suspiciously. "We won't be able to do anything to-night, now."

"I had to wait at the printing office for two hours to get the things printed," explained Lipps, pulling out a printed pad.

"Well, we're fixed, said Toady. "Come across, and let's go to bed."

"Now let's get this thing straight," hesitated Topps. Turning to Lipps: "I pay you a dollar for five numbered

coupons, and sell 'em for ten cents apiece. Each coupon entitles the holder to buy five more from you for a dollar. When all the five which I sell are redeemed, I get five dollars."

"You know it good," assented Lipps.

"Say, but *you* get the rake-off," said Morris enviously.

"No more than yourself—figure it again; and I discovered it," assured Lipps in most magnanimous spirit.

"It sounds all right," said Toady. "Here's mine."

When the four had left, Lipps figured again for a minute. "Not so bad," he concluded approvingly.

Topps, on his way to breakfast, early next morning, was hailed by a fellow wearing a new and very fancy vest.

"I say, Topps," he began, "how about a free trip to the game for ten cents?"

Topps stared. Morris must have beaten him to it.

"In the business myself," he replied at last curtly.

The fellow in the fancy vest stared after him, puzzled. "That makes the sixth," he muttered. Topps met Toady coming from breakfast. So it was Toady and not Morris. "How many?" questioned Topps, enviously.

"None," said Toady, "nor have Morris and Bones. Everybody's got 'em."

They gazed at each other seriously, dawning fear and understanding in their eyes. Then they turned, silently, and hurried back to Lipps' room.

Morris and Bones were already there. Bones shoved a slip of paper into Topps' hand.

"Had a chance to go up with the team this morning," read Topps mechanically. "Good luck to you fellows."

Little, practical Morris had an open algebra in his hand. "Look where I found it," he said mournfully, pointing to the chapter on geometrical progression.

The University Magazine

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The University of North Carolina has lost a long faithful servant, and the state a doubly-serving citizen in the death of Major Wiley T. Patterson.

For twenty-eight years Major Patterson was bursar of the University. At the close of the last session, the fact of his failing health compelled him to resign his office. For the remaining months of his life he was on the Carnegie Foundation.

The Major's active service to his state began with his soldier-ship in the Civil War. His company was one of the two first to respond from North Carolina to the call of the Confederacy. He came out of the war a cripple, having lost his leg while leading a charge in the battle of Sharpsburg.

Major Patterson was sixty-eight years old at the time of his death. He was unmarried. The students found him, always, a quiet, courteous gentleman. Those who knew him more intimately liked him as a friend. But to all of us who have known him at all is the privilege of respecting and appreciating memory.

The University of Virginia Magazine, in the fullness of its *Southernism*, speaks against the establishment of the student waiter system at the institution which it represents. "Now, that is common sense that is a little too common," it says, following a commendable editorial on common sense. There is a vast deal of humor in the statement. Has a half-century's progress meant so little to our friend?

If the Virginia Magazine had, unmistakably, confined its remarks to home conditions, we should have read the article and, probably, have been content with remarking to our editorial-selves that, we wouldn't have thought it; but when the writer calls upon Southernism to support his discouragement of the system, we have a mighty feeling that our own toes have been more or less carelessly stepped upon.

We have the student waiter system here at the University of North Carolina. We do not make it our boast, but, very decidedly, we have no feeling of shame thereof. We take no undue pride in the fact that men have made especial and pleased comment upon the feeling here between the man who waits and the man who is waited on; that feeling is but the just measure of mutual regard for innate qualities of manhood. Certainly we have never had occasion to observe that "when we are served by men of our own race the most unpleasant conditions imaginable prevail."

"....we shall be the last to discourage manual labor, for it is all honorable, but we believe that they will find that the men at the University of Virginia are not in sympathy with such service from a fellow student," says the writer paradoxically. Is this, in effect, the statement that education at the University of Virginia is not for the man with the patched pants? Or does a special difficulty attach to the man who waits at table? Is this Southernism at its best? We permit to no one a deeper regard for the South and things Southern than our own; and we do not think so. Southernism, at its best, does not teach the aristocracy of birth and wealth.

No, the student waiter system is not "democracy that is too democratic." Democracy fostered by exclusiveness is

aristocracy. We are Americans first; Southerners second. The Virginia writer is sick, and needs a dose of Burns and his own remedy of common sense.

Editing a college magazine is mostly up-hill work. If some of the exasperating details didn't have their humorous sides, editorship would, indeed, be a thankless task. To illustrate:

The editor writes an editorial apologizing for the late appearance of the preceding number. The apology appears overdue two weeks further than the number for which the apology was made.

The editor hands in an editorial discountenancing a certain practice of the students. Due to the endless delays of a student-operated press, the article appears a month later. Meanwhile the editor of the weekly paper has had a few words to say on the same subject, and the practice has ceased.

The editor suddenly remembers that he has misused a word. He hurries down to the print-shop, finds the editorial set, has a proof made and carefully corrects it, and the word finally appears as originally written.

For the rest, the editor is always thankful to have two-thirds of his commas observed. (All this, be it understood, applying only to those magazines published by the student press.)

THINGS TALKED ABOUT

Of all the components that blend together to make up that composite which we call so proudly our "Carolina spirit", none so truly distinguishes us as the courtesy which usually obtains here in all our relations. It is seen in the deference and mutual respect which is shown between faculty and students, —between teacher and taught. It is shown on the athletic field as the fairest and cleanest sportsmanship. It is shown on the occasions when we meet other colleges in debate, and we desire to pay tribute here to the courteous demeanor of our adversaries in the recent debate with Pennsylvania, when in the shadow of defcat they showed such rare sportsmanship.

It is well that we cherish and cultivate this chivalrous spirit here, and we should raise it to even greater place in our estimation, for we are continually reminded that this spirit of courtesy and fairplay is the distinguishing trait of great men and great institutions the world over. A recent dispatch from England has this to say: "The unionists are nominating a candidate in every constituency in England and Scotland, and with the exception of the seats held by the speaker, the right Hon. James William Lowther, and Joseph Chamberlain, who represents Birmingham West, neither the Liberal or Laborites will nominate a man to oppose them. The Liberals have decided not to contest Mr. Chamberlain's seat on account of his illness."

Here is an instance of splendid sportsmanship for which we honor our sturdy English cousins, and the following quotation from the *Cornell Alumni News* shows that in America, at least in our colleges, we have the same ideals, even if some college men fail to live up to them:

"One of the pleasantest things of the whole season was the good feeling between the two teams that was evi-

dent in the Harvard game. After Captain Caldwell had Howe's place in the box the Harvard players, knowing that both Caldwell and Paul Williams, the catcher, were suffering from sprained ankles, did not attempt to bunt the ball. Any one who knows anything of baseball knows that with a crippled pitcher and catcher a bunted ball is almost sure to be good for a base. Some college teams would have been quick to take advantage of such knowledge.

"If courtesy like that shown by the Harvard players in this instance is not a recognized part of intercollegiate sport it ought to be. The conduct of the Harvard men in the field was a pattern which, we are sorry to say, might be studied profitably by one or two of our own men. One Cornell man in particular was an offender. He was picked up after being put out at second base by the Harvard shortstop and he did not acknowledge the courtesy by a word of thanks or even a look. A few minutes afterward he was coaching a runner at first base and was heard to say plainly: "Meet him with your feet at second"—a threat that the very man who had just assisted him to his feet might be spiked if he tried to put the runner out. The threat was a mere bluff, of course.

"In the Pennsylvania game this same player was at second base as a substitute base runner when his turn came to bat. He deliberately delayed the game by walking slowly to the bench, taking a drink of water and sauntering to the plate. His purpose perhaps was to get instructions from the coach, but his manner was inexcusable. The only reason for speaking of the matter here is to make it perfectly clear that Cornell men do not expect and will not condone boorish conduct by men who wear the C."

We cannot pretend that here at Carolina we do not have occasional lapses such as the *Cornell News* so frankly complains of. Last Commencement a large number of Seniors left Memorial Hall just before Dr. Welch's address, and did not return, so that this distinguished man, who had come a great distance upon our invitation to address the graduating class, had to speak to half-empty benches, and but a fraction

of that class. The hissing of an official by a few men at the Richmond College game last fall was another lapse. Of another type, but none the less serious and regretable infraction of the true Carolina spirit of gentlemanly courtesy are the occasional outbreaks of hazing, which is our last survival of barbarism, typifying all that is worst in mob violence, and which is about as admirable in its exhibit of the cowardly traits of the hazers as midnight assassination would be. There is in it neither manliness nor sportsmanship, and it is therefore bound to be outlawed from a society of gentlemen.

These things are not characteristic of Carolina spirit. The *Tar Heel* very justly and very frequently rebuked the discourtesy to a visiting official, and the stand of the council in the matter of hazing shows the true feeling of the manlier part of the student body. Let us hope that as the years pass the true Carolina spirit will grow stronger and stronger, and to that end every Carolina man should see to it that his life and conduct here is in harmony with that spirit.

It is an interesting thing these days to stand at a window and observe the life on the campus. Students hurrying hither and thither; professors moving along in stately tread. The student raises his hat to his professor: and alas, the teacher merely nods his head or grunts. As we see it, the teacher should set the example in all things that make for higher and better things.

EXCHANGES

"WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG, LAD."

"Can you tell me the way to the temple?"

Mary was about to return a flippant answer, when something in the face of the boy made her pause.

"Come here, out of the way of the crowd," she said imperatively, drawing him into a small, side alley. "There, now we can talk in comfort."

The maiden of Palestine matures young; twelve years is a marriageable age. Mary was thirteen, and already in the bloom of early womanhood—possessed of rare physical beauty, and quite conscious of her powers of seductive fascination. This boy, with his delicate face, and great, brown eyes, might make an excellent experimental subject. If only he were a little older—

"Why do you want to go to the Temple?" she asked. "It's such a gloomy old place. I was there yesterday with my uncle. I didn't want to go, but he made me. Don't you hate people who make you do things? And the Temple is horrid."

He was evidently shocked.

"It is my Fa— it is the house of Jehovah," he said, solemnly.

"All the same it is horribly gloomy. And the silence is maddening. I felt as though I could scarcely breathe. How thankful I was when we finally left it and came out into the open street. I love the streets and the crowds and the noise —don't you?"

He shook his head.

"No," he said slowly, "the confusion wearies me. But in the Temple there must be peace and quiet for the soul."

She regarded him quizzically.

"Don't you ever smile?"

Yes, he was smiling now.

"Ah, that's better," she sighed approvingly. Encouraged, she ventured a step further.

"How old are you?"

"Twelve."

"Only twelve? You look older." Then after a moment, with an air of superiority:

"I'm thirteen."

He did not seem properly impressed by this announcement. As a matter of fact he was not paying much attention to her chatter—his thoughts were elsewhere. She was piqued.

"What is your name?" she enquired sharply.

"My name? Oh,—Jesus."

"Jesus, Jesus?" she repeated thoughtfully. "Yes, I have always wished to meet some one named Jesus. It is my favorite name.—My name is Mary and I live in Magdala. Mary of Magdala, isn't that a pretty name?"

"Magdala! Oh, yes, I know. Beyond the 'Valley of Doves.' It is a wicked city." His face darkened.

"Yes," she agreed, "I don't like it either. It is too quiet. There are no crowds,—only the sea, the vacant sea. —Where do you live?"

"In Nazareth."

"Then you, also, are a Galilean?"

"Yes."

"Isn't that strange? But what are you doing here in Jerusalem, alone? I thought the Nazarenes—"

"You would not understand, you would not understand," he muttered.

She scrutinized him closely for several moments. Then she leaned toward him, till her face was very near his.

"I know," she whispered, and there was suppressed excitement in her voice; "You have run away!"—His face

flushed. "You have run away!"—She was triumphant; she had discovered his secret.

"I don't blame you," she continued, reassuringly; lest he should suppose she disapproved. "Shall I tell you a secret? —I, too, am a runaway."

"You?"

She nodded.

"Do you suppose I could spend all my days in Magdala, gazing at the vacant sea? No, no! that is all very well for silly girls who have no aim in life except to marry and have children,—and all that. But I was meant for something different. I want to live and enjoy and be free! I want to see the world and people, lots of people." Oh, how I love the city!"

"But your parents—"

"I have no parents, only an uncle and an aunt. This morning when the caravan started for Galilee, I slipped away. In the confusion they didn't notice.—When they find out they will be glad to be rid of me." She threw her head back with a merry laugh. "If you could only hear my aunt. Poor woman, what she has endured for my sake! I make her life miserable. She is a most pious woman, and I am continually shocking her. She has told me again and again that I have a devil. She says that I inherited it from my mother. You see my mother was not married to my father, and if a woman is not married she has a devil. But I don't see how one can inherit a devil, do you?"

She paused to take breath.

"I am tired of that life," she added. "Here in Jerusalem none will know that I have a devil."

"But what are you going to do here?" He enquired anxiously.

"Do! I am going to live, live!"

"Here in Jerusalem?"

"Yes."

"But you can't. It is madness. You don't know what it means. You see only the surface. Underneath, it is vile;

a cesspool of vice and all manner of wickedness."

"No," she remonstrated quickly, "I won't believe it. It is beautiful. You are a little boy and you merely repeat what your parents have told you. I am older than you."

"How will you earn your daily bread?"

"Oh, that is easy enough. Perhaps I shall become a dancer. Don't you think I would make a beautiful dancer?"

She whirled about on her toes, with outstretched arms and lithely swaying body. Grace and passion were in her every move. She danced with the frank abandonment of a born artist, with the confidence of one who knows instinctively the power of the sensuously beautiful over man's mind and soul.

"There," she cried exultantly, sure of her triumph, "isn't that beautiful?"

His eyes flashed, and he caught her roughly by the wrist.

"You shall not!" he almost sobbed.

"Let me go! Let me go!" His manner terrified her.

"No!" he cried. "No! I am going to save you."

"You! Save me!" She laughed contemptuously. Then she tore herself free and ran several steps from him.

"I don't want to be saved, I don't want to be saved!" she cried histerically. "I want to be happy and free—free!"

For a few moments there was silence. She was trembling with anger; he had wounded her pride. But she would show him!

She approached him again.

"So, my little boy, you wished to save me," she said, with supreme scorn. "Well, when I desire to be saved I will come to you, my Savior!"—She bowed the knee before him in mock obeisance. "And where shall I find you? Where shall I find you?—I know: in the Temple."—

Just then she caught sight of his face. He was looking far away—across the years. And what he saw must have

been tragic, for tears dimmed his eyes and his lips trembled. But he controlled himself manfully.

Something clutched Mary's throat, choking her anger.

"Oh," she gasped, "I'm sorry—I've hurt you!"

She could not bear to see any one suffer.

He smiled a pathetic little smile, and passed his hand across his forehead as tho trying to recall something. But the vision had fled.

"It is nothing," he assured her, and started forward.

"And you are not angry? You see, I can't do otherwise. I must be happy and—free."

"I understand, and I'm not angry. Goodby."

"You are going to the Temple?"

"Yes."

"And I—I am going to life and freedom!"

She threw her arms above her head in a gesture of joyous abandonment. The next moment she was being swept resistlessly along by the stream of hurrying people.

She tried to interest herself in the things about her, in the costumes of the various pilgrims, in the scraps of conversation that she caught as she passed; but in spite of herself her thoughts continually reverted to the strange boy, whose name was Jesus. Wherever she looked she encountered the great, brown eyes, fastened upon her in a gaze of reproachful sadness.

"I am going to save you?" The words rang in her ears. With what determination he had said them!—Save her? From what? Was she really in danger?

Just then she collided with a man walking rapidly in the opposite direction.

"Not so quickly, my girl," he said gaily—"Ah!"—He looked down into her face with undisguised admiration, and —something more. That something more made her shudder, she hardly suspected why. . . . She hurried on. A nameless terror swept over her, chilling her soul. For the first time she was conscious of a vague sense of her own helplessness.

"I am going to save you!" Why had he left her? She asked herself the question, knowing all the while that if he should at that moment appear before her, she would again refuse to listen to his counsel, again turn from him to—happiness and freedom. Pride still ruled her heart, and her will was unbroken.

"What a fool I am," she said to herself angrily, "Why, he was only twelve years old!"— . . .

Later she paused and leaned a little wearily against the side of a house.

"I wonder if I shall ever see him again," she mused.

"Perhaps, perhaps—"

—Benjamin Franklin Vap, in *The Columbia Monthly*.

There was an epidemic of smallpox; the health officer insisted on vaccinating the old lady. She insisted she could not spare the time to be vaccinated on her arm, that if she could not work the children would starve.

The health officer said, "Well Auntie, I will vaccinate you on one of your lower limbs."

"No, sir; I can't spare one of my limbs either. I've got to walk—I've got to work. You can't vaccinate me on my leg."

Then the officer said, very gently, "You've got to be vaccinated. What spot can you spare?"

The old lady thought and thought and finally said, slowly: "Well, de Lord knows I never gets no chance to sit down," and she was vaccinated.

—The Minstrel in *Red and White*.

THE SEASONS

Playful breezes slyly flinging
Snowy petals on the air,
From the sunny southland bringing
Promises of summer fair.
In the branches, lightly swinging,
Birds are singing
Everywhere.

Bee-filled gardens rich are beaming
With the flowers they fain would keep;
Waving wheat fields ripe are gleaming
Golden on the hillsides steep.
In the sunlight slowly streaming
Earth is dreaming.
Half asleep.

From the laden boughs low bending
Drop the apples one by one;
Soft the reapers' songs are blending,
Flash their sickles in the sun,
As their homeward way they're wending;
Day is ending,
Work is done.

Scattered clouds are swiftly flying
Toward the haven of the west;
Winter winds with weary sighing
Lull the lonely world to rest,
'Neath its snowy mantle lying;
Day is dying,
Night is best.

—Marian L. Gay in *The Mount Holyoke*.

ALUMNI NOTES

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Engaged in business in Littleton.

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Library Fellow at U. N. C. Graduated from University with degree of M. A. in June, 1909. Student in Graduate Department and Assistant in Library and Mathematics.

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Traveling Salesman in Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia for Kahn, Dreyfus & Company. Clothiers, of New York.

Wright, M. L. . . . . Greensboro, N. C.
Principal of Jonesboro High School.
Principal of City High School, Greensboro.

Wyatt, Wortham, . . . Wadesboro, N. C.
Instructor in Wadesboro High School.

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Instructor in the Salem Boys' High School.
Sporting Editor of the Winston Journal.
Instructor in the Winston High School.

THE FIVE STAGES OF THE DAY.

DAWN IN THE DORMITORY

A misty consciousness sometimes struggles through the darkness of early dawn, and causes me to stir a little in my warm place, and to half open one eye,—to realize that Alf has opened the door to bring in some water, and that the noise of his shuffling feet, the rattle of the door knob, and the splash of the cold water, now almost awakened me. The dark, indistinct blur of Alf's figure,—like the picture of "The Man with the Hoe", hung in a dark corner—planks across the floor. The water splashes into the pitcher. I wearily feel a desire for the quiet disturber to disappear. Alf picks up his bucket and slouches out, slamming the door. I watch the door with one eye for a moment, close the eye slowly, picturing the faint outlines of the scene on the dark back ground of closed lids, blissfully relax, and float away, just realizing how good it is to sleep, with sunlight but an hour away.

AT CHAPEL

The bell rings for 9:45, and the chapel from the front downstairs row to the farthest back seat in the gallery suddenly bristles with restless animation. No matter that the speaker obviously has something yet to say. No matter that his address until now has riveted the attention of every man in the house. True, a moment ago he had each one of them transported into the Tomorrow of Unprecedented Opportunity, entirely oblivious of the commonplace Today with its monstrous tasks.

But the first peal of the bell has broken the pervading spell. Sandy shoes scrape on unswept floor. The new chairs creak beneath shifting bodies. Here and there backs arch and heads duck while hands reach under the seats for hats. Books are gathered up, and throats are gently cleared. By now the bell has sounded several strokes and the noises

have correspondingly increased, becoming more general and less suppressed. The speaker knows the necessity of haste, and his words tumble all over themselves in their race to the end. The concluding sentence tapers off into an unarticulated, unheard word, which spurts out as the last stroke of the bell peals forth.

THE POST OFFICE AT MAIL TIME

They come eagerly out of the pure, clean, out-door air into the stuffy, crowded, tobacco-perfumed lobby of the post office, and go straight to their boxes in the corner to get the mail that is, nine times out of ten, not there. They jam themselves impatiently into the crowd of other students to wait till the mail is up. Their bad humor soon wears off, and they push and they push and shove and laugh and chaff one another in a whole-hearted, good-humored way. They are a picturesque group or mob. A few stand apart, with hats pulled down in front. They are the men of affairs, reading the news of the world. Some others are reading, too, in the thick of the scrimmage. Occasionally a fellow separates himself with difficulty from the surging mob and elbows his way to his box. He returns again with a scowl upon his face, and upon his lip a mock threat to pay no more box rent and to get another box. Suddenly there is a loud sound on the outside, nothing unusual, but everybody rubbers and the buzz of talk hushes for a moment. Somebody says "O you kid!", everybody laughs, and things are as before. After awhile some practical joker gives a false alarm of "Letters up!", and everybody makes a rush instinctively. After much more delay, Uncle Sam himself hoists the long-expected sign "LETTERS UP". Then the crowd moves up and back and out.

SUPPER TIME AT COMMONS

The supper bell rings. Promptly every boy, crowded on and around the little porch before the low, dark building with the cheery yellow light streaming through the windows,

and the cheery smell of hot rolls and coffee wafting to the keen noses of the hungry boys,—promptly every boy, not already there, jumps up and charges for the weary old doors like a goat for a potato patch. The gravelly floor scrunches and scrapes under the feet. The doors groan and rattle under the impact, and then settle grimly to hold the struggling mass of hunger with heads and waving arms sticking out above and straining, scrambling legs sticking out below. Howls, yells, mashed out groans, fierce threats against the inoffensive doors and the keeper thereof, strive to outsound the rattle of the doors. A bar clanks inside, and the doors fly open, revealing the longed for supper tables. The boys rush through like a sheep herd, throwing hats and caps at a table on one side, as they bolt past, conscious of nothing but getting the first helping of mashed sweet potatoes.

AT DR. KLUTZ'S AFTER SUPPER.

With the satisfaction of a full supper upon you, you saunter easily into Dr. Klutz's to hear the graphophone, the joint possession of you and Doc and the other fellows. They are lined against the counters on either side or bunched together in the middle of the aisle, good-naturedly chafing one another or discussing interesting things of little weight. Here is one idly leafing over a *World's Work*; across at the other counter two wits are holding forth for the benefit of a small semi-circle of jostling partisans. You squeeze between a Freshman asking foolish questions and a Junior politely answering them, and then you pass on to the cluster of eager faces hovering near the edge of the horn, each condemning or praising the (contemporary) record according to his mood. Somebody, just then, slaps you on the shoulder and you turn to spot a man standing at about arm's length away acting innocent but looking guilty; you grin at the thought of your own astuteness, he grins and you slap him back. All around you are streams of smoke arising, interspersed with chatter and care free laughter.

Beyond the stove, seated on Doc's sacred chair and the

wood box, apparently unmoved by the joyous little tumult round about are three Seniors seriously discussing the fate of the old *White and Blue*. The caste of class and distinction has everywhere been forgotten and over the whole rests a peaceable content, half serious and quiet, half gay and noisy, but wholly good-humored.

A PSYCHIC INSURRECTION

Buster Brown is a seraph, Happy Hooligan is a knight, and Si's Maud a race-horse (perhaps), but certainly my brain is not a mind. Tomorrow I have a German special, three recitations, and a theme—I'm not tired, angry, nor in love (seriously)—but hang me if I can work. I have written for three hours, burned up a ream of paper, and chewed the end off my fountain pen, and still a dense émptiness fills my skull box, and vacuósity pervades my cerebrum's former cavity. Where my gray matter is I can not say; one thing is certain, it is on a strike. Gyrations, convolutions, and, at times, circumlocutions have affected my cranium, but never before have the symptons been as now. To interpret this phenomenon, let us conclude that there must be mental, as well as physical, hook worms.

SYMPTOMS

The well dressed individual stopped at the gate and gave the house a quick and searching look. He was evidently wondering the advisability of turning in. A second look at the house satisfied him, and in he started. One step was taken, but the second was arrested, and indecision tied him to the spot. It would not do to approach the front door of a dignified residence on Faculty Avenue with a cigarette in his mouth. Of course it wouldn't; so out of his mouth he took a half-smoked cigarette which had been hanging dejectedly therefrom, and placed it on the gate post.

He then seemed again to be about to proceed, when hesitancy supplanted locomotion and he, instead, placed a small,

compact, behandled object on the ground. With one hand he felt for his tie to assure himself that it was in position, pulled straight the flaps of his side pockets, slapping them into shape. Another movement, and the bottom button of his coat was fastened, after which a vigorous shrug shook him into final shape. Stooping, he picked up the bundle he had laid down, and toward the house he marched with the tread of a soldier who has buckled his armor on.

His advance slackned a bit, however, as he neared the doorstep, and from the sidewalk I could hear him clear his throat self-consciously as he reached the top step. Onward he pushed however to the door and to the little electric bell which he pressed determinedly.

Just as he rang, a little girl ran from around the house and looked up inquiringly at him. Instantly he was the embodiment of ingratiation. A stereotyped smile creased his countenance. A metallic voice uttered endearing words. He gave swift glances meanwhile through the glass front of the door. Aud thus I saw and heard, as I passed by.

I saw no more. I needed to see no more. His every movent had betrayed him; and especially had his greeting of the little child classified him beyond the peradventure of a doubt. And I had compassion on him. For, I too, have gone from house to house with a handy package in my hand. I too have rung door bells without number, and petted little children when my heart was far from them. I, too, have been "an agent".

SKETCHES

Immortality

The cold raindrops sped on their downward course and fell with faint splashes into a little pool of water just below my window. As I watched them disappear in the tiny ripples and eddies they were producing, I wondered what would be their destiny after they had been absorbed by the ground or vaporized by the heat of the sun. In fancy I saw some of them ascend in a thin vapor and mingle with the atoms of the air; others ascended still higher and entered white clouds floating high in the heavens. But by far the greater number of them trickled down through the porous ground in little percolations, and then threaded their way, in minute currents, to a dancing, murmuring brooklet. The brooklet embraced them joyfully, and swirled along its rhythmic course to join a larger stream. This stream wound its way onward, through wooded hills and verdant valleys, until it emptied into a broad, gently-flowing river. The river flowed along inanimately, bearing numerous craft of human handiwork upon its bosom. After a long journey it reached a tremendous body of rolling, undulating water—an ocean—into whose illimitable stream it poured its contents. Where were the raindrops now? Somewhere in that mighty expanse of foaming brine. I saw them caught up on a billow and carried far out at sea. They became separated. On and on they darted in their divers directions, through straits, channels, gulfs, and bays. They bathed the shores of famous islands, of ancient and great nations, and of mighty continents. Vessels of every class—launches, yachts, schooners, brigs, merchantmen, warships — and of every nationality plowed their courses over them and between them. A peasant touched one of them while bathing in the

surf; a queen sprinkled another upon her flowers. Finally I saw them ascend high up into the sky as infinitesimal molecules of vapor, and join slowly-moving clouds. From the clouds they fell again as raindrops—in what country, in what clime, who can tell? Perhaps they may fall again in the little pool beneath my window!

A NOISE IN THE DARK

I awoke with the feeling that someone had called me. I turned over restlessly. No doubt I had been—

"Frank," came Mac's voice through the gloomy blackness of the room.

"What?" I replied.

"There's somethin' out there on the—don't you hear it?"

I did. It was a creaking, metallic sound as of something taking a stealthy step on the tin roof. A fraction of a second and it had ceased.

"Oh, that's nothin'," said I with relief, "but that darn roof contractin' in the cold air. Go on back to sleep."

I settled down comfortably under the cover, feeling rather irritated at Mac for waking me up to listen to a roof—the noise began again, and ceased as before. It does sound rather creepy, thought I. Now maybe—Oh nonsense! It's nothin' but cold air on the roof—but, still, maybe its' a cat, or maybe it's one of the boys tryin' to scare us, or maybe it's someone goin' to rob us, or maybe it's an escaped gorilla with a long knife, or maybe—

I sprang out of bed, and made a frantic leap for the door. There was a bound behind me. Something touched my back. I shrieked. So did he, for it was Mac.

THE COTTON MILL

Through the long rows of windows the blurred lights of the cotton mill shone out earlier than usual, for the afternoon was dark with winter clouds. The tall smoke stack

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rolled out a murky volume that widening stretched far across the country. The whirring of wheels and the rattle and clash of flying shuttles blended in a hum that was almost a roar. A thin, half-grown girl with straggling light hair sat in a window gazing blankly down the railroad.

Breaking a Record

Jim Casparis sat on his mare, Bella, near a post driven into the ground, thirty feet in front of a carrol. Would they never get the steer out? His eyes wandered restlessly around the huge crowd, assembled to view the roping contest, until they rested on a certain person, who strangely enough was an exceedingly good looking girl.

Jim's organ of love began to—when the steer trotted out of the corral. The steer stared wildly at a red bandana waved in his face, then gave a lunge and rushed by the post, on down the field. The umpire dropped his hand. Jim pressed Bella lightly with his spurs, and they shot after the steer. In five seconds they were in striking distance. Whirling his rope around, one end of which was attached to his saddle horn, Jim suddenly let it go. It settled in a beautiful loop over the steer's horns. Bella, as if by instinct, fell back on her haunches and planted her forefeet in the ground. The rope went taut, and the steer with a thud tumbled over on his side. Jim sprang from the saddle, and jerking a short rope from his belt, rushed to the fallen animal. He twisted the rope around the steer's forelegs, tossed a loop over a hindleg—and he was done. He threw up his hand.

There was a moment of silence around the field. Then: "Twenty-nine seconds," cried the time keeper.

A cheer went up. Jim Casparis had broken the Blanco County record for two-year olds—not a bad thing for Jim to do with his girl looking on.

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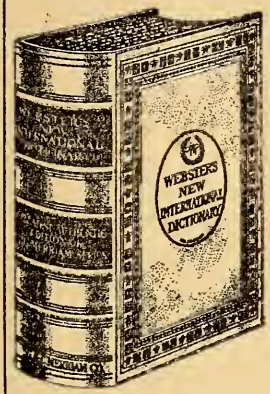

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J. L. Orr

I sat beside a winding stream,
And watched the sunbeams dance and gleam
  Upon a sandy shoal.
And as I watched them glance and dance,
There slowly crept, as if by chance,
  A longing in my soul.

If I could only sit beside
The object of my wish, my pride,
  I'd be content with life.
And as I pondered o'er my fate,
That longing, as if filled with hate,
  Cut through me like a knife.

Shall I ever obtain my wish
In this cold world of pull or push?
  How am I to win 'er?
I've tried persuasion and flattery too,
But I'm farther away the more I do.—
  My longing is for dinner.

TITLES

To me, a title is the most exasperating thing in the world. If I write to fit my title I feel as if there were so many things I would like to say,—really brilliant things that sound quite smart. But unfortunately, they have not the slightest bearing on the title. The other day, for instance, when I was writing about football, it was with the greatest difficulty I could restrain myself from interpolating remarks on Higher Criticism. As surely as I choose a title for a piece I loose all interest in the subject.

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There is only one alternative. That is to write the paper as the spirit moves me, and afterwards to select a title. But I did not succeed at all in writing this way. On one occasion I tried that disjointed, desulatory mode of writing. I put down anything that come into my mind. The result was so startling that I became apprehensive about my sanity. I had begun by remarking that, "What the modern world means by originality is symbolized by a sheep in wolf's clothing", and my last sentence was, "Fried cabbage, if partaken of too fiercely, will cause a physical state that Christian Science is powerless to alleviate." No title I have thought of has ever suited that piece. I can deeply sympathize with the Walrus in *Alice in Wonderland*.

> "'The time has come' the Walrus said, 'to talk of many things:—
> Of shoes, of stamps, of sealing-wax, of cabbages and kings,—
> And why the sea is boiling, and whether pigs have wings.'"

The University Magazine

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THE COLLEGE DAYS OF A PRESIDENT

Nixon S. Plummer

"Who now knows or cares to know anything about the personality of James K. Polk or Franklin Pierce? The only thing remarkable about them is that being so commonplace they should have climbed so high." James Y. Bryce, in *The American Commonwealth*, makes this statement in the chapter entitled "Why Great Men are not Chosen Presidents". He says further that down to the time of Andrew Jackson, in 1828, the presidents were statesmen, were "men of education, of administrative ability, of a certain largeness of view and dignity of character;" and that from Jackson's time to the Civil War they were soldiers, or politicians such as Van Buren, Polk, and Buchanan, who were selected as figure-heads for the presidential chair. Mr. Bryce said recently, when visiting the University of North Carolina, and when told that Polk attended the University, that the most uninteresting biography he could think of would be a life of James Knox Polk.

It may be that Mr. Polk received no education in college, and no administrative ability in the gubernatorial chair of Tennessee, and no idea even of the meaning of statesmanship while representing Tennessee in the Congress of the United States. His biography may be absolutely uninteresting, and Mr. Bryce's criticism may be just. Who knows?

But these matters are not to be determined in this paper. The purpose of this paper is to offer some additional facts for Mr. Polk's biography. These facts concern his student days, the formative period of his life. And may it not be claimed here, without too much assumption, that the for-

mative period of any man's life is interesting, whether the active period of life afterwards is famous, infamous, or mediocre.

Sources of complete information do not offer themselves readily on the student life of this man, or of any other man indeed, who has long since been dead with all of his fellow students. Some information concerning scholarship is available from the University records; some from the Dialectic Society records concerning society duties. Still other information, concerning Polk's private life, might be secured from his letters, if those letters could be produced. But with all of this data, hardly any light would be shed upon a very important activity in his college life. This activity is technically known as the "campus course". The college man will understand immediately the meaning of the term. Those uninitiated in college terms, however, might consider this one jestingly. So it might be well to explain to them, in passing to the data available, what the "campus course" involves.

The "campus course" is that side of college life which is a practical human nature study, and in which the laboratory consists of many types of men. On the campus men meet each other, stop to pass the time of day, to exchange a joke, to be jovial; men gather in groups, the groups gather into a united body; a fine spirit, the college spirit, plays in, over, and through them all. Among these men arise practical problems of college life, problems about which men differ and thoughts clash in friendly and honorable debate. And in this difference of opinion the very inner natures and the very principles of the men involved are laid bare. This is the "campus course".

James Knox Polk entered the sophomore class of the University of North Carolina in the fall of 1815, at the age of nineteen. He graduated at the head of his class in June, 1818. At his graduation Polk held the highest honors in mathematics and in the classics, and delivered the Latin Salutatory. Throughout his college course his scholarship surpassed that of his classmates. The faculty report of the

December examination of 1816 says that Polk and Wm. D. Moseley were the best scholars in the Junior Class. "The whole class is high," concludes the report. In all of his college undertakings, Polk was accurate and, indeed, brilliant. Altho he was called a "dullard president", that term changed to "dullard student" would not apply to his college days.

Polk was accurate not only in his scholastic duties, but in his habits of daily routine. A witty student of that day, who was making an argument, said that his argument was just as true as the fact that Polk would arise in the morning at the first call.

Polk roomed in the South Building with William D. Moseley in Number 18. The room is situated on the third floor in the southwest corner. A few years after Polk and Moseley left the University William A. Graham occupied the same room. It is a striking coincidence to note that several years later, in 1845, these three men were inaugurated to high seats of public service. Polk was elected President of the United States; Graham was elected governor of North Carolina; and Moseley was elected the first governor of Florida.

Polk boarded with Mr. Yeargan, who lived a mile north of the University campus on the present Tinney plantation. Yeargan was the first man to establish a grist mill in this section of Orange County. It is safe to assert that the titles of miller and inn-keeper marked him as a famous man in his community. The plantation house and mill are torn down now.

In the University Polk was associated with a set of men who were also excellent students, and who took their places with him in after life as leaders. Among some of these men were: John Motley Morehead, governor of North Carolina; James Turner Morehead, member of Congress; Alfred M. Slade, consul to Buenos Ayres; Edward J. Mallet, consul-general to Italy; William M. Green, bishop of Mississippi and chancellor of the University of the South; William

H. Haywood, United States senator; Robert H. Morrison, first president of Davidson College (North Carolina); Thomas B. Slade, president Columbus Female Institute (Georgia); Hamilton C. Jones, Supreme Court reporter; and William D. Moseley, first governor of Florida.

Besides the degree of A.B., Polk received two other degrees from the University. The master's degree, presented for the choice of a profession, was conferred in 1822, four years after his graduation. Polk had entered law in 1819. He was made a doctor of laws in 1847, while President of the United States.

Such are the meager bits of information available from the University records, and from other sources widely scattered, relating to Polk's scholastic work and "campus course". If he had not been a member of the Dialectic Society we could go no further.

On January 25, 1816, at the suggestion of Lawson A. Alexander, Polk was admitted into the membership of the Dialectic Society, a society which still exists, and which from the beginning of the University has, with its sister, the Philanthropic, fostered numbers of political leaders. The society records are preserved and in good condition. The pages are dingy and brown, 'tis true, but the handwriting is legible. The original signature of Polk, made by himself when he joined the society in 1816, is very distinct.

The influence of the Dialectic Society helped to shape the life of Polk in the formative period. There he debated, wrote, and officiated. There he secured his first executive training, and laid the foundations for his executive career. There he thought over problems of life, and expressed his thoughts in compositions. There he got the oratorical and debative training which enabled him later to win the title in Tennessee of the "Napoleon of the Stump".

Polk's first debate was made March 20, 1816, on the question: "Would it be justifiable in the eyes of the world and agreeable to the laws of nations for the United States to assist Spanish America in defence of their liberty?" Polk

led the negative of this question and that side bore away the honors. On April 11, 1826, ten years later lacking thirty-nine days, shortly after he had entered into the duties of his first session in Congress, Mr. Polk offered resolutions and made a speech opposing the attitude and action toward the Panama Mission of President Adams, who had appointed commissioners from the United States to attend a congress of Spanish American states that had virtually attained their freedom but were still warring with the mother country, Spain. Mr. Polk contended with many followers that such an action would bring the nation into unfriendly relations with Spain and establish an unfortunate precedent for the future. Just as he had won recognition among his fellow students ten years before on the same side of the same question in a small debating society in North Carolina, so now, still holding the same thought he had worked out then, and perhaps the same argument, he won recognition and respect before the members of the great National Council.

Polk was permitted to withdraw from society duties on April 3. The reason for this is not stated but presumably it was for the sake of his studies. He did not attend again until the next session. From then on he was a constant attendant and immediately assumed a prominent stand in society business. In those days the societies conjointly owned the library. They were responsible, too, for the demeanor of students who were society members. And whenever library affairs needed construction, or conduct of members needed investigation, or society routine required service, Polk was invariably chosen on the necessary committees.

Polk occupied all the offices of the society. He is the only man known to have been elected twice to the presidential chair.

July 11, 1816, he was appointed with seven others on a committee to direct society affairs, to offer suggestions. July 17 he was elected on the room committee. July 24 he was elected treasurer. At the same meeting he was placed

on a committee to "examine into the state of the library, etc." August 7 he was appointed on another committee, the duties of which are not designated. September 6 he was chosen censor morum. This position was responsible for disorder during society meetings. March 12, 1817, he was treasurer again. April 16 he served as secretary in the absence of the regular officer. The minutes of this meeting, written by Polk, are written in a painstaking manner. The letters, with very few exceptions, are written separately and distinctly. Polk usually wrote the Spencerian style, without the old-fashioned "s", however. At this meeting he was appointed a committee of one to "choose books in the Library to the value of ten dollars in order to have labels put in them with James L. Wortham's name as donor." April 23 Polk was elected corrector. The duty of this officer was to criticise debates and compositions. April 30 he was appointed with two others on a committee to ascertain damage done a library book. May 8 Polk was elected president of the society upon the resignation of Hardly L. Holmes, who had served one meeting. May 20, 1818, he was elected for the second time president, holding the office until he graduated.

Polk was fined several times for irregularity. The nature of this offence is not absolutely known. The suggestion has been made that it meant tardiness. Seven fines of ten cents each were imposed upon him. Once he was fined twenty-five cents for gross irregularity. He was fined twice for absence. The record of March 19, 1817, says: "Hamilton C. Jones was fined ten tents for threatening language to James K. Polk, and Polk the same for replying to Jones." Evidently Polk was quick at retort.

Polk read much and over a wide field while a student. The full list of books loaned from the library to society members while he was in college cannot be found. A catalogue of books belonging to the Dialectic Society shows, however, that he presented several books. These embraced historical, biographical, and theological treatises. They are: eight volumes of Gibbon's *Rome*, presented by Polk and

J. Simeson unitedly; Williams' *France; Memoirs of Darwin;* Addison's *Evidences; Gospel: Its Own Witness.*

In the archives of the Dialectic Society are the second inaugural address and two compositions in Polk's own handwriting. The inaugural address is on "Eloquence". The compositions are on "The Powers of Invention" and "The Admission of Foreigners into Office in the United States". The following extracts are taken at random:

His composition on "The Powers of Invention" begins: "To analyze the human mind with a Locke and to examine the powers of its .minute parts fall not within the tyro's province, but to contemplate its rapid strides to eminence belongs equally to the unlettered savage wrapped in security in nature's forest and the polished European who feasts on the dainties of his sumptuous board." Again: "In fine what is the occupation in life in which this faculty may not be exercised? Place man in necessitous circumstances and his busy mind will project schemes of relief which to the mere theorist who had never been placed in a similar situation would appear chimerical. Present to him the alluring prospect of immortality on earth and what a spring is given to every action."

From the composition on "The Admission of Foreigners into Office in the United States" the following extract is given: "So long as virtue is the prominent feature of American jurisprudence the Eagle of liberty will have full scope for his wings. If our republic like unsuspecting innocence has opened the portals of humanity and rendered itself vulnerable to the poisoned darts of a vicious world, it is a more lovely trait in its character than all the splendid equipage of a tyrant's throne on the boasted energy of European legislation."

From his inaugural address "On Eloquence" three extracts are made. He says: "Reflect upon the necessity of cultivating your oratorical powers. You not only live in a country which possesses advantages over every other in the superior excellence of its political institutions and in the

freedom of parliamentary debate, but you are the chosen few of your own community, who have the advantage of a liberal education. Thousands by nature as good as you remain the same rude stocks that nature formed them. But you like marble taken from the quarry receive the polish of the skillful artist. You have the advantages of the Dialectic Society, a body similar in its organization and many of its rules of proceedings to our State legislature and to the great national council of our Republic."

In the same address in regard to studies he says: "Experience shows that without study even the greatest natural abilities can never arrive at eminence. It also shows that the fawning sycophant and cringing courtier for promotion sink in the estimation of the world, and meet that contempt which is due to their character from the truly honorable and upright."

Polk was endowed with a burning ambition, and he expressed it before the Dialectic Society in glowing language. He looked out with confidence to a great career for himself, and for his fellows, too. He must have seen some of the future that Fate had reserved for him and for them. Witness the following. It is taken from the same inaugural address: "Seize then with avidity the opportunities of improvement as they pass, for ere long you may be called upon to succeed those who now stand up the representatives of the people, to wield by the thunder of your eloquence the council of a great nation and to retain by your prudent measures that liberty for which our fathers bled. It may be a delusive phantom that plays before my imagination, but my reason tells me that it is not. For why may we not expect talents in this seminary in proportion to the number of youths which it fosters, and with the advantages which have been named why may we not expect something more than ordinary? But if lt were visionary, I would delight to dwell for a moment upon the pleasing hope."

On the walls of the historic Dialectic Literary Society hangs an oil painting of James Knox Polk, the eleventh

President of the United States, sitting in profile. In his hand is a parchment roll, and on the table before him is a white feathered pen staff. The poise of his head, its proportionate development, suggests keen mentality and intellectual gift. In silence, with many others, equal in ability if not in eminence, he presides over the old hall where he so eagerly served his early opportunities.

KATHARINE

Samuel H. Lyle, Jr.

A smile that, flashing to your lips,
Breaks glorious as the dawning day,
A voice whose rippling melody
Rings sweeter than the songs of May,
And the blue of your eye
Is as deep as the sky
That smiles forever above you;
And, oh, how fair, your brow and your hair—
I love you, I love you, I love you!

THE LITTLE MUFFLED LADY

Rosa Naomi Scott

With half-closed eyes Wyndham watched the flicker of a wood flame, that dropped and rose and fell again, over Natalie as she sat near the deep old hearth.

It was the sort of flame one watched on one's earliest bed, snapping out when all was gay along the nursery wall, and flaring up unexpectedly from hopeless darkness. In between, gentle grotesque shadows played over the girl illusively.

Now she was only two scarlet sleeves clasped about her knee—now an outline of mystery with a shimmer of light on her head—now a white brow and abstracted eyes flashing against the darkness.

Suddenly the fire roaring up the chimney revealed a bare old room, the walls and mantel hung with green boughs, vines strewn about, and Natalie, in the center of the glow, delectably complete in her small body and every band and button of her scarlet gown. Under the mild green, as she thrust her fingers musingly to the flame, she might have been a dryad who had strayed with her haunted forest to warm her spirit hands, at an anchorite's hearth.

Wyndham's gaze passed from her to the spruce, and vines and berries strewn about the room.

He did not have to be told that Natalie had spent the day in the woods. He had spent such days, in the tingling heart of the forest, with her, returning with such green at night.

"I saw Elise today," he broke the silence irrelevantly, with a backward lurch to locate the tea table. It would be easier told over the teacups. Now that he sat in the chair where he had vowed never to accept Natalie's refusals, he felt a slight awkwardness in announcing his engagement.

"She is back from a cruise down the Nile, or round the midnight sun—or where, this time?" Natalie sprang up, and Wyndham with a sensitive laugh put out his hand to her affectionately.

Slight as the movement was, the suggestion of a hermit's hearth and strayed changeling vanished for a modern parlor piece.

"You wouldn't have me, Natalie," he reproached.

"You say it precisely as if you meant it," she sighed in mock delight. "Ralph, if you are always so considerate Elise will not regret—having you!" Her brow pointed in a humorous triangle, as she laughed good naturedly at him. "Why you all do it I can't understand. When I'm a man I shan't go back to tell the girl that I have transferred the undying affection—"

Wyndham released her hand with the limp irritation of a man whose dénoûment has been scooped.

"Natalie, don't you think you ought to be a little upset?" he asked sharply. "Yes I know," he continued in conscious unreasonableness, "even if you didn't care at all—for old habit's or friendship's sake you might appear to care. For instance, you'd resent Elise's appropriating his old chair. It's been here so many years. It's associated with your first sweetheart, your first long dress. A sudden change in the affairs—of a friend might mean to you as much as a chair. I knew a man," the hurt in his voice increasing, "refused three times—known the girl all his life too, family intimate as relatives, and all that—but when he told her of his engagement to another girl—she broke down and cried."

"How considerate," admitted Natalie, demurely. She was flicking beggar's needles from the scarlet flounce that hung about her slender feet.

"It was," flared the man. "Showed she cared for his frienship—that's what it showed. She was the right sort! He was grateful to her all his life. Then they kissed good-by—" he peered through the soft light.

Natalie had fallen back to her place on the stool.

"I'm so envious I can't be jealous," she said. "Its like neuralgia swallowing up rheumatism. If it were anyone but Elise, I'd tear your hair — for you're a dear, Ralph—but Elise!" Her voice sank in soft helplessness, her brooding head caught an aura of flame, the haunted wood, and hearth, and dryad were back again.

"When I see Elise I feel her loveliness for hours afterward, like the cool odor of wild honeysuckle. She is the only person I know who is lovely, yet whose inner self is always on the porch or down at the gate to greet you," Natalie went on dreamily. "The outside of life that is husk to most of us, shutting sweetness in, has been a garden to Elise, a trellis at every window inviting her impulses to slip out and bloom. Her path has been fresh with the musk of the world—"

Natatlie stopped to smile at her own eloquence, but she went on in a passionate absorption that seemed addressed to the fire. "The very essence of herself that ordinary folk hide,—that we share once perhaps—in a lifetime—is Elise's normal atmosphere. She lives in it—why Ralph!"

She shook the man's arm with a human little laugh.

"Ralph," she exclaimed, "you look as if—I were convicting Elise of temperament or something else atrocious. I was simply saying that Elise lives her inner self all the time and will not turn out uncomfortable selves you have never seen. The soft voice is not more excellent in a woman. Let's smoke a pipe of triumph." She tiptoed for an odd Indian pipe on the mantel. "You've turned out a side of unexpected taste. All my hopes for you didn't expect Elise—Stop!" Natalie snapped in real irritation. Wyndham's finger was investigating his vest pocket significantly. "Have you no sense of a wooden fire and the fitness of things?" She snatched the match away, poking a lighted taper from the fire to his tobacco-filled bowl, holding it there, gravely, through fluttering inhalations.

"Natalie is such a quaint, lovable, domestic little thing, eh?" she questioned, tantalizingly. He blinked, his pipe arrested in mid-air, as if she had torn his thought from his hand, and dangled it like a plaything before his eyes.

But Natalie's laugh had a nervous note as she sank back on her stool; the flame flashed a crystal rim round her lashes, the nebulous forest and dryad were imminent.

Wyndham had not understood the elfish musing that had hung about her since his entrance. Usually she welcomed him with a blaze of candles and a snapping fire, and chatter, topped—particularly after a robbery of the woodside as today—with inimitable sparkle. Always there was tea, hissing hot, Natalie serving it in delicate, cracked old teacups, with an air of humorous mockery. To-night, a suggestiveness he had always felt in her gaiety, her quaintness and silences, had become almost tangible. It was a hint, never realizing itself, which he forgot when away from her, but that returned with her presence, a faint original surprise. He had never considered this suggestiveness a part of Natalie. It was merely an air of hers, no more herself than the ribbon on her hair. At the core, Natalie was a simple daughter of Eve. He was sure of this. To his discomfiture she had blushed all her life at the men who had drifted her way, extracting by some miracle, gaities and graces from their commonplaceness. She did not want to marry him, he was at last convinced of this, but she was too lovable and domestic, as she had just said, to have any ultimate ambition but marriage. He was certain she was happily rooted in the small town, where she drew quaint humor from the village folk, filling the frayed-out parlors with a picturesquesness that bubbled over everything, from sputterings in the kitchen to an old-fashioned garden, that blossomed under her hands like a hedge of paradise.

"Natalie," Wyndham paused for the smoke to wreath him, "you have a great head. Wish I had your insight down town. I'd be rich. That's a fact, little girl." He was looking at her in admiring sincerity.

She was not looking at him. A puff of mellow light passed over her from head to foot, and the imminent had happened; she was the exquisite changeling.

"Do you remember," she began abruptly, "the dark striped flowers, closed tight like morning glories, that we used

to find on our way to school." She looked at her hands as if they held such a flower still. "I pulled one apart, once, in a fence corner to show the blacksmith's daughter—"

"Cross-eyed blubbering little Sal - er - what's-her-name?" Wyndham broke out in cordial recollection. "She fought like a cat. Sal - - er - - well, I have'nt thought of her for twenty years!"

Natalie nodded, without taking her eyes from the fire, the web of light and shining hair of her motion ensnaring the man's gaze.

"The black jackets were unexpectedly beautiful inside—did you ever pull one open? A Joseph's coat of color and stamens that quivered. One day I showed Sal the secret, to comfort her for the teasing she had just endured. I shall never forget how she snatched them out of my hands, trampling them on the ground, sobbing, 'You don't believe it, because I'm ugly, you don't believe it, but I'm beautiful inside, too. I'm beautiful like that flower!' "

Wyndham laughed lightly; but his lids narrowed keenly through the smoke.

"Moral: we don't know the inside of even blacksmith's daughters—of no one except Elise, who hasn't the unpleasant habit of turning out unsuspected sides, or"—Wyndham leaned over the sprite, laying his hand over hers with sweet heartiness—"or of Natalie who turns out every side of her old friend."

A peal of merriment answered him.

"O! Ralph!"

The miraculous had happened again; the changeling had gone from the hearth. Nothing more deliciously human could have curled beside Wyndham, than the scarlet gown and small face twinkling under the shining hair. Her eyes were over-running with exquisite fun.

"Suppose right here, on this hearth rug, O! friend of my childhood, I'd turn out a side you'd never seen? Since it is the last time you may sit with this lady under the bough of green"—she touched his hand with musing finger tips,

"suppose I tell you about the Little Muffled Lady, Ralph, who swirled by me to-day on the hillside, overtaking Diana's hunting party, I suspect, for I caught a glimse of huntress green streaming from her cloak!" Natalie clasped her hands —"My lovely gray-muffled lady! Sometimes that gray cloak deceives, me, Ralph," she nodded in exquisite intimacy— "and we walk miles together through the woods, the stillness tingling, the silver mosses alive, the sky thrilling with something besides the November orange! Then, all at once, I see it is not twilight, but the Little Muffled Lady beside me, fleeing as I call after her, her vanishing cloak bewitching me. Oh Ralph, if you could see her, grave and lovely, as I come upon her unawares in tne pine shadows! Then the flash of her flight, the laughter you don't *quite* hear! If you could here feel the breath of courts and high deeds—the musk of ages—better than Elise's musk of the world, lingering with the spice of the pine—"

Natalie sprang up, a small outline against the ruddy light, but the flash of her gesture seemed to encircle infinity. Wyndham was not imaginative, but he was all at once aware of Angelo in his studio, of Homer blind, sounding his great verses to the lonely sea, of the dim magnificent beat of the long human effort to record its precious moments.

"I have never seen her face," Natalie half-sobbed, "only a bit of oval cheek under her plume, as she springs away. But I know her eyes are fire and dew, and the muffled arch of her bosom hides passion fresh as a heart leaf—before a touch has bruised it! No, no, Ralph!" she cried hysterically, "don't you ever see her! She is a kind of woman men take themselves through fire and water—whether she will or no—"

She put out her hands as if hiding herself from him. "God grant you never see her!"

"I am not liable to," leapt through Wyndham's smoke-wreathed lips, but a certain sweetness in the man, where fineness failed him, held him silent. "You don't think I'd suit the Little Muffled Lady?" he inquired, pleased at his own astuteness.

"Oh, she's not in love," Natalie evaded, in sweet hesitancy. "I—I know something of her. She does not always vanish through the pines. Sometimes she sits by my hearth under the green here — can't you imagine her?" For the first time she felt out for the man's response, turning her face up to him, tender with pleading for inner understanding. "She is like Cupid—she must not be seen—and in the shadows here, she tells me about herself." Sudden feeling blurred the sensitive whisper, the tears in her voice shining abruptly on her face.

Wyndham's easy outline in the old chair, turned indulgently to the quivering little figure. He grasped the fingers summoning an inner attention, and kissed them with frank warmth. Something far back she had said rested in his mind.

"But I shall sit with you, often this way, Natalie!" he insisted. "*Certe* Elise is not jealous. This is not the last time. Why do you say such things?" As he bent to her tense face, his reproach melted. "I would't take your head down town, now, little girl," he chuckled.

"Nor my heart either," she drew her hand away, "where the Muffled Lady darts in and out. But once, on this very hearth stone," she broke again in to delicate confidence, "she told me she had a sweetheart and his eyes were blue — yes, they are, Ralph!" She stared into his brown eyes, with charming defiance. "Yours are dear nice hazel eyes lauded by poets and ladies, and Elise loves them."

He tried to contradict her.

"Oh, I know better," she interrupted impertinently. "I won't listen. The very night," she reproached, "when you came down to tell me you are engaged. You've never liked me so well as Elise even when you were most in love with me—for you've never even seen me. You know nothing but a mask for the Muffied Lady." With a queer little laugh she crept back from him, in the odd wistful play of the beginning, so light it seemed he could brush it away like a spider's web, yet so intangibly pathetic it ensnared him helplessly.

"You would'nt ever have taken tea with me, these years, if I had dropped the mask and you could have seen my distracting struggles with the Muffled Lady. It's dreadful!" she cried, in half-hysterical tears, her brow lifting its humorous triangle.

"I like brown eyes like yours, that look poetic when you are thinking of rare steak and real estate bargains. Oh, I have seen you do it, Ralph," she refuted his dissent with amazed eyes. "But the Little Muffled Lady"—the changeling was back again and shook her head dispairingly in the soft light—"there's no educating her. She's hopeless. She likes blue eyes that literally blaze with anger or love! No eyes but blue eyes can kindle up, till they are no eyes at all, just the other's self. He needs to say so little if he has such eyes, and — he — has them," she confided in three musing nods to the flame.

"Who?" Wyndham got his feet down at the right moment to be dramatic. "Natalie!" he veered her around facing him, "look here! At me! Who is he!" A wave of carnation swept her throat and all of her ear and brow that the curls left visible.

"Oh! I see! You'll find him. He's not living, my dear. I thought you might be announcing your engagement." Wyndham closed the string of his tobacco pouch with a little jerk of his teeth. "Of course I wanted to be the first to congratulate the man — "

Through the mutable shadows, the changeling—it was the changeling at the moment—made a naughty mouth at him, allowing him to light his pipe with a prosaic match.

The fire had dropped, shadows veiling the mystic evergreen, and Wyndham looking up, perceived a difference.

"Is the Little Muffled Lady gone?" he inquired with unconcealed hope. In a moment he would suggest tea.

Natalie nodded. "She doesn't want to come back."

"I could manage," Wyndham admitted cheerfully.

"I could not bear life without her," the girl answered wearily, and Wyndam saw he had misunderstood the differ-

ence he had perceived. "Though I cannot be the Little Muffled Lady, ever now," the dispair of the phrase, dropped sharply, through the silence, "if I did not feel the fragrance of her passing in and out of my heart, I could not even be the light insignificant village-hedged mask that is Natalie. You cannot go. You must hide in me, I tell her. Then she says—it is the worst of all—'I am lost in you. Give me up or kill me outright. I am a rogue of joy, made for morning, for life, for the world. You've hidden me till I am no longer beautiful! I am useless, starved, ugly!' To give up realizing an ideal is nothing compared to—feeling it shrivel within you—"

Without a moment's warning, Natalie had slipped face downward on the stones, in a storm of weeping. Before Wyndham with a bewildered exclamation, could leap from his place and lift her, she had whirled upright in the center of the rug. She had long since passed beyond his ken, yet something in him leaped to the triumph of her half-flying poise, as he stood startled before her.

Her hands fluttering in her bosom reached suddenly to an eastern window. Following their motion, Wyndham saw, through the uncurtained panes, the moon hanging low and mellow above distant sleeping marbles. The shafts of the hillside country cemetery stood against the rising moon like watchers for an immortal dawn.

He shrank back with a shiver. A grim possibility swirled through the revelations that had confused without enlightening him. Could it be that his merry little comrade who had put off his loving, he believed, for sheer richness of life, had no hope except the ray that pale age sees about the tomb, the long, far-off hope of immortality? The truth had too keen a thorn for his easy grasp; the intuition receded as he sank back into the shadows.

"But I still have something to say that will keep her with me," the girl whispered in a thrill of victory.

A flame shot up, and the shadows wrapping Natalie dropped from her shoulders to her feet like a rent cloak, leaving her face a blot of light,

"Oh, Muffled Lady," she cried, her hands still pointing to the marbles of the dead:

"In the Morning you shall be beautiful!"

The wood flame dropped and rose and fell again, the sort of flame one watched on one's earliest bed, snapping out when all was gay along the wall, with gentle grotesqne shadows in between; the sort of flame one watches from the last bed, flaring up cheerily from hopeless darkness.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IN NATIONAL POLITICS

W. R. Edmonds

The Democratic party as a national factor in American politics presents a problem unique in its character, and one which, in many respects, challenges the vision and the genius of the political prophet and statesman. To say the least, its future is one of doubt, uncertainty, and speculation. There are those who claim that it now shows marked signs of decay and ultimate death as a dynamic force in our national life; while others declare that its future is one of opportunity and success. Both conclusions are based on the same hypothesis, namely, that the party as now constituted fails to meet the demands of our national thoughts and conceptions. The past twelve years of our political history proves this beyond controversy, yet it still lives as a distinct political organization. That it has rendered a great service and written many significant chapters of our political history no one can or will attempt to deny, yet to-day it stands stripped of public confidence in seemingly hopeless defeat. The people honor its past achievements and history, still they look upon it with suspicion and fear. Four times in succession public opinion has heaped upon it the rebuke of the ballot-box without hesitation or regret, yet it is still a factor to be reckoned with in the field of national politics. From all sections of the country the rank and file of the party are asking the question, "What's the matter with the Democratic party?"

During the first fifty years of its life it held the reins of government with slight interruption—suffering only two defeats within that period. For the second fifty years of its existence it has met with unanimous defeat, save only two

exceptions. Such history calls for study and explanation from an academic point of view.

The function of the modern political party as we have it to-day is fundamental and organic in its nature. It is the natural and necessary instrument of expression for the public conscience, and is the logical avenue through which flows public opinion expressed in terms of governmental administration. Its mission is solely one of interpretation and application of the basic theory underlying our form of government. In proportion as it wisely or unwisely performs its function just in the same proportion will it succeed or fail. All government is but an organized and systematic effort of society for a greater continuity of thought and unity of action among men. This effort at expression must always take some definite form. It must center its force and power around some one centralizing, centripetal rule of action. Hence, every political institution such as this nation of ours must ground itself in some one basic, organic principle of government in order to long endure as a distinct people. It must be based on some one organic theory of government that can be applied to every phase of its life. Its permanence and power then depends on a wise and proper application of this theory to actual conditions. The basic theory underlying our form of popular government is the doctrine of individual rights—the eternal reality of the individual as an organic unit of society. Therefore, the fight of the American citizen is a fight for freedom, for expansion, for self-expression. And any political party, to command his respect and support, must stand consecrated and committed to the proper interpretation and wise application of this theory of rule to the actual conditions to be met. Viewed in the light of these facts it is possible to weigh the Democratic party as a national organization and find wherein it is wanting in public confidence and popular support.

Primarily, the Democratic party is a party of history. Its birth came as a political necessity and was based on the principle of local self-government. It declared for the poli-

tical equality of all men. Its first great exponent was Thomas Jefferson, and it had its origin in the very beginning of our national life. It was the first party to attempt to apply the doctrine of individual rights to our political life. The problem of political freedom was the first one that presented itself for solution when the republic came into existence as a distinct force in civilization. The Democratic party performed its task faithfully and well. For fifty years it was the dominant party in American politics and gave to the nation, as its contribution, political freedom.

The second great test of the party's intelligence and ability to apply its own theory to the actual conditions of society was industrial in its nature. Out of the social upheaval that produced the Civil War evolved a new type of American citizenship, pregnant with a new and more universal conception of freedom. Public conscience in its evolution had grown into larger dimensions and now demanded a deeper and broader application of the principle underlying our form of government. The nation had grown from a life political and social in its scope into one that was industrial and national in its conception. Hence, the very nature of things called for a new interpretation of governmental principles. The natural avenue of expression for this enlarged view was, of course, the political party. Again the Democratic party was called upon to solve an organic problem—the problem of our industrial freedom. Here it was that the party failed to respond to the people's call and, consequently, it met its first real defeat as a political organization. From this it has never fully recovered.

However, the party's failure for the past fifty years has not been due to the lack of effort, for some of its greatest campaigns have been waged within recent years. And while the party's leaders through their platform declarations have realized—and to some extent recognized—that ours is an age of industrial and commercial activity they have met with disastrous defeat on every economic issue they have advanced. Their failure has been due to a misapplication of theory

rather than to ignorance. They have tried to handle national issues with local remedies. Their efforts have taken divers forms in the shape of technical and local issues of various names and policies some of which we will now mention.

In the first place, the party has been unfortunate in its leadership. Its leaders have been men of undoubted character and personality. They have been men who could and did shake public opinion from center to circumference, yet their campaigns have only served to stir up fear and distrust in the rank and file of the party. Too often the leaders have tried to stampede the public mind by recitals of greed and official corruption. Too often they have tried to divert the public mind from the main issues and make a grandstand play on non-essentials. The leadership of the party has been confined to men whose views savored too strongly of Socialism. Such radicalism and political insanity has added no little to its present condition of disfavor and defeat. No organization with a following of six million men will allow one man to dictate the policies by which they are to be guided. Sane, conservative leaders are always in demand but it is disastrous to the organization for any other type to gain control. The past twelve years of our political history establishes this beyond controversy.

In the second place, the platforms of the party in the last three national campaigns have condemned it even in the eyes of its warmest friends. While the platform of any party is not all-important it is very often the determining factor in a heated campaign. Some sort of formal declaration of party policies and intentions is always necessary to win the attention of the average citizen, although the final outcome generally hinges on one or two pivotal issues. In this respect the Democratic party has been unfortunate. In 1896 the great national issue was the question of currency. The Democrats inserted in their platform a Free Silver plank while the Republicans declared for a Gold Standard. The outcome of the campaign turned on this one issue—the

Democrats being buried an in avalanche of votes. This defeat of the party was apparently but the beginning of a series of still greater misfortunes. In 1900 the party took the defensive and declared the "paramount issue" to be Imperialism, and pictured to the public the dangers of expansion. Again the public put it down as a false alarm and acted accordingly. In 1904 they came forth with a platform containing a Free Silver plank headed by a confirmed Gold Democrat. Again the party paid the tax for inconsistency and policy. The platform declarations for the past few years have been so inconsistent that the people have lost confidence in the sincerity of the party as a political organization. Unanimous and disastrous defeat has been the price the Democratic party has had to pay for its radical leadership and inconsistent platform declarations which the public took to be policy-seeking, vote-catching agencies, concocted for private, political benefit.

There are many other serious charges that could be brought against the party as a national organization, but, at the bottom, the real trouble has been due to its position on industrial questions. Every mistake it has made for the past twenty five years can be either directly or indirectly traced back to this one cause. The people have realized that the present age is industrial and commercial—an age of big ideas and big institutions. They have felt that the principle of Democracy will successfully solve our industrial problems just as it has been the panacea for all our social and political ills. The very nature of things has called for a more universal and organic unity of things in our national life. The public mind is realizing its oneness and kinship as never before. The Democratic party has failed to give expression to this sentiment. It has failed to grasp the full meaning of the theory it once so ardently and successfully expounded. In short, it has made a misapplication of its own theory of government, hence, its present position of a well-nigh hopeless minority. The party must learn to think and act continentally before it can ever hope to regain the

support and command the respect of the average, intelligent citizen. Until it embraces the idea of our industrial growth and expansion, and gives expression to the twentieth century, world currents of progress and activity that are now surging through and permeating our national life it must remain among the relics of the past as an active, dynamic force in American politics.

THE VIRTUE OF TENACITY

Samuel H. Lyle, Jr.

Tenacity is the greatest evil of all virtues.

Parodoxical or not, that statement will stand.

There's the little house fly. As the first streak of dawn paints the east he drops from the ceiling to your nose. And he sticks there. Of course you may scare him away for a moment, but he's on to his job and he's going to stay with you. That fly is afflicted with the virtue of tenacity.

Take the time I sat down in that pot of glue. Somebody has said something about a friend sticking closer than a brother, but that man didn't see me and that glue stick to each other. We had a double-barrelled case of tenacity, and they had to hitch the glue pot to a tree and annex me to a pair of mules before we could consent to part.

For intellectual tenacity carried to the point of evil there was the case of my friend Smith. Somebody had worked that old gag about the first thing a man does when he falls in water off on him, and Smith was never the same afterwards. For two years he spent day and night trying to figure out just one little thing that man would do before he got wet, then he went mad. They've got Smith in the bughouse now.

Friend, these few instances ought to be sufficient to show you the evils of the virtue of tenacity. Let me warn you, don't fall into the baneful habit. Never stick to anything. If you have been in the habit of putting on your right shoe first, change to your left. If you are a constant Sunday school worker, take up booze and poker, and vice versa. If you have money, spend it; if you haven't, steal it. Do anything, or nothing; but whatever you do don't acquire the virtue of tenacity.

Else you will grow to be a great man in wordly things, and the people will speak your name in awe. And then some day you will die, and they will write you up in the papers, speaking great things of your goodness and worth. All of which your widow shall pay for in golden shekels. But you, who have passed down the last road, will writhe among the coals and cogitate upon a certain saying about a rich man and the eye of a needle. And you will gnash your teeth in exceeding great agony, and cry out in bitterness of soul against all things that are now or ever will be, hell without end.

Again, beware of the virtue of tenacity!

THE UNITED STATES AND JAPAN

Y. Minakuchi

Feudalism in Japan is gone; serfdom is dead; America has been the emancipator. A half a century ago when the first formal treaty was concluded between the United States and Japan, neither the Western nation nor the Japanese Commissioners who signed that epoch-making document, could have dreamed of that remarkable sequence of events which was to follow. To the civilized West the Island Empire of Japan then seemed a wondrous survival of the early middle ages, where men wore glittering armour, and stormed castles, and were imbued with that spirit of feudalism which had almost banished from the West. Unacquainted with Hellenic culture and civilization, unconscious of the powerful statesmanship of Europe, ignorant of the far-reaching and transforming influence of Christianity, Japan lived and moved in the sphere of oriental dogmas for centuries,

To the resentful eyes of the Japanese, therefore, the Occidental intruders, with their guns and smoking war-ships, were indeed formidable strangers from an unknown world which they wished to avoid. Yet, even before the coming of the foreigners, the seeds of national change and transformation were hidden dormant here and there and showed signs of their germination in the minds of the Japanese. A sudden storm of national agitation in the middle of the nineteenth century began to scatter the clouds of successive usurpations which had long obscured the Mikado's glory, and the Imperial Government which had been for centuries a faint reflection of the Mikado's glory began to blossom into power.

Awakened by China, Japan had assimilated and developed Chinese civilization; but in the course of four centuries this

development had reached its culmination. Even the ethical philosophy of Confucius and Mencius had lost its vitality and vigour, and Japan seemed to be repeating the story of the past. Though there was no need for Japan to seek from abroad a moulding influence upon her lofty and unconquerable spirit, yet her desire for isolation could not endure for ever. Japan had reached the limits of its possible development under its old ideals and organization and needed contact with new sources of life.

The coming of Commodore Perry with his squadron of war vessels, was, therefore, a turning point in the life of the nation and the very presence of the foreign invaders—as they were called—caused the downfall of the enfeebled Shogunate and the restoration of the invincible Emperor to the imperial throne. The provisions of the treaties between America and Japan were a source of internal discord for over twenty years; but their strict limitations and uncompromising conditions stung the nation into strenuous efforts to regenerate the old system of administration. Japan, realizing her exact position and the remedy for it, became eager for rapid progress. The signing of that first treaty spurred the people of Japan to seek new spheres of greatness, and that was the real cause which at length enabled Japan to step, armed and serene, into the company of nations as a first class liberal power.

The creation of Modern Japan is, indeed, one of the most romantic and brilliant episodes in modern history. It has its gloomier side; it is not free from unpleasant details; but there is no need for the West to retrospect with feeling of regret or resentment. "The world is richer for the intelligence and zeal which made Japan the willing pupil of its great neighbor." The bitter experience caused by the roar of American cannon at the bombardment of Uraga was the harbinger of the battle of the Korean strait and the bloody struggles on the Manchurian plains. But the men of the West not only made Japan the willing pupil by means of treaty restrictions; they brought, also, a message which made her great in peace as well as in war.

We know that Japan's splendid patriotism and calm assurance, her patient and incomparable silence in moments of adversity, her lofty ideals of chivalry, were the product of long centuries of development. But even if, in the introduction of Western civilization and in the application of modern science, Japan has lost something of her old spirit and charms, the Japanese themselves will gladly admit the belief that the balance of results will be a definite gain to her in the end. Her past history is full of bloodstained annals. In the days of Shoguns she never knew internal harmony or growing prosperity. It is true that she has had to fight for an era of peace, and for her place among the nations of the world; but her arduous endeavors have been marked with a decided success in the regeneration of a nation which might have lapsed into decadence.

In the nature of the case the transformation was possible only through the help of foreigners—men with the mind to see, the will to choose and the power to execute. "Can Japan", asked an American, "take on the civilization of the West, absorb its ethical and religious ideals and yet retain her own peculiarities so that the result shall be a new and vigorous creation?" We hesitate to prophesy Japan's future, but if we may judge from her past achievements, and from a knowledge of her national genuis and character, she will securely go forward upon the part she has chosen and complete the task she has begun.

Japan is, and ever will be, grateful to the broad-mindedness and neighbor-loving nation of America for all she has done for the welfare and interest of the "Sun-Rise Kingdom". The diplomacy of the United States respecting the far East has been humanitarian and magnanimous. Diplomacy choked with gun-powder and selfish interest does not and wtll not stand the pressure of modern civilization. Instead of the horrible, bloody weapons of war, the West humanitarily resorted to the diplomacy based upon the principle: "Righteouness exalteth a nation;"—the principle which has stood firm and solid for many centuries. In rousing the

nation of feudalism to the consciousness of the nineteenth century the United States used a milder method, constrnctive and educational; and her attitude toward Japan was indeed philanthropic and cooperative. She sent many competent teachers to instruct and establish schools on the American system; and whotever she attemqted has beed successfully fulfilled,

Let the nations of the world learn much from these excellent qualities and Christian conduct which America exported to the far East of the Pacific. That the time has passed when the civilizen looked at the uncivilized with unmerciful censure, and believed that the weaker should be sacrificed for the sake of the stronger, If having obtained a cleaner conception of tve principle and law of civilization the civilized nations of today endeavor as far as in their power to protect the rights and welfare of the weak against the injustice and aggression of the stronger, Even admitting that the Orientals are idolaters and heathen, the Christian miesionaries uho are sane in their moral judgement would never dream of triumphing upon the rights and priviledges of a non-Christian nation. Prejudice and injustice have their day; they have their day and cease to be, but the true principle, "Rightousness exalted a nation," will forever survive.

Who ever thinks of the doctrine of "Yellow Peril" today? We believe that even the German Kaiser himself is now conscious of the great error into which he had fallen. Every intelligent man is now aware that the doctrine of "Yellow Peril" is not in harmony with the morality of the civilized Wes, and we have the firm belief in the high humanity and noble generosity of the generosity of the Occidental nations.

Is it not true, that nations though separated by ocean and languages are, after all a unit? The unity of mankind is foremost thought in the modern world, and the tendencies toward unification in morals, laws, commerce and philosophical conceptions are stronger than ever before.

In this enlightened Christian age of the twentieth century, we ought not to confine our thoughts to the narrow horizon

of an individual welfare, but instead, we should take the whole globe into our minds, studies, and plans. "Let not a man glory in this", said a Persian sage, "that he loves his country; let him rather glory in this— that he loves his kind." Let us, then, deal with every nation, whether weak or strong, whether civilized or savage, honestly and uprightly. Let our commerce be not corrupted by that horrible selfishness which sacrifices nations to its insatiable greed of gain. But let this be our policy,—to foreign or domestic,— "to aim at ever finding our own highest good in the highest good of all mankind".

PAX VOBISCUM

Samuel H. Lyle, Jr.

Still, blind darkness of the night;
Quivering, low, in the valley afar,
Luring gleam of a distant light—
My guiding star!

Whisper and stir of winds that move
At night in the mystic, vast unknown;
A touch of gold, clouds breaking above—
Purity's throne!

Sleep, and peace be in thy heart,
Through all life's dark and weary way!
Thy chamber light—so near—apart!—
And dawns the day!

THE SITUATION FINANCIALLY

T. M. Hunter

"Busted, disgusted, and not to be trusted," said a man on the campus to his friend, who had just asked for the loan of a dollar. This seems to be about the state of the case in regard to the money question. Yes, we are all busted. No one has any money, especially to lend, and few of us have any to spend for our own imaginary, or necessary, needs. This man, who asked his friend for the loan of a dollar, was certainly financially depressed. He looked the part better than he acted it. Somehow when it comes to be considered personally, we are all feeling the financial stringency, now weighing so heavily upon the campus. Yes, we are all broke, and the question of how to spend our allowances troubles us not in the least.

We are always embarrassed, as the saying goes, and yet, if there is a particularly attractive programme at Pickwick, several hundred of us will drop down and extract from our empty pockets the dimes for admission. Watch us at the post-office, just as the sign "Letters Up" flings itself into view. You see some dozen or more of us turn away with that expression on our faces which says "damn", much plainer than our lips could have framed the commonplace.

"What's the matter?" you ask, and we say,

"It's been a week now, and I haven't had a line."

You wonder, as you pass out of the office, if that is what we wanted and failed to get—"a line". No, we wanted a cheque. Oh! yes, we are truthful. We only use figurative language. It is the lines upon the cheque that are pleasant to us college boys. We may fall on "Second Math"; but, well, we know what the decimal point on a cheque means.

We may never have taken "Economics Four", but we know the value of money—when we haven't it, it isn't worth the trouble of keeping.

Three days ago I spent my last coin. Hoping against my better judgment, I have watched the mails vainly. Twice a day, gradually, as the time when the cheque will come draws near, I lose patience. At last, one morning, when I am coming from "Logic" with my head in a whirl, believing, from the delay of my remittance, that surely there is no such thing in the world as motion—yes, just here, hope flickers and goes out. I push my way through the masses of mourners in the office. Something within me snaps. I see into my box. The edges of three letters press against the glass. My girl; my cheque; the other,—well, that doesn't matter.

Now I go from the office with that "damn" expression on my face. In my room I frantically tear up some of Dr. Kluttz's, Dr. Merritt's, and the Athletic Store's bill-head stationery. Why is it that bills always pick out the most inopportune time to put in their appearance?

The outlook here for a good term, financially, is very poor. The most credited man in college told me today that he had been unable to borrow five dollars anywhere. The tailors will soon be here, demanding their heaps of gold—and all for their trifling "purple and fine linen". In a month or so the Easter Dances will be pulled off. Ten days from this date board is due. The Y. M. C. A. wants money, as usual. The Athletic Association is not yet out of debt. It never is, or, rather, it will take all it can get.

The poor students! I am sorry for them, because I am one of them. How am I going to meet my part. How can I pay to all these things I have mentioned, when at present, if a suit of clothes were sold for fifteen cents, I couldn't buy the arm-hole in the vest. Dances too, yes, she is coming, I guess. More money, livery bills, flowers, and in the meantime, there are every day necessities, such as cigarettes, coco-colas, etc. That "etc." covers a multitude of sins.

The financial outlook is very, very poor. As the old farmer would certainly say about his crops, whether it be good or bad.

"No sir, 'taint even middling. Weather's agin us".

That's the way it is with us. Finances are always against us. We are like the farmers. No matter how the weather treats us we don't get discouraged, but keep on ploughing away in the same old row,—the post-office, drug store, and the campus. Occasionally there is a shout, or a smile of welcome from some fortunate ploughman as he turns up a glittering coin; but most of us live in the hope of better days. The better days never come. The latest cheque, though somewhat larger, dwindles and disappears into the void as rapidly as its predecessors. Soon, like all the other things, it is gone. Yes, we look about our rooms and wonder what we have to show for our forty dollars. If there is a new picture tacked up somewhere, if there is a new tie peeping at us from the bureau drawer, we feel that we have not wasted our money. Even if we have nothing at all to show for it—which is usually the case—we do not feel that it has been wasted. Strange, we college boys never do. We draw upon our parents, as we draw on our imaginations just as freely, and for just as much as those functionaries will permit.

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A crisis has come about in our Honor System. The Student Council, the acting head of the honor system, proposes to ask the student body for the authority to compel testimony. The situation arises out of the unlimited privilege of any student summoned before the council to refuse to answer questions asked him. If the students shall grant the Council the power to compel testimony, they must do so with a responsible understanding of their action; if they refuse, they must have thought clearly and conceptually upon their refusal. For this is the crisis:— There is no place in the Honor System for the authority of compulsory testimony: to grant such authority is to transform the Honor System into the Police system of civic life,—and *Police* does not emphasize the unpleasant characteristics of Police system, but rather the general organization and machinery of that government.

There can be no compromise between the Honor System and the Police system. The authority to compel testimony necessitates the adoption of the principles of admission of evidence recognized by the courts of the Land; the other formulae and regulations of the courts must be assumed in logical

sequence; the practice of lawyers must be admitted; a code of exact laws must be written:—And with this we have handed over the responsibility of good government to seven, and have, ourselves, no longer but a personal or selfish interest in that government's well being,—the Council has become a thing apart, looked upon by the students not with the feeling of possession but of obsession.

The Police system of government is, obviously, too heavy to be undertaken by a college community. On the other hand the Honor System is, in theory, an ideal government; and it can be made as efficient in practice as any other student government. But the problem of student government can not be solved by legislation, but by education. The Council can not dictate the sentiment of the student body but simply reflect it; and the efficiency of the Honor System must be measured in terms of this sentiment,—no practice to which the majority of students are actively opposed can exist in the University. There is a limit of efficiency, too, beyond which any system of government can be developed. The Honor System has not developed to that limit, and it will not as long as it has to absorb into itself each year two hundred and fifty freshmen from preparatory schools where a premium is placed upon immoral practices. To attain the limit of development of good government at the University under the Honor System the practice and teaching of the Honor System must be extended into the prep-schools from which the University draws. The Honor System is sound in theory: the problem of its efficient application must be solved through education.

There is on foot a half-hearted movement to establish at the University a students' cooperative store. Such a purpose is worthy of a more interested backing. The students' cooperative store idea is not an untested theory; it is a successfully working reality in those institutions at which it has been tried with the application of good business methods.

It is desirable for the success of such an enterprise that some already existing organization shall head it and dictate its management. Fortunately for the establishment of a students cooperative store at the University there are several organizations especially fitted for the undertaking thereof. We think at once, of the two literary societies as the most likely authors of the project. In their program of service nothing than this would count more for service. In the light of a mere business proposition the long talked of society building becomes a near possibility. To be sure the societies have the opportunity to do a double service.

THINGS TALKED ABOUT

THE STANDARDIZATION OF CLASS PINS

The standardization or designation of a definite form for class pins by action of the University could claim a great many advantages over the present haphazard selection of the pins according to the caprice of a pin committee or the sudden—and often inconstant—whim of the class. A few minor colleges have made this change. Such a change in the University will be an outward and visible sign of the harmony of the various classes.

The individual class is a segment of the University, an integral part of a whole united of similar components. It recognizes its allegiance as a state to the union of the University in making upon its pin the initials of the University of equal importance with its own numerals. The initials, even, it has arrogated under no permission save a tacit acquiescence. So, the custom is wrong in making the selection of a pin purely, or even primarily, a class function; it pertains to both the class and the University—the numerals belong to the class, the letters to the University. True, the pins in conforming to a form would lose their present particular individuality; but, on the other hand, the class, itself, is not an unrelated individual. Some form of pin could, then, be standardized by the agreement of the classes on the one hand and sanction of the University officials on the other. Then, truly we would have a University class pin.

A vast number of reasons could be lead in to show the practical advantages of the new form. One of the chief of them would be cheaper pins to the students. It is known to all that, under present conditions, the infantile business judgment of the classes collectively has allowed some single student to garner large profits off pins. By cutting out the

middle-man's profits, by eliminating the usual added cost of a new die, by avoiding the pin-committee's knock-down, and by reducing the jeweler's profits through contract on a large scale, the new system could offer the pin to the student at a wholesale discount, offering better pins at no more than the price now paid. To these advantages could be added a guaranteed beauty of design—a fact which should have a particular appeal in view of the confessedly poor taste of some of the recent class selections. Further, the convenience would be offered to the student of purchasing when it suited him, if some of the stores were allowed to handle the pins at a small margin of profit. If desired, the new pin could extend to the professional schools with special insignia.

The pin which up to date has come nearest to completely satisfying the requirements of a University class pin is that of the class of 1905. The pin is diamoned-shaped, bordered with the class colors in enamel and has the seal of the University in the center. In the middle of the bar sinister of the seal are engraved the class numerals. Such a pin as this would embody, in addition to the individual class colors and numeral the seal of the whole University and hence be representative of both the two elements.

S. R. C.

AN ENGLISH COURSE OF GENERAL READING AT THE UNIVERSITY

That some means should be devised to imbed in the university graduate a firmer foundation for the culture based essentially upon a knowledge of the literature and rhetoric of the English language has been too often discussed to be entitled recognition. The first essential of culture for any man has been stated to be an applied knowledge of the language of his speech. Without this, no man can be considered cultured. Well, someone says, this point is exactly the aim of our whole English department here in the University. Yes, and the man who takes all the English offered in the University may get his quota of culture; but the average man who

takes probably four or five courses in his entire college life approaches within view of it and, after college, lingers just upon the horizon. Some course should be designed to put an end to the desultory and aimless reading of the class of men who read the average number of books but do not take more than the required amount of English. The course could be made wide enough to include even the man who makes English one-third of his college course. There are certain books which the majority of college men do not but could, and, I believe, should read before receiving the diploma of culture. In addition to this, every graduate should have when he leaves college a well assorted nucleus for a personal library.

The course advocated, perhaps, would be most properly termed "A Course in Humane Reading". Being, if rightly operated, of as much importance and requiring as much time and work as the average course now in college, it should count for hours, otherwise it would practically be rendered void of value, because it would not be popularly taken. Especially with those who specialize in worthless novels, or some other forms of literature equally as destructive, to pass away, as they say, the time, the incentive of credit toward graduation would determine their choice of books they should read.

This course would correspond more nearly to present "parallel readings" than anything now in the University. It could very easily cover the entire four years of a college course as an elective to every student. Some such collection of books as President Elliott's noted "Five Feet of Books" could be selected with advantage. As to the cost, the entire set of the above can now be bought for less than five dollars. There are few men in college who have read even a majority of the "Five Feet". There is no reason why college graduates should not be better acquainted with such books than merely with their titles. Or, a grouped list of books may be assigned, from each group of which students must select a certain number of books. Having no class work with the

possible exception of meeting, say, once a month for the general direction of the teacher, a great number of the students connected with the college and possessed of a little spare time could take his laboratory course in English. The interest derived from hours of credit toward graduation would make them willing to read these books rather than the negatively beneficial class called "recent novels".

A modification of the scheme would require that every student as a pre-requisite to graduation should read a certain list of books.

From the serious difficulties attendant upon the working of the above course, grave objections will, of course arise. Some one will say that too much is left to the students own honorableness to work, that under all our courses now the teacher exercises a more or less close watch over the amount of work done by each student. The reply is blatantly heard from Economics and Psychology. Few students prepare these courses before class. It would no more be necessary to put entire responsibility in the student in this than in one-third of the courses with regular class work. There would be some cramming and hasty reading but a pledge—a similar case in Physics 1— to have read all understandingly and, possibly, an examination at the end of the term on the books covered would largely eliminate all such objectionable features. An examination, however, would tend to lessen the popularity of the course and its object is to be as nearly as possible universal.

S. R. C.

EXCHANGES

A TRUE BUT IMMORAL FABLE

An Eastern potentate on feeling that his end was fast approaching felt perplexed as to which of the twin eldest sons of his favourite queen he should make his heir. Summoning by the clapping of his hands his two most trusted slaves he said, to the first: "Go and fetch from their keepers my two golden books of wisdom." And to the second: "Ransack my kingdom, and having taken, shut the fairest women thereof in the Dragon Chamber." And when both had returned he called the two sons, and giving to each a book, he said: "Feeling my end approach, I have determined to make trial of you, which is more fit to rule my land when I am gone. Seven days shall each of you, remaining in his room, study the book I have given you; and on the eight I will decide between you."

Forthwith the two retired, each to his chamber, which with the Dragon Hall formed the left wing of the palace. Hardly had the first (there really was no first and second, as they were born twins, but we will call him the first)—hardly, then, had the first commenced to study, when there appeared before him the most beautiful female he had ever beheld—tall, but not too tall; slender, but where plumpness is required plump. Her eyes were blue and tender—of the blue in worn oriental rugs; her hair a golden blond of half-dried rose petals in sunlight; her mouth of coral—but why attempt to portray this adorable creature for it were impossible, and if it were possible we should only be more incensed at the foolish prince who heeded her not. For she stepped close to him and he said "Away!" And she pressed still closer and her arm, whiter than marble, whiter than the burning sun, circled his neck, and her cheek neared his, and he felt her perfumed breath on his face, her soft warm body

at his side, her weight now on his lap—and he shook her off to study; for the spirit of gain was in him. And on the next day there came to him one still more beautiful, with dark brown eyes to drive men mad, and chestnut hair to bind them. She snatched away his book, and in its place she put herself. Her smile was nectar, and it was for him. Her kiss was honeyed wine, and it was for him. But he would none of her, and picking up his book where she had flung it, he studied; for the spirit of gain was in him. And on the third day. And likewise on the fourth and fifth and sixth and seventh: for the spirit of gain was in him.

On the eight, which was the appointed day, the king summoned the two brothers. They came into his presence thru opposite doors, and when the first (or him whom we call the first) saw the second appear with one arm around the waist of the blond houri and the other arm around that of the brown, he smiled—a smile of pity. And when the second saw the first with nothing but his book of wisdom, he too smiled—a smile of pity. And the king when he beheld them both said, "My son, to thee who hadst wisdom to make the better choice I leave my kingdom"—and forthwith he died and the devil came and fetched his soul.

* * * * * * *

First Reader: "He left it to the first—what is there immoral?"

Fair Reader: "He left it to the second—what *is* there immoral?"

H. Curt Furstenwalde in *The Columbia Monthly*.

A REVERIE

By Mary Looomis Smith

When the sun has sunk in splendor,
An' the birds have gone to rest,
An' a little cloud of crimson
Still's alingerin' in the west;

When the stars peep·out atwinklin'
In the blueness of the sky
An' the silver moon comes sailin'
In among 'em, slowly, why!

Then's the very time for thinkin'
Of those days that have gone by,
When you hear the cows alowin'
And the crickets in the rye;
When the chorus of the froglets
Comes afloatin' on the breeze
An' the katydids are singin'
Mournful like among the trees.

Then a kinder lonesome feelin'
Comes acreepin' in your heart
An' you most wish you're back agin'
At life's unclouded start;
When the days were always happy
An' the field forever new
An' above your joyous pathway
Smiled a sky of azure blue.

Then your fancy goes aroamin'
In those times without a fret,
That you just can't quite remember
An' you never can forget,
An' the busy worl' aroun' you
Sinks into oblivion vast
When your thoughts they go awandrin'
In the rev'ries o' the past.

The Trinity Archive

ESSAY ON MAN

Man, being born of woman, is of a few days and full of trouble, mighty small potatoes and few in a hill. He springeth up today and flourisheth like a ragweed, and tomorrow the reaper hath him. He goeth forth warbling like

a lark in a morning, and is knocked out in one round and two seconds. In the midst of life he is in debt, and the tax-collector pursueth him wherever he goeth. The banister of life is full of splinters, and he slideth down with considerable rapidity. He walketh forth in the bright sunlight to absorb ozone, aad meeteth the bank teller with a sight draft for $175.00

He cometh home at eventide and meeteth the endless chain of torment. It riseth up and smitheth him to the earth and falleth upon him and beneath him with a rolling-pin.

In the gentle springtime he putteth on his summer clothes and a blizzard striketh him far from home and filleth him full of cuss words and rheumatism. In the winter he putteth on winter trousers, and a wasp that abideth causes excitement. He starteth down the cellar steps with a molasses keg on his shoulder, but there happens to be a small piece of coal on the steps, and the keg passes over his body several times on the way to the bottom, and then rests on him at the foot of the stairs. He buyeth a watch-dog, and, when he cometh home from the lodge, the watch-dog treeth him and sitteth near him until rosy dawn. He goeth to the horse trot and betteth his money on the bay mare, and the brown gelding with the blaze face winneth.

He marrieth a red-headed heiress with a wart on her nose and the next day the paternal parent goeth under with a crash and great liabilities, and cometh home to live with his beloved son-in-law.

W. O. C. W. *in The College Reflector.*

JACOBITE DRINKING SONG

"Fill up a last goblet, then fill up again,
To the Prince, and the Lords who surround him,
To the speed of the years when our Charlie shall reign,
To the health of the hearts who have crowned him.

To the lads of the North, and their pibrochs a-skirling,
To the cans of the mustering kilties,
To the breeze that shall blow out our banner's unfurling,
To the hand that doth dwell where the hilt is.

"Come death and dishonour, come woe or come weal,
Though our swords may not save from the slaughter,
Drink deep, my brave laddies, to one who is leal
And who drinks to us over the water;
Then where is the coward who's fain to forsake him,
Where he who with death would hold parley?
Stout hearts, to the Prince, and the King that we'll
make him,
And the kingdom that's waiting for Charlie!"

R. E. G. *in The Carolinian.*

ALUMNI NOTES

P. W. Fetzer, ex '11, is working in a bank in Reidsville.

W. M. Bond, of the '08 Law Class, is now a successful attorney at Plymouth.

N. B. Cannady, of last year's medical class, is at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.

Jack Waters, ex '11, is with the Standard Oil Co., of Charlotte.

W. Alger Shaw, Captain of the track team, '09, is studying medicine at the University Medical School at Raleigh.

Lee Davenport, of the Pharmacy Class of '08, is now in a drug store at Washington, N. C.

L. L. Hobbs, '08, is coaching Elon College baseball team.

"Fife" Fullenwider is coaching the baseball team at Newberry College.

Wade Montgomery, ex '09, is with the Standard Oil Co., Charlotte.

C. R. Thomas, Jr., ex '08, has returned to college after an absence of two years.

Leon G. Stevens, '10, who dropped out of college last fall, has returned and will graduate with his class.

W. P. Stacy, '08, has resigned his position as principal of the Murphy School, Raleigh, and is now practicing law in Wilmington.

John L. Hathcock, '08, has resigned his position with the Goldsboro Schools and taken W. P. Stacy's place at the Murphy School, Raleigh.

W. H. Stroud, '09, is now with the State Department of Agriculture, Raleigh.

S. Rae Logan is now at Jocko, Montana.

The following men received their license to practice law at the last examination. The names of towns given are the towns in which they have located.

H. L. Perry, Henderson.
G. M. Fountain, Tarboro.
Don Gilliam, Tarboro.
W. R. Dalton, Reidsville.
J. D. McLean, Laurinburg.
J. C. M. Vann, Monroe.
D. B. Todd, Jefferson.
C. E. Carpenter, Stanley.
M. H Schulken, Wilmington.
J. H. Taylor, Weldon.

P. D. Roseman, ex '10, is working in Atlanta.

James Munger, Pharmacy '06, is with the Gurley Drug Company, Sanford.

Drury M. Phillips, '08, is a graduate student in the University of Texas, Austin, Tex.

F. W. Temple, ex '09, is farming in Lee County, near Sanford.

J. S. MacNider is practicing law at Hertford.

M. S. Huske, ex '06, is studying for the ministry at Davidson College.

W. F. Bryan, '00, is a graduate student at the University of Chicago.

J. E. Hobgood, who took two years of medicine here a few years ago, located at Caroleen.

C. A. Holden, ex '10, is now at the University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.

I. P. Davis, '10, is teaching school on Roanoke Island at Wanchese.

W. R. Bauguess, ex '10, is working in a bank at Jefferson.

A. B. Cozart, ex '11, is studying medicine in Richmond, Va.

SKETCHES

THE PUNISHMENT OF UNCLE SID

"Darn this way of goin' ter preachin' every purty Sunday that comes," said Uncle Sid as he leaned against the lot fence in the warm spring sunshine. "The ain't no sense in it,—'specially when a fellow wants ter be at home restin' and lookin' around fer places ter plant."

No one was listening but Nell, who was quietly cropping the green sprigs of mustard and turf grass which the few warm days just past had caused to spring up in the fence corners. She lifted her head when the old man sppke and laid back her ears playfully.

"The' ain't no sense in it, Nell," repeated Uncle Sid, stroking the mare's mane. "But women," he continued, in a troubled voice, "the' ain't no doin' nothin' with them. It's go ter preachin', when Sunday comes, or it's a row."

"Sid-n-e-y," called the authorative voice of portly Aunt Sarah from the back door. "Don't you know it's after ten o'clock, and here you ain't ever hitched up, nor put on your clothes, nor nothin'."

The back door slammed.

Uncle Sid sighed as he turned toward the house. What did it matter that the peach trees were in full bloom and that lazy bees were droning about fragrant, white plum bushes,—in fact, what did anything matter to a fellow who had to put on starched clothes and sit in a musty church while old Parson Thirdly multiplied mossy "argyments" indefinitely? Such a bill of fare might "go" on a rainy winter Sunday. But on a Sunday like this?—It was a little too much to ask.

"If it wa'n't for the women," mused Uncle Sid, brokenly,—though he meant only Aunt Sarah,— "if it wa'n't fer the women, I wouldn't do it. I would—"

He stopped suddenly at the lot gate, reflected a moment, and then drew out the wooden pin that held the gate shut. He smiled guiltily as the old gate glided open with a loud creak.

When he reached the house, Aunt Sarah, with her hat on, was sitting in the front room, calmly defiant in her readiness to start.

"Where's that stri-ped shirt o'mine?" he demanded, searching the nails behind the door. He had not received an answer when Dolly burst in from the kitchen.

"Lor', Miss Sary, Nell's done got out an' runned clean away"—

"What?" exclaimed Uncle Sid, who was standing with his hands full of miscellaneous garments and who looked rather sheepish in his surprise.

Aunt Sarah rose majestically. "Just as I expected. I knowed it—I know from the way you wus a-pokin' around here that somethin' would happen for to keep me from goin' to church,—it's just like you. Now, if I'd'a' fastened that horse up, I'll bet she would't 'a' got out. If it ain't the out-doin'est thin—" For a moment Aunt Sarah's power of speech was gone, but only for a moment. "Well," she continued, "the' ain't no use waitin' for you to ketch that horse. I reckon I can go out to Martha's and go to church with her. *She* don't have no such to put up with—*she* goes an' comes when she gits ready. An' you can just stay right here, or go by yourself. It's a punishment for your triflin' no-count way o' doin'—that's what it is."

There was a touch of compunction in Aunt Sarah's voice, when she turned around at the gate and said: "An' if you want any dinner the's some cold potatoes in the bottom o' the cupboard an' some buttermilk in that jar on the water shelf."

Uncle Sid laughed as he took the path that led out along the hedge-row of plum bushes.

HALF A MINUTE

Horny-handed Henry, a batch of newspapers in one hand and the trusty Ingersoll in the other, plodded with quickened, anxious pace towards the South Building. "Minut nu half," I heard him mutter, as his eyes rested on his Ingersoll in his extended right hand; and he made an effort to quicken his jerky pace. As he neared the well, a gust of wind snatched his crumpled derby from his low forehead and left his scanty grey-black wool fanning in the breeze. For a moment he hesitated in his jerky, anxious, half-repenting gait and took one jerky step out of the muddy path toward the dark crumpled derby now scurrying over the dead grass, still moist from the recent snow; and then "creening" his head to one side in his deliberative way, his eyes returned to the minute hand in his trusty Ingersoll. Giving his bared woolly head a decided nod, and muttering something about "half a minute", he pulled his brogans into the South Building entrance, and his old crumpled derby settled down in a mud puddle near the well, the one-thirty bell tapping its faithful summons.

SPOOKS

Memorial Hall is the one building on the campus which lends itself easily to the purpose of the spook hunter. The South, Old East and Old West are hoary with age, and without question their experiences have been many and varied. But the boisterous pranks and voices of the present are much too workaday and humdrum for any well bred spook, and doubtless if any attempt to visit these buildings in the wee hours they are compelled to flee in panicky dismay from materialistic brothers. Familiarity may or may not breed contempt, but it does breed familiarity and no spook likes that.

But in Memorial Hall spookdom reigns untroubled by ordinary every day frivolities. Even from the exterior there is the spookiness of unusual antiquity of looks. Its massive

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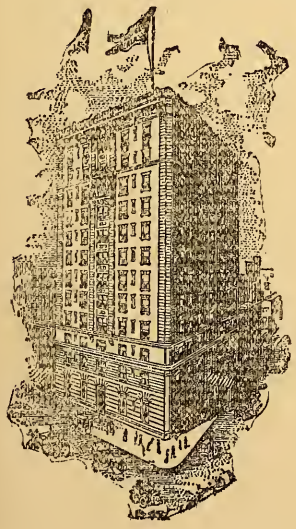

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extensiveness attracts the freshman's notice at first sight, but having once visited Memorial Hall he invariably joins the great stream of students who pass in its shadow a dozen times a day and feel subconsciously that it is a thing apart and to be left alone. The average University boy is plainly poetical but for this once he doesn't often stop to ask why this great building is not utilized. He feels, perhaps, that it serves a sufficient purpose by just standing there.

But it is within that the spooks dwell. A mysterious air pervades the whole and the folding doors and windows open and shut with no visible assistance. Noises sound and hollowly resound in the far away recesses. The dingy windows laced with the skeletons of old vines allow the sunshine to struggle through and slants with yellow dimness on the dusty unused seats casting shadow like giant pigmies across the tomb-like hall. A fearsome visitor treads softly on the faded carpet to keep down the incessant noises.

The white tablets recalling the times and deeds of dead soldiers of the past press home the effect of spirit land. Memories, memories, memories crowd the air and whisper to one another of men and days that are gone. Heroes of a thousand battles recount the glories and horrors of was. A Winston tells of the bagging of the lion at King's Mountain; and a Pettigrew of the Charge at Gettysburg. A Mitchell and a Phillipps talk of science in the vernacular of the past. Statesmen and black-robed jurists, a Swain and a Ruffin discuss the glories of the law and debate on questions long since settled. A Caldwell and a McIver talk with quiet dignity of the struggles of the youth of the past for a glimpse of the face of wisdom. One can almost hear the confusion of voices and a faint rustle.

A door in the back opens and shuts. A window in the alcove tumbles and cracks, and opens; garish daylight comes into the gloom like a white wedge, and stands there like a sentinel of reality, vanquishing spookdom like a fleeing shadow.

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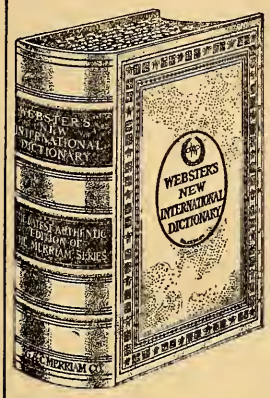

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MY BOSS

"Let's walk to Durham this afternoon, Bill."

"Can't. Examinations begin Monday. I must study."

I passed on flattering myself that I did not obey Tom that time. Then I relented, just as I always do when Tom requests. He is small, ugly, and unattractive, yet he can always get what he wants.

We went. We saw "Buster Brown". In the morning at our hotel Tom said,

"Well, Bill, let's go to Oxford this morning".

"I really can't, Tom. I have neither the time nor the money".

"Sure you are going. Last chance for a good time before examinations. Hurry. It's train time."

Again I consented, I, who pride myself on my strength of purpose. We went. I made a perfect ass of myself at the girl's school there, just because Tom suggested it. For two hours Tom ruled that school, from the president to the maid who answered our ring.

Late that night I stumbled over the twelve weary miles between Durham and Chapel Hill, in the rear of a small, dominant figure with springy step, and wondered how he had made me walk twenty-five miles, ride sixty on train, spend ten dollars, waste two days before examinations, and at the same time make me think I was enjoying myself.

DOGS—HUMAN AND OTHERWISE

Everybody knows there are dogs and dogs. And then, after that, there are still other dogs. There are animal dogs and human dogs, dogs of omission and dogs of commission, worthy dogs and worthless dogs, slick dogs and fuzzy dogs, fat dogs and lean dogs, dogs that bite and dogs that bark. Yea, verily, there are dogs and dogs.

Now, there are animal dogs and human dogs. But the greatest of these is the animal dog.

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Of the animal dog there are only two large divisions, namely, your dog and your neighbor's dog. And of these your dog is the worthy dog and your neighbor's the worthless, yours the dog of pedigree, his the dog of no pedigree. So it was written in the beginning, and so it shall ever be.

There are times when you walk along the street, and see a good looking girl cuddling a little squirming canine to her breast and kissing the end of its nose. And you think, "Oh just to be a dog!" At other times the girl isn't so young or good looking, and you take a back track. After all, perhaps you have another thought coming to you.

On some warm moonlit night your best girl slips her arm around your neck, rests her cheek against yours, and murmurs softly, "You old dog!" The scent of roses is in the air, and no one is looking but the moon. Even the owl is absent on a vacation. Oh, ye prosaic business men, ye dull practicalities of life, ye dry chips off the block of Time, ye who have never seen the rainbow gold or felt the mystic fire of romance in your veins, I ask you now, what do you know of dogs? Who wouldn't be a dog, for, assuredly, there are dogs and dogs.

You saw the moon that night, and you thought a dog was the noblest, most glorious creature in the world. But the next day when your rival called you a yellow cur, your ideas underwent a sudden change, and the word dog took a slump and fell below par. The view point is the whole cheese, and the moon, after all, has intoxicated more youths than all the blockade corn that ever came out of Rabun county, Georgia.

The human dog is another thing. He is a creature of a lower class. Not only does he lack pedigree, but he usually lacks degree as well. How many of us, if we had the ears of a friend, could detect the growl and snarl in our own voices? But there are places where even fools fear to tread. Let us play the Jew and pass silently on the off side.

But remember, you who have dogs, that when all is said there are still dogs and dogs. The same rule will not meas-

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ure you all, neither you and your dog nor your neighbor and his dog.

It were best to apply the golden rule, and remember always, with thankful hearts and smiling lips, that there are dogs and dogs.

I thank Thee, O Lord, that I am not as my neighbor or my dog as his dog!

GOD'S BEST WORK

R. W. H.

God might have made a simpler world,
With calm, unconscious life,
All peaceful and all beautiful,
Unmarred by law of strife;
Where grass and tree and flower and stream,
Unhindered in their ways,
In silent service filled the world
With their Creator's praise.

God might have made a lesser world,
Holding no human race;
Where bird and beast and fish and worm
Each fought to keep his place
In life where instinct stood supreme,
And contest, chase and flight
Exhibited the daily scenes
Which furnished God's delight.

God might have made a lower world,
In man's supreme control,
A race of man akin to beast,
Of man without the soul,
With conscious mind and kingly pride
And passions all untamed;
Where in man's conq'ring pow'r God saw
His greater power proclaimed.

God might have made an easier world,
Where each man had his way,
Where no one cared and no one learned

To suffer and to pray;
Where but a wish and but a hope
Could bring its own reward,
And idle joy and empty peace
Should satisfy their Lord.

God might have made a busier world,
Where no one stopped for rest,
A world all day, where no sweet sleep
Man's ceaseless labors bless'd;
Where brain and body had the task
Each hour new work to find
And man in marv'lous ways set forth
God's great inventive mind.

God might have made a world of men,
Without the "weaker" sex
To stir his pity, raise his powers,
To turn his hopes from wrecks,
And with her mem'ry follow him
Where'er he sought to roam,
And by her powers to fasten him
With love-ties to the home.

God might have made of womankind
One fairer than they all,
Of sweeter, finer, nobler mould,
To whom one man should call:
And she should straightway come to him,
Divinely fair and true,
And He did make—and I have found—
Dear heart, that one in you.

missing article
"Dr. Eben Alexander"
may be found in copy 3

WHAT COLLEGE STUDENTS READ

D. B. Teague

Aside from text-books and assigned readings, what do college students read? Studying ancient and modern history, what do they know of contemporary events? With their ability to name Consuls of Rome and Kings of England, what do they know of famous men today, such as the Vice-President of the United States—for it may be assumed, though probably erroneously, that all know the Presidents—state and national Supreme Court judges, Governors of states, Senators and Governor of their own state, of public men in general? Familiar with the campaigns of Charlemagne and Frederick the Great, what do they know of contemporary battles—labor disputes, political issues, the news in general of the actual world in which they live? In other words how much and with what care do college students read the daily newspapers and current magazines—the great mirrors of current history and present-day life?

It should be remarked right here that one does not have to go far in an investigation of this kind to decide that any statement on the subject will be an approximate one. This is due to the difficulty of finding a criterion of judgment. Any basis that can be taken will have defects, and the investigation will fall short of the full truth. It will be incomplete in extent, and in the conditions under which it is made. And, besides, if every student in a large institution, such as the University of North Carolina, where these facts were gathered, or in several colleges for that matter, could be interviewed, the results would still lack completeness, for college students themselves do not know what they read, or how.

But, notwithstanding the difficulties of reaching an absolutely correct conclusion, we can see which way some very significant straws point, and find out the approximate truth, which, since all goes by approximation in this world, is the best that can be done in any case.

There is no better place to go to find out what college students read and their methods of reading than to the reading room of the library. A few hours spent there in observation is very informing. You catch there the methods at work in admirable unconsciousness. This observation there will soon convince you that, where you find one person reading the news matter of newspapers, you will find there three looking at the funny page; and that where you find one reading the newspapers, funny page and all, you will find four reading the monthly magazines. The one man reading the news matter of the newspapers will, four times out of five, be reading the sporting page, or the local or social items, and you will have to wait by the hour to find a half a dozen men giving any serious attention to the solid news matter. The majority of those busy with the magazines will be on a picture page, and the majority of the others will be reading fiction. A much larger percentage, however, will be found reading the solid matter of the magazines than of the newspapers.

A typical example of one class of newspaper readers came to my notice while in the library the other day. A man came in with an indifferent look in his face, went over to the newspaper rack, turned to the first page of a state daily, took a glance at the biggest top-of-page headlines, turned to the sporting page and spent less than three minutes there, then went over to the funny page of another paper and spent five minutes looking at it, and was through with his newspaper reading. It would be a fair estimate to put seventy per cent of college students' newspaper reading in a class with or below this man's.

Another twenty five per cent take reading somewhat more seriously. A typical representative of this class of readers

came into the reading room also while I was there. He not only looked over the leading head lines on the front page of the paper, but spent four or five minutes in glancing over two or three of the leading articles in some detail. Then he turned through the ballance of the paper, taking a look at the largest head lines on each page as he went. He stopped for two or three minutes on the sporting page, but beyond that found nothing interesting. The editorial page was passed by without any special attention. This class of readers have a speaking acquaintance with the news happenings of the day. It is a closer relationship than that of the seventy per cent already referred to, but is only a long-distance acquaintance. They have no definite idea of more than a very few of the most sensational happenings.

Another five per cent, unaccounted for above, read the newspapers with a fair degree of fulness and intelligence. About this percentage take a daily paper, or have regular access to an individual paper. They know the current news of the day so that they could discuss it intelligently, and are familiar with the general trend of public movements and men.

Thus far, we have spoken of reading in the mass among all students. Some differentiations should be made. It would not seem reasonable that freshmen and seniors should be lumped together in their reading. Both from the age and the general development standpoints, this would not be expected. And, many as the anomalies are in this world, this not one of them, for there is a difference in the kind and extent of their reading.

More than fifty per cent of the freshman class do not claim to be even irregular newspaper readers, while more than ninety per cent of the junior and senior classes do. Tests made of large groups of these different classes gave interesting results. Out of sixty three men from the freshman class, picked at random, and tested on a familiar newspaper topic as the recent Philadelphia street car strike, less than five knew anything definite-

ly about it, and less than fifteen per cent even knew that it existed. Concerning the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, the greatest political row in recent years, and one which has been in the newspapers for two or three months, less than five per cent knew anything about it.

A class of forty three men from the junior and senior classes, and representing the highest average of intelligence in college, made quite a different showing. Fifteen, or a third of them knew very accurately about the Philadelphia strike and what the issues were; twenty others, or nearly half, knew that the strike was on, and, in an indefinite way, the main events of it; while only eight were altogether ignorant of it. Concerning the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, nineteen, or about forty five per cent, were intelligently informed; eleven, or about thirty per cent knew vaguely what it was, while eleven, or thirty per cent knew nothing of it.

In order to test the large question of general newspaper reading, this question was asked of the two representative groups already mentioned: "What are the most important news happenings going on in the world today?" Approximately the same results were obtained here as in the two specific cases already referred to. Less than ten per cent of the freshman class could give any answer to the question, while about eighty per cent of the upper classmen were able to answer with fair intelligence. Many of the answers of the lower classmen were interesting as showing how antiquated their news stock was. The following are a few of the important news happenings given as going on about the tenth of March of the present year. One man said, "North Pole Expeditions", another, "Revolution in Panama", another, "Tariff Revisions", another, "Paris Floods", another, "Construction of Air Ships", and another, "Discussion as to who goes honor for discovery of North Pole".

Thinking that perhaps the discrepancy and difference were partially caused by the larger scope of interest required for national questions, and that there might not be such a dis-

crepancy if more local and better known questions were taken, a test of another kind was made. The two groups were asked to name the Vice-President of the United States, the Chief Justice of the United States and the state Supreme Courts, the two United States Senators, and the Governor and Lieut.-Governor of the state. Seventy five per cent of the upper classmen knew the Vice-President; fifty five per cent the Chief Justice of the United States, fifty per cent the Chief Justice of the state; eighty per cent knew the two United States Senators; and a hundred per cent the Governor, while only twenty five per cent knew the Lieut.-Governor. Thirty per cent of the class could name the Governor of three other states, five could name two out of three, three could name one, and fifty per cent of this class of forty three juniors and seniors could name the Governor of no other state.

The results of these questions in the lower class were variable. Seventy five per cent, the same as in the upper class, knew the Vice-President, but seven thought that Fairbanks still held the office; fifty per cent, against fifty five in the upper class, knew the Chief Justice of the United States; but only twenty five per cent, against fifty per cent in the upper class, knew the Chief Justice of the state; and only fifty per cent, against eighty of the upper classmen, knew both the United States Senators, while twenty per cent of the lower classmen could name one of them, One man thought they were Payne and Aldrich. The most surprising fact of all developed by this test was that twenty per cent of the freshmen did not know who was the Governor of the state, and four thought it was ex-Governor Glenn.

As to who were such public men as Ben Lindsay, the Denver judge; Thomas Hardy, the English novelist; Willie Keeler, the New York baseball player; and Ted Coy, last year's greatest football player, interesting answers were given. Only twenty five per cent of the upper classmen knew Lindsay, fifteen per cent knew Hardy, ten per cent knew Keeler, and twenty five per cent knew Coy. One

upper classman said, "Ben Lindsay is the man trying to reform Denver—Kindergarten man", and another said, "His name sounds like a leader in the Republican party". Another put him down as Chicago's famous Judge of the Juvenile Court."

The freshmen were evidently not from Denver. They knew little about Ben Lindsay. Only ten per cent of them could place him. They put him down as "A ball player; United States Senator; Governor of Colorado; Advocate for Juvenile Courts," and "dramatist," while one accused him of being "A short story writer." Five out of sixty three knew Hardy hardly at all; sixty five per cent of them against twenty five per cent of the upper classmen, knew Ted Coy; and thirty per cent knew Keeler, against ten per cent among the upper classmen. These two last facts show in a vivid way the greater interest of the under classmen in athletics.

These latter questions were not wholly, but a partial test of newspaper reading. The names of public officials and candidates are, of course, brought prominently before the public in other ways than through the newspapers. From our investigation from every stand point so far, however, it is safe to draw the conclusion that, as regards newspaper reading, the amount of it steadily increases from the lower to the upper classes. Among the lowest classmen, the percentage that read at all is below fifty per cent, and almost none reads regularly and thoroughly. Among the upper classmen, probably ninety five per cent scan the papers irregularly, but not more than five to ten per cent read them systematically and thoroughly.

Magazine reading is so varied in its nature that it is difficult to classify. This much, however, can be said with certainty, almost every college student devotes his time to magazine reading. Less than five per cent of all classes read them none at all. Most of the students read more than one, the average number read by the freshmen being three, and the average number read by the upper classmen

being five per month. The most popular magazines are those that have a combination of pictures, short stories, and special news articles. *The Saturday Evening Post* leads all others in popularity, having a sale among the students of the University of more than a hundred and twenty five per week. Next in popularity stand the picture-fiction-special article combination referred to, *Literary Digest*, *McClure's*, *Life*, *World's Work*, *Puck*, *Judge*, *Harper's Weekly*. Then follow all the great volume of the cheaper popular magazines, such as *Hampton's*, *Ainslee's*, *The Red Book*, *Munsey's*, *All Story*, *Everybody's*. The higher class magazines, such as the *Atlantic Monthly*, *North American Review*, *Forum*, *Fortnightly Review*, *Westminister Review*, and that class are generally found in a remarkable state of presevation on the library shelves. Their use is left mainly to the faculty.

The most popular parts of the magazines are the pictures and fiction. The pictures attract most attention. It is to this fact that *Life*, *Judge*, *Puck*, *Harper's Weekly*, and *World's Work* owe their popularity. They tickle the popular fancy. The most time, however, is spent on those magazines carrying the best line of popular fiction. Of the fifteen of this class in the library, almost all are engaged most of the time.

To make a definite comparison between the extent and class of magazine reading done by the different classes, as was done for the newspapers, is wellnigh impossible. No definite basis for comparison could be found. The same magazine contains such a wide range of material that the mere names of magazines furnish no sure test. A copy of *McClure's*, for instance, may contain an article by Prof. Muensterberg on some subject in experimental pscyhology which will interest the professor of pscyhology, and, at the same time, a story of popular fiction by George Barr McCutcheon which is the delight of a freshman. We are safe in saying, however, that the interest of students ranges from pictures, popular fiction, and the lighter forms of matter among the upper classmen.

A junior expressed a common experience of college students about reading when he said recently that he found his

interest in reading changing. Where formerly he was interested only in light fiction, he said, his interest was now changing to special articles and articles of fact, and the higher class fiction stories, such as those developed along psychological lines. This is the common experience of upper classmen. Usually the change comes during the junior year and continues to increase till the completion of the senior year. It is during the process of this change that students begin to take a lively interest in the newspapers and the more matter-of-fact portions of the magazines. Up to this time, almost no interest is felt in newspapers, and none much in the magazines, except in their lighter parts. We may say, then, that college students read newspapers and magazinee at a progressive rate, beginning at the first of their course with a very slight and indifferent interest among not over five per cent, and increasing through their four years, till at the end, between ninety and ninety five per cent take an interest in the daily newspaper, and practically one hundred per cent read the monthly magazines.

JESSIE

Samuel H. Lyle, Jr.

A winsome maiden sweet and fair,
Airy, bright and debonair,
Is Jessie;
Just a teeny, weeny thing,
Fitting mate for any king—
Wish she'd kindly wear my ring—
Oh, Jessie!
Seems to me I've always loved her,
Always plead and never moved her—
Dear Jessie!
Day by day the same bright smile,
Know it's only to beguile—
Nothing doing yet a while
With Jessie!

A DISCIPLE OF FLETCHERISM

Alfred MacRae

"It's Jane," said Mrs. Davis to me.

"Well?" I replied interrogatively.

"It's this way," she continued, "just when we were congratulating ourselves that at last things were back in their normal state and Jane had begun to be reasonable—lo," she added, "I was deceived; it was the lull before the storm. You see," Mrs. Davis went on exasperatedly, despite my endeavors to wedge in a word, "You see we had induced her to drop Ibsen and Womans' Rights, and I was just saying yesterday to Mr. Davis; I said—"

"Good gracious," I interrupted, "Do tell me now and relieve the suspense. I hope its not Socialism?"

"No,"—she paused dramatically. "It's not Socialism. It's Fletcherism!"

I could not help laughing. "I thought it was—"

"You wait, you wait," interrupted Mrs. Davis ominously. "Here she comes now," she added. "She's been to one of those miserable lectures. For goodness' sake, Tom, do try to do something with her."

"I'll try." I replied. But I knew Jane.

I must confess I was rather surprised at this unexpected turn she had taken. Epicureanism was what I would have expected. But I comforted myself with the reflection that she would soon tire of it if we did not oppose her.

But she did not. We began actually to dread our meals. Jane, who at other times was all sparkle and fun, would then become nothing more than a mere machine. She would weigh her food on some ugly, scientific looking scales. Then she would *Munch*, *Munch*, *Munch*, like the sailor's wife in *Macbeth* with her chestnuts,

"Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic Rhyme"

by the clock. It was simply soul deadening, to say nothing of conversation. Not a single, solitary word did Jane speak. It certainly did get on our nerves.

One day after lunch I consciously approached the subject of Fletcherism with Jane.

"Do you feel much benefited?" I asked.

"Oh yes! Ever so much. But I do wish I could take you in hand," she said, eyeing me speculatively.

Jane was very altruistic and had always wished to experiment on me—"for your own good" as she said.

"No, oh no," I exclaimed hastily.

"But let me read you a few of these testimonials," she continued, picking up a circular. "Now this one is very convincing: 'I was a sufferer from chronic liver complaint for twenty-three"—

"I know," I interrupted, "But if I were you, Jane, I'd run up to Mary Grey's house party at Bar Harbor, and stop"—

But she was not even considering me.

"I can do a discuit," she was saying, "in ten minutes and a potato in seven and three fourths. What? Bar Harbor? Oh, I couldn't think of it."

I made one final appeal. "You have no idea how uncomfortable it makes us. Your contempt is unbearable when we eat our lobster and such things."

"Why, the idea! I love to see you eat and hear you talk. Pray don't mind me." She reflected a minute. "For the last day or so, now, I have noticed that there was something wrong. Yor know I love to see you eat and listen to you talk, although I can't join in myself."

"But—" I began.

"No," said Jane again, "I don't want you to mind me at all. The more you and the rest of them eat the more I enjoy Fletcherizing. "This morning you ate six waffles in eight minutes and a quarter, talking all the time, and Papa—"

"Now Jane, listen to me." I summoned up courage to make a final objection. "Fletcherism in the first place," I began in a commanding voice. I paused, what could I say "in the first place"?

The clock struck, thereby saving me from open ignominy.

"Dear me," said Jane, "I'll be late for the lecture. Won t you come?"

And without waiting for a reply she grabbed up a notebook and rushed off.

"Has she gone?" said Mrs. Davis in a stage whisper from behind the portieres.

"Yes," I replied dismally.

She emerged. "What did you do, Tom?"

"Nothing." I answered in a toneless voice.

"Nothing!" She wilted visibly.

"I had expected—but no matter."

"All my arguments proved futile. Bar Harbor was rejected with contempt. She loves to see us eat and to hear us talk."

"This is awful." said Mrs. Davis, collapsing on the sofa.

"Terrible," I supplemented.

Then suddenly a plan flashed into my mind. "I have it," I shrieked.

"What!" cried Mrs. Davis, bounding from the sofa.

"It may work; anyway we'll try. Jane says, you know, that she loves for us to eat and talk at the table. She says she couldn't stand it if we didn't. Now let's you and Mr. Davis and myself—Fletcherize!"

"Fine! Capital!" assented Mrs. Davis. "The very thing!"

Accordingly, the next morning we three solemnly descended to breakfast, armed with scales and other accoutrements of Fletcherism.

"What on earth!" said Jane, "Surely you three of all people are not going to Fletcherize?"

"Yes we are," we all replied in chorus.

That was all we said. We munched stolidly through the meal with our eyes riveted on the clock. For a week we kept it up—that is at the table.

Never have I seen anyone so thoroughly disgusted as Jane. some days after that, in the middle of a meal, I saw Jane swallow. That, as you know, is the unpardonable sin according to Fletcher.

"Why are you all Fletcherizing?" she demanded.

We smiled but continued to masticate in silence.

"Why?" she reiterated.

"To keep you company," I replied.

"But I would rather not have company. This tense silence all the time gets on my nerves "

"Oh, don't mind us," we replied in concert.

"Is it doing you any good?" asked John.

We were all properly horrified.

"Good; just lots!"

We relapsed into silence. As Mrs. Davis rose from the table she said; "I have subscribed to the *Fletcher Herald* for your birthday present.

"And I have brought *Fletcherism Up-to-Date*," said I, passing the book over. (I had always given Jane a pretty present.)

Jane said; "Oh, you have."

"Why, aren't you glad?"

"No, I'm not."

"Why?"

"Never mind," said Jane slamming the door behind her.

The next morning upon coming down to breakfast, we were very much surprised to find Jane busily buttering a waffle. "Mother," she said, "I am going to Bar Harbor tomorrow."

"And tonight," said I, "before you go, suppose we all go down to *Sherry's* and un-Fletcherize."

THE CALL OF THE MINISTRY TO THE YOUNG MEN OF NORTH CAROLINA

R. W. Hogue

The other day one of our millionaires bought a hundred and thirty-thousand dollar set of Dickens. Whatever other deductions may arise in our minds from reflecting on such an expenditure by such a type of man for a single set of any author's works, one deduction is incontestible. It is that the dead Dickens is yet alive, more alive than all but a handful of the forty thousand or more living authors of our day. As the underlying cause of this power over the hearts of the people the verdict at large is voiced by his most recent critic when he says that Dickens had "The Key of the Streets."

Now, it has always seemed to me that those who have written on the Call to the Ministry (and these appeals have been very many and often very strong) have not possessed the key to the heart of the young-manhood for whom their appeals were written. They have shut themselves in a room with their subject and not mingled freely with their "subjects." They have proceeded with their great object, largely unheeding their "objectors." The "Call" has received almost exclusive emphasis, generally resulting in an excluding effect.

The conclusions of this prefatory note may be wholly wrong but being the candid conviction of the writer of this paper they are given as the reason for a treatment of the theme which may by some be justly convicted of erring on the other side. They are the excuse, if not the justification, for placing emphasis on the objectors and their objections. The writer lays no claim to posessing the key to young manhood. It is an altogether too elusive thing. The general verdict is that not even a skeleton key can be manufactured

to fit the varied, unique and complicated locks on the doors of the threshold of youth, especially of that miscellaneous variety known as the college student. The nearest approach to such a key is to be found in the keynote of the life of some one young man, if he be of a representative type. Therefore it is that this paper begins with an actual conversation with an influential, a popular, and a representative college student. It is fair, and may perhaps be helpful, to state that the conversation was of the student's seeking. He was what we may call a "good fellow," with perhaps a little more of the good (the genuine) than of the fellow. After several years of thinking that he had been thinking (an epidemic which few escape) he had at last really begun to think. From an ambition to "see life sanely and see it whole" he had risen to a desire to see life sanely and feel its soul, to fulfill his manhood and not simply enlarge his brain-cells. He had looked long and admiringly at the "natural law in the spiritual world" and was beginning unconsciously to crave for a glimpse of the spiritual law in the natural world. At least, I think he was. But we shall let him speak for himself. The dialogue may savour of the Sanford and Merton style, but it is the actual dialogue—it is realism not romance.

"I have been up against it lately," he began. "I was raised in a home of religion and a life of prayer. Recently, I have been trying to overcome some things and to get hold of things worth while. I make my resolutions only to break them. I pray and get no result except the feeling that my prayers are unreal. Now I am asking myself: why not give it all up or why doesn't it mean more to me?"

"If you didn't feel as you say you feel, you would be of a very low order, lower than the animals, for even among them effort and struggle and perseverence are required. You would be but a bit of human mechanism and your God but a hired mechanic if a sudden resolution were the means of setting you straight and every set prayer were followed by a set answer. Your very dissatisfaction is the mark of a high-

er being who must win his way, who grows by every obstacle, is moulded by every test, is strengthened by every fresh temptation. Or it may be that your dissatisfaction is the outcry of your higher manhood against injustice, neglect and a shallow and spasmodic support. It is at a man's peril if he does not heed this cry—for after all it comes from the soul behind the manhood, and the freedom and power of the soul is the ultimate mark of real manhood. You have no right to feed your body and your mind and starve your soul. *And you will find no satisfaction in it.* Again, your dissatisfaction may be the plea of your life for freedom and equipment to rise to greater power than you have ever thought is possible with you. It may be the revolt of your inner self against the outward occupation which you have set for the life-work you have chosen and in which your powers of mind and heart will be dwarfed and your real manhood remain unfulfilled. You are indeed 'up against it,' for you are up against a big thing—so big, so important and essential that you must set yourself deliberately, regularly and patiently to develop, equip and evolve the very biggest and best that is in you. What you need is not to give up the small, spare time now given, throw away the fragments of attention to your higher needs, not to stop praying but to pray more, with more alertness, more purpose and more willingness to win the best of all answers to prayer, the answer of a life so in touch and in accord with the abiding laws and the eternal principles of life that it will of its own momentum surmount transitory obstacles and temporary defeats. You must register in the school of the soul, the university of character—the church—and then attend classes, not as a stenographer receiving dictation but as a spiritual being receiving Inspiration, not as a "professor" of religion but as a "confessor" of your hidden weaknesses and higher hopes, not for minute directions from pulpit but for the divine power of the Christ who to-day as of old enters into the heart of every life that opens itself to his presence."

Well if I do this and find that it means everything to me

I should feel it my duty to make it mean everything to others. I would then have to go where I can best do this—into the Ministry."

"You may be committing yourself by that very thought. Forty nine out of fifty of your fellow students probably never have had that thought. The fact that you have it means something. What right have you to say that it does not mean just what you have said it may mean?"

"I have never let myself think of that. In the first place, I have others dependent on me and must get out and make a living sufficient for them."

"So you are sure of making early and sufficient support in business, law or medicine? What of the thousands who do not? What of those driven into debt, dishonesty or devious practices in order to win the money which those dependent on it would refuse to touch if they knew the methods that won it? This is not theory but the statement of everyday happenings in the overcrowded occupations and professions. In the ministry you start out with a home, not a flat nor a rented house but a home, where you and yours are in the hearts of the people, and generally the best people, of your community. I am not seeking to argue away hardships. There are plenty of them and often of the hardest to be borne. But since you feel that you must consider this object first, I only ask you to look at it from both sides."

"But I'd want to be the best and rise to the highest and that wouldn't do. That is a base motive."

"You are admitting no fault peculiar to the ministry and reprehensible only in the minister. It is a fault so subtly mingled with a virtue—that of rendering the highest and best service—that it must be safeguarded by the noblest motive and the highest environment. In the ministry you will have the safeguards without which you may in another occupation become the victim instead of the victor of unworthy ambition, with its attendant corruption of principles and selfishness of heart."

"Yes that's so, but I always see the funny side of things. I'd be seeing the comical in the serious. I'd be tried for the heresy of irreverence."

"Judging by the clergy you have known, would you say that the ministry is the enemy of humor? Browning said that for pure delight of real humor he would rather spend an hour in the companionship of clergymen than of any other class of men. One of our professors said to a class of seniors (perhaps because he thought them old enough to understand) that "humor is the first essential of reverence." I haven't time to explain how true this is and how it is true—think over it. But remember the same principle we saw in the matter of ambition—that the environment of your life will have much to do with the character of your humor, making it vulgar, cynical, satirical, profane or extracting and revealing its best flavor, destroying the contaminating atmosphere of low-mindeds uggestiveness. There are not a few men whose lives have suffered from the effect of an atmosphere which has made them the victims of the worst forms—or rather perversions—of humor, in whose lives and therefore in whose tongues and pens, the pure and the divine are objects of their degrading witticisms. They are more in number than the two modern writers for a restricted circle, the one of whom was forced by public opinion to cancel lectures in some of our most progressive cities, the other of whom in declining an invitation to America recently allowed his humor to dictate a sentence which was either an insult to American womanhood or an admission that he was capable of attracting only the demi-monde."

"That may all be true, but I know I am not fitted by temperament, life or talent to be a minister."

"Of course you are not fitted. The question is are you willing to be fitted? Long ago there was a young man reared in soft luxury, tongue-tied in speech and committing murder in a sudden fit of anger. You will agree that he was not ideally fitted to become an heroic, eloquent and holy

leader of men and minister of God. Yet that is what he did become, as few men have ever been, for the young man was Moses. There was a young man who from early childhood showed inherent traits of shrewd selfishness and unscruplous cunning. We have the record of at least two deliberate transactions in his young manhood which were compounded of cruelty, cheating and lying. Yet he became one of the greatest leaders—in character and power—of a great race in one of their greatest periods—for he was Jacob. A cold-blooded murderer and fugitive from the laws and the society of his day became David, the sweet psalmist of Israel and the beloved King of his people. Saul, the proud pharisee and bitter persecutor of the little flock of early disciples became Paul, the despised and persecuted but consecrated and powerful apostle of the little band of Christians, next to his Master the greatest personal force in making Christianity the conquering religion of the world. With the impetuous nature of the boy and the mercurial temperament of the Celt the man who in dejection denied his captive Lord with an oath became the man who wrought a new life into his old and won at last complete mastery over self. The first bold sceptic, who openly doubted the crowning fact of the Savior's life became Thomas from whose lips rang the cry 'My Lord and my God!' Nor are the records of such growth, such change, such developing nobility confined to the history of the old and new testaments. I could give you instance after instance in our own age, from the apparently ordinary business clerk who became a world influence in Moody, to the sensitive, self-conscious college student whom professors ought to dissuade from the Ministry on the ground of his temperament and his impediment in speech, whom humanity loves and honors as the great-hearted and golden-tongued Phillips Brooks. The same principle is seen at work all through the rank and file of the ministry, among the lowly and among the exalted, this principle of the 'little leaven that leavens the whole,' transforming character, conquering weakness, increasing talents, mastering motives

and inspiring lives. Don't forget a tremendously important factor and prevalent fact, namely, the no less than amazing *power of a calling over a life*. Do you really aspire to do the best you are capable of? Are you willing to undertake that preparation and seek that consecration which will make your life count for most? That is the main question, is it not?"

"Yes, I suppose so, but after all a good layman's life counts for a great deal. I can lead a life of unselfish service and influence outside of the ministry."

"Undoubtedly you can. The question is will you? What are the probabilities, knowing on the one hand your tendencies and temperament and on the other the engrossing, demoralizing and distracting conditions which you will be in the midst of. Granted that you will be strong and do good will you be as strong and do as much good when two thirds of your time will be demanded by your business or profession and a considerable part of the other third will be taken up in planning your work or in rest from it? Or even if you do accomplish much for yourself and others in the higher and better things, remember the truism that 'higher and better are often the worst foes of the highest and best.' Will you, then, make deliberate choice of a middle-ground life? Will you refuse to your powers the highest they are capable of?"

"Supose I grant all this. I must yet be honest and say that I can't subscribe to the doctrines of the church."

"How do you know you can't? Do you know what they are? Can you give me an authorized statement of what they are? It is quite likely that you, as others around you, cannot subscribe to your hasty, superficial and altogether inaccurate conception of these doctrines. You may find yourself very much in the position of one of the most gifted authors and literary critics of the day. He was trained in the schools of the great philosophers. After sitting long at their feet, he wrote his original thesis. The conclusion he reached is set forth and defended in one of the most remarkable of modern books. Here is one quotation:

" 'I did, like all other solemn little boys, try to be in advance of the age. Like them I tried to be some ten minutes in advance of the truth. And I found that I was eighteen hundred years behind it. When I fancied that I stood alone I was really in the ridiculous position of being backed up by all Christendom. It may be, Heaven forgive me, that I did try to be original; but I only succeeded in inventing all by myself an inferior copy of the existing traditions of civilized religion. These essays are concerned only to discuss the actual fact that the central christian theology (sufficiently summarized in the Apostles' Creed) is the best root of energy and sound ethics.'

"Further, I would suggest that you ask yourself if you know now that you can subscribe to the tenets of the business or profession you intend to make your life-work—do you even know what they are? Can't you see both the inconsistency and the unfairness of your attitude toward the very few, the elemental and fundamental teachings of the creed of the church?"

Here endeth the dialogue. After getting into it I was reminded of one or two contentions of other students which I have given as expressed in conversation. I have also tried to convey more clearly and fully than I actually did at the time the answers, as I see them, to these contentions. I would now place before the young man a few of the positive claims of the christian ministry which I think valid and capable of being substantiated. I do not hold that these claims are made good by all christian bodies or by every type of clergyman. I shall say nothing for mere effect nor omit anything for fear of its effect but speak solely from convictions that have been wrought into my life through the studies and experiences which have been my lot as a minister.

As it seems to the writer of this paper, the christian ministry offers to the young man a life of the highest and most serviceable ideals, the purest and most unselfish path, the

strongest and most effective safeguards, the surest and best development of the whole man, the freest and happiest avenues of activity, the most essential and most permanent aspects of truth, the clearest and most far-reaching conception of duty, the most harmonious and satisfying relation to the universe, the most creative and least slavish use of faculties. The christian ministry offers substantial optimism and the most abiding joy of living, the busiest and yet the happiest, the most burden-filled and least burdensome, the most intensive and yet the most extensive life. The christian ministry contains the fewest limitations and the strongest inspiration in meeting the fundamental needs and hopes of humanity and the eternal purposes of God. The christian ministry offers the daily companionship of the noblest character of the world, the unobtrusive but ever constant, the stimulating and ennobling friendship of the Christ.

Even the barest and least argumentative defence of these claims would require space far beyond that allotted to this paper. Let us take but one, selecting the one most likely to be doubted, the claim that the ministry offers the broadest life. I would make this claim rest on some such outline of defense as this: 1. It is broad in that it calls into play the largest number of the most varied talents of the man. 2. It furnishes an outlet for these talents in the broadest and most diverse realms, such as student, teacher, organizer, friend, worshipper, sympathizer and leader. 3. The world permits the widest fields of service to the ministry—in addition to his services to humanity in the capacities above mentioned. More and more in our most progressive cities clergymen are being found leading movements and directing organizations where society and government and individuals are being led to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's" as well as unto God the things that are God's. 4. The christian ministry is the broadest life in that it deals with the elemental and fundamental in men, not solely with their diseases and their crimes but with their doubts and hopes and needs and powers and joys and faiths. 5. It

also deals with the big and the elemental in the realm of principles and of thought—with honor, virtue, truth, courage, faith, love, the immortal and the divine. 6. It is broad even in its dealing with the single, individual man in that it includes his feelings as well as his faculties, his spiritual as well as his material welfare. 7. It is limited to no one class of people and no one line of research. All life is its study and all humanity its field.

Finally, I put the call of the ministry to the young man of to-day as the supreme call of the age—of this age. It is the call of the Christ of to-day, more really effective in conditions, more universally heard by humanity, more hopefully issued by leading men in more spheres of life than ever in any other age of the history of the world. Never before has the world seemed so like one huge, living, moving universal parish. Never before have the world's leaders—those combining moral character, intellectual power and persistent faith,—emerging from every walk and every profession of life, seemed so like one great pleading, serving, fighting minister of the church militant. Every detail of this picture could be filled in, from the hour when the rugged Anglo-saxon poet sent a revelling nation to its knees with the prayer, "Lord God of hosts, be with us yet" to the final word in his 'Religion of the Future' by the cultured Unitarian ex-president of Harvard, when he draws his prophesy to a close with these words: "Finally, this twentieth century religion is not only to be in harmony with the great secular movements of modern society, but also in essential agreement with the *direct*, *personal* teachings of Jesus, *as they are reported in the Gospels*. The *revelation* he gave to mankind thus becomes more wonderful than ever." If you doubt, young men, this last claim, study if you will, all the really big modern movements and read some of the big modern writings of the real leaders of the thought and life of your day. Look at the very biggest, the most startling, the most comprehensive and yet the most convincing of modern movements, that in which business men and professional men, have launched the cam-

paign for the evangelization of the world in this generation. Take but one of the unlimited number of tributes to the power of the most radical form of the ministry—the missionary. Let that tribute be from the forerunner and founder of a great school of thought which some of its provincial pupils hold to be a substitute for the Creed of the Christian Church. This is Darwin's testimony: "The lesson of the missionary is the magician's wand. The success of the mission is most wonderful and charms me as I always prophesied utter failure. It is a grand success: I shall feel proud if your committee think fit to elect me an honorary member of your society."

Had I the space and time I should love to state fully the reasons for the other claims I have, with honesty and sincerity of conviction, made for the ministry. Since I must needs close, I shall close with the note struck by one of the brainiest and busiest of Christian leaders, in the midst of perhaps the most complex and difficult conditions of America today. He thus speaks to a gathering of those who have come together under his leadership:

"We come here tonight to speak a positive, victorious note as far as we are concerned, that the faith for which Christ stands in this world is not a receding, but an advancing faith, not a losing, but a coming faith, making and weaving its way among the peoples of the earth to the complete and sure and final victory. Christianity has not served the world as much as it will. The person of Christ is the most powerful single factor in the world today, but it will become more powerful as the years pass. The whole world is to be won."

ONE SHIP SAILS HOME

Samuel H. Lyle, Jr.

Alas, together I launched the ships,
My dream-ships, out to sea;
Alone today by the sounding shore,
One ship sails home to me.

One ship sails home to me today,
Back through the blurring years,
Sails back from the Land of Might Have Been,
With freight of bitter tears.

One ship was bound for the Isle of Hope—
Oh, where can that brave bark be?—
One ship fared forth o'er the Sea of Sorrow,
Today she comes home to me.

One ship sails back through the wasted years,
With freight of searing pain;
That brave bark tossed on the Sea of Hope,
Will she never sail home again?

MEMOIRS OF A PRINT SHOP MANAGER

Nixon S. Plummer

MY MOST PLEASANT EXPERIENCE

If I were ever asked to tell the most pleasant experience during my career as manager of the University Press I should say it was the day I passed up the job. For on that day I quit dodgin' the customers of the Press. I had hitherto acquired a sense which enabled me to go the back way if I thought I should meet some customer around some street corner. But on this day I took the front street, for no longer would it be necessary for me to invent fiction as explanation of delayed proofs and jobs.

* * *

VISITORS IN GENERAL

Before the painters struck the interior of the Press the walls were decorated with cobwebs, dirt dobbers' clay, cartoons and inscriptions. The most memorable of these inscriptions is the one that was strung across the wall to the right of the front door: "Visitors will please swear." It was a genuine pleasure for the painters to paint it out, because the visitors followed the instructions so explicitly. For, whenever they came around something usually happened to them before they left. If they didn't meddle in one place they would in another. If they didn't tear up type they would ask questions. And when they were rebutted as a result they emitted gentle opinions. The inscription used to read: "Visitors will please swear on the outside."

VISITORS IN PARTICULAR

One hot July day a form containing four tabular pages had just been locked into the press. These pages had required the better part of two days for completion. The preparation of them had been very tedious. The job was rush, and the last of the college year.

Now that the pages were ready for the last proof, I started the engine and climbed to the footboard of the press. A single proof, a correction, and then I'd be ready to proceed with the printing. I calculated that the job would be done in an hour. The engine was running smoothly—the governor was in the best condition. The belts had all been recently laced. The ink was evenly distributed on the rollers. In a week the job would be finished, and then—vacation. I was even planning how to begin that vacation, when I started the press.

The first two sheets went through all right and then there was a crash. I got down to locate the trouble. Setting up behind the steam heating pipes which ran along the wall was the form, and it contained two of the pages. On the floor were the other two, with their thousands of figures in confusion, a day's provision of printer's "pi" for two men. I had failed to lock the form in the press.

In a minute or two after the accident, and while I was still standing by the press scratching my head someone stepped in the door: "I'm just out looking over the world" he said. "I've never been in a place like this before."

I faced about. A walking-stick was across his shoulder, and on the end behind was a bundle wrapped in a bandana handkerchief. His face was young. His clothing was dusty, and was old. I wondered what he wanted to see the world for, what he wanted to see in there. And then the pied type came to my mind, and I advanced toward him: "Look." I shouted. "Let me show you around."

But he was already gone. And I returned to my "pi."

A TRAMP, A FACULTY AND PUNCTUATION

On the walls of the University printshop there hangs from a ten-penny nail a greasy, weather worn cap, a corncob pipe, and a brown, three-weeks-unwashed, sock. Above this valuable collection of memorabilia is a strip of paper on which is written: "A Prize, for that member of the faculty who best improves in spelling and in the usages of punctuation and capitals, and the non-usage of italics."

A tramp printer, having thrown up his job in disgust after six days of sweating and swearing over unprepared copy and altered proof-sheets, prepared this prize, wrote out the stipulations, slammed the door with a vicious "damn", and departed. That was four years ago. The prize is waiting yet. No contestants have appeared.

If there is anything in this broad world of ours that will make a printer swear it is a proof that has been altered from the copy. He seldom remarks audibly over copy that is badly punctuated, or over mispelled words, though he may know they are mispelled, or over almost illegible writing—he can usually read any kind of a scrawl. He does not remark about them, unless he happens to be extremely critical, because he has been told to follow copy exactly, even if it goes through the window. But change his proof in places where he has done his duty, where the proof is like the copy, and you insult him. And you'd better leave before he discovers the change, for a scrap will be brooding—and ink rollers are nasty weapons in a printers hands.

The tramp was an interesting fellow. All of them are—especially tramp printers of the old school. This one was about fifty years old. The advent of the linotype, and the monotype, and other modern printing machinery, had cut him out of a regular job. He was touring the country, doing piece-meal jobs here and there in country printshops for his living. His hair was gray, and a bushy moustache covered his lip. The old printers wore such a mustache to keep the type dust from their lungs. In his mouth stuck

the corncob pipe that he sacrificed, for the sake of punctuation, when he left.

The first copy he had was well written. An eminent member of the English department had prepared it. The old man glanced thru it, and then he took the pipe from his mouth. His brow wrinkled. He said nothing, tho. I peeped over his shoulder at the page. Heavy capitals and heavy underscores decorated it. He went to work, prepared his proof, and the proof was read. The old man eyed it. He didn't take out his pipe, but he clinched it between his teeth, and started his tongue. The professor had gone. I had business on the outside.

The old man stood it a week.

Numerous such instances are available. But what's the use?

The cap, the pipe, and the sock have even now waited our years.

YES—BUT

I know it's wrong to covet what another feller's got,
For it's writ down in th' Bible 'n I've heard it preached a lot;
But it ain't in human nature not to want th' other feller's girl
When her eyes is full uv star-shine, 'n her hair's just bleeged to curl.
No it aint in human nature not to love her nary bit,
When her smile's bright ez daylight with th' joy of life in hit.
An I am powerful human, just a plain ongainly man,
Who duz th' best he knows to—that is, when he can.
But jest let them soft feelin's kinder git th' upper-holt
An it's, "Solong, Ten Commandments." I'm ez frisky ez a colt.
Yes, I know it's wrong to covet what another feller's got,
An' I never want his oxen nor his barn ner paster lot;
But it haint in human nature not to want thet girl of hisn,
When her eyes is full uv star-shine, 'n th' sap of life is sizzin'.

THE GIRLS SAY, "A BARBARROUS HABIT"

T. M. Hunter

Not long ago I saw an article in a paper, written by a girl, making fun of kissing. I would bet my last soda-check that if she should take up the yellowed pages of her past, she would find the word "loving" written more than once therein. "What does that mean", you ask? A kiss is the rose-red dot over the letter "i" in loving. She will see, toward the bottom of some of the pages where she and he sat together in the moonlight, whispering, building air-castles, planning the things that have not been—all secrets, and some which never went through mortal ears. A kiss is the secret that elects the lips for ere. She will find there too, in fading memory, time when she first laid her head upon his shoulder. "Her head, fit to rule an empire," he must have told her. She will find that the seal she gave that confession was—what? A kiss. Oh! yes, she remembers. I would like to meet that girl to see if she really thinks kissing is barbarous, and what she has to substitute for it. I wonder what she does when conversation lags, as it always does at twenty minutes after. After what? Why, that doesn't matter—after the last kiss, if you are not dealing with the soul variety. Twenty minutes after one of those is usually about the time the old man up stairs gets to walking in his sleep.

It is perfectly horrible to kiss. Thoroughly do I agree with any girl who sees fit to mention it among the other barborous habits of men. Men have a lot of barbarosities. Of course, girls don't like to kiss. I don't blame them when they are writing in newspapers about it. Kissing in the public eye, isn't any fun. Society prohibits it in pub-

lic, but provides cozy corners for its private propagation.

It isn't any fun to kiss a girl, anyway. I don't see why they will insist upon it. They lie back in your arms with their heads on your manly shoulder, and whisper, with their eyes almost closed.

"Kiss me, dear."

Their wee little voices are so pleading, that you bend over a little, and away out in the further hall, the old grand father clock begins its midnight serenade. The last stroke—a footstep somewhere near. You raise your head quickly, guiltily. She is on the other side of the cozy-corner, arranging her hair. Yes, kissing is wrong. It's naughty, they tell me—the girls do—and yet it's nice, and they all like it. There are some you cannot kiss—so the fellows tell me. There are some others that you cannot stop kissing, because—the girls reason—they will not let you. Just about two of those soul kisses—well, if you are not ready to quit, the old man will be telling you that it is time to go home.

There is yet another class of girls. These are the ones you wouldn't kiss if you could. The class you can't kiss—the ones the other fellows have told me about—all live abroad. I haven't been over, but I am going over there to see how they manage it. That is, manage to keep it such a secret. Our girls are most skillful at it. I know one girl here who held a fellow's hand out of the window for two hours, when her best beau was proposing to her in the parlor, and he never knew. Yes, personally speaking, for she will never know, I have seen the inside and outside of this concealment. When I was inside, it was my girl; when I was on the outside, I let him have her.

This matter of kissing is a strange thing, anyway. I have never understood why the men gave it up, and the women still cling to it. The Bible says, "Greet your brother with a holy kiss." I guess the men got tired of that one style and the rest of the varieties take up too much time. Now, wouldn't it be strange to see two men sitting in a dark,

red cozy-corner, with the lights turned low, the draperies falling gracefully before them, and there, to see them exchanging soul kisses? Yet, all the same the girls like it. I never saw one yet, who, with her magnificent head upon your shoulder, and the soul kiss between you—I never saw one that wouldn't slowly close her eyes, and look as though she was shipped for heaven, prepared.

The University Magazine

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The people in the south consider the hookworm a great big joke, or an insult. From the view-point of the hookworm doctor one opinion is as dangerous as the other. And so it comes about that the battle agaisnt this Southern infection of hook-worm opens with an educational campaign. The forces which would be at work driving out the enemy, must spend a good portion of energy in effecting a breach.

For that division of the people who do not take the hookworm seriously we have some sympathy—the condition due to the hook-worm has become so a matter of course they are not even dissatisfied with it: two or three lantern slides and a pamphlet of statistics should suffice to convert them. But for those people—and in this class come many of the newspapers of the South—who take any suggestion of hook-worm as a reflection upon their chivalry or some other precious quality, or who, convinced that they have the desease, hide away the fact in shame, we have very much the same feeling of vexation that we have always had for that fool Greek boy who, for pride's sake, denied his crime of theft while the fox beneath his coat ate out his heart. If

the Spartan had confessed he, probably, would have got off with a hearty spanking, and would have lived to steal many more foxes. The fellow who said he would rather be a live coward than a dead hero isn't altogether to be dispised. But while hook-worm is called hook-worm Doctor Stiles must fight against a terrible prejudice. Stomach-ache wasn't popular until somebody named it appendicitis; Hook-worm will not increase in favor until it is known as *vermis-hamatus*.

Meanwhile, the campaign in North Carolina has begun in earnest. The first points of attack are the colleges and universities. Sensibly so; for every student may become a missionary, preaching the truth in vacation time. And the students, as far as their influence goes, should see to it that those men who would help us are not placed upon the defensive.

THINGS TALKED ABOUT

THE NEED OF A BUSINESS COURSE AT THE UNIVERSITY

"A university," says "Billie" Noble, "is a place where you can get anything you want all the time.

Professor Noble is right, as usual, for the term "universal", applied to education, takes in the whole scope of human knowledge.

Both American and foreign universities are getting pretty well used to broad curriculums—so broad that everything from hoeing corn to the most sublime heights of speculative philosophy get into the same mixing pot. The catalogue of Harvard University is as large as that of Sears and Roebuck, and almost as conglomerate. Yet the order is perfect and the selections are perfectly practicable. The real purpose of education is never forgotten—the purpose of training minds to correct habits of thought and study, as well as making them store-houses of well selected and well arranged facts. "To know something about everything, and everything about something" is true university education.

The framers of the constitution of 1868 knew this fact, for they embodied in article 9, section 14, that "as soon as practicable after the adoption of this constitution, the General Assembly shall establish and maintain in connection with the University a department of agriculture, of mechanics, of mining, and of normal instruction".

Considering this relationship and the universality of education at the University, one can readily see good cause for the enlargement of the curriculum, whenever such enlargement seems advisable.

The course the University needs right now is one in business, embracing such studies as stenography, book-keeping, penmanship, English grammar, commercial law, and the

like. A course of this nature would be of benefit to the University as placing it in the list of schools at which the more practicable studies are taught; it would help the business ability of the students in general; and it would give poor students the means of working their way through college.

Any one will grant that a course in business training is practicable. There is, also, at present a wide spread feeling that college training is unpracticable. Diplomacy would say to establish courses of undoubted practicability to allay this feeling. Many would be attracted to the University by this course, alone, because of its practical nature. While here many would doubtless become interested in the other branches of study, and so become university students in the broad meaning of the word.

Then, also, perhaps the greatest benefit of this course would be the teaching of the students in general the fundamental principles of business. The usual college graduate is about as helpless as a baby in the world of business, unless he has had special experience. As a result he is forced to take a position at a low salary in order to get the necessary business training. The earnings of college graduates for the first year after graduation average about six-hundred dollars. This is far less than is earned by book-keepers and stenographers, men with business training.

A large percentage of the students are working their way through college, and they are doing it under difficulties. Most of these men make their board as waiters. About the only way they have of making cash is by doing stenographic work, or work requiring special business training. This work is done in college. During vacation, book-keeping and stenography furnish better positions and pay more money for a short time than any other jobs that can be secured for the summer months. Then, the University, which claims to be a school at which the poor boy can work his way, should utilize this easy and benificial means of giving him the required training.

We have seen that the term "university" means an institution of learning whose scope is limited only by expediency. We have seen, also, that a business course would be in keeping with this definition of a university, and that it would be of practical benefit to the students in giving them essential knowledge, and in aiding poor students to work their way through the University. For these reasons, a business course should be added to the curriculum of the University.

Gambling is the business method of the child mind—getting something for nothing. Sound business principle is giving value for value. Gambling is total violation of sound business principle. Therefore no bank will allow a gambler or a thief within its service. The gambler takes and gives nothing in return. Therefore he loses confidence in himself. He loses the right valuation of money. This makes him spend recklessly. This tends to destroy self-control. This means loss of character. Gambling is the enemy of student life. It presents itself as the business side of student life. He wants the money. He will not steal. He has nothing to sell. He uses the device of gambling. He takes it from his friend and gives him nothing in its place. It is a false thing and deadly in its effects.

ALUMNI NOTES

Thurman Leatherwood, ex-'10, is now working in Bryson City, N. C.

C. D. Wardlaw, '09 is teaching in the MacKensie School, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

J. C. Wilkins, of last year's second year medical class is now continuing his course in Baltimore, Md.

Rev. M. D. McNeill, who graduated here several years ago is pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Sanford, N. C.

George Rutzler ex-'11, is now in New Orleans, La.

F. A. Willcox is a prominent attorney at Florence, S. C.

L. F. Ross, ex-'11, is working in Asheboro.

W. T. McLeran, ex-'11, is working at Saltillo, Miss.

B. O. Shannon, '08, is principal of the Ahoskie School, Ahoskie, N. C.

W. R. Jones, '06, is working in Nanton Alta, Canada.

G. O. Rogers is teaching at Rosman, N. C.

C. C. Barnhardt, '05, is practicing law at High Point, N. C.

L. C. Gilliam, ex-'10, is working in Darlington, S. C.

B. T. Groome, ex-'08, is with the U. S. Engineering Dept. Navasota, Texas.

W. H. Sory, ex-'10, is working in Hartsville, S. C.

W. G. Harry, ex-'12 is farming at his home near Grover, N. C.

A. C. Dalton, '06, is practicing law in Greensboro.

Luther Lockhart, '02, has been appointed State Oil Chemist, of the Department of Agriculture. Since leaving college he has been in the service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, in the Chemical Bureau, for several years. At the time of his appointment he was assistant professor in Chemistry at Cornell.

Albert Stewart, ex-'11, is with the Cumberland Savings and Trust Co., of Fayetteville, N. C.

J. B. Clark is a prominent attorney at Elizabethtown.

Ray Henry, '06, is a chemist with the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co., Richmond, Virginia.

Smith Henry, ex-'10,is at his home at Lilesville.

Jas. A. Lockhart, is a prominent lawyer at Wadesboro. Mr. Lockhart was a Senator from Anson County to the last General Assembly.

L. V. Dunlap, who graduated in Medicine from the University Medical School last year, is practicing his profession in Anson County.

Frank Dunlap, B.L. '08, is practicing law in Wadesboro.

EXCHANGES

The magazines containing the following articles may be found in the reading room of the library.

"The Artist" (story) *Nassau Literary Magazine*, March.

"Judith and Holofernes" (drama) *U. of Va. Magazine*, December.

"The Life and Death of Dr. Elisha Mitchell" *Davidson College Magazine*, January-February.

"Southern Literature Since the War" *Nassau Literary Magazine*, February.

"One Trouble with the Law—the Lawyer" *Redwood*, March.

"Standards of Success" and "The Student as an Investor" *Columbia Quarterly*, December.

"An Unfamiliar Aspect of Ibsen" and "First Impressions of Germany" *Trinity Archive*, February.

"An Old-fashioned Artist" (Jane Austen) *Hollins Quarterly*, February.

THE PURPLE FLOWER

Anna Irene Miller

There was once a man and a woman who walked many days in a meadow where ferns were fragrant under foot and the flowers were the white stars of spring, and they were at peace in the meadow. But one day the woman said, "Follow me," and she led the man a weary way to a barren hill, where the thin grass could scarcely anchor the shifting soil. Higher and higher they climbed, and at last they came to the summit and found it to be the edge of a cliff, and far below, at the end of the world, the ocean beat.

"What do you see?" asked the woman.

"I see the white waves breaking and the long lines they grave on the sands and the laughing feet of the children who are dancing in the spray."

"And that is all?" said the woman.

"Yes," said the man, and she took him gently by the hand and led him back to the meadow again.

They had strolled many days till the white stars of the earliest spring were waning before the sun-globed buttercups, when the woman led the man again to the cliff-side.

"What do you see?" she asked.

"The long line of the changing waves," he answered, "the dancing children, and beyond them, against the blue, the white sails of the out-going ships."

"And that is all?" said the woman.

And when the man answered "Yes," she took him gently by the hand and they returned to the meadow.

The strawberries gleamed like coral through the grass-stems and the broadening leaves were cool at noonday, when again the woman led the weary way to the cliff's edge.

"You see—," she prompted.

"I see the waves," the man answered patiently, "the child-dances and the far ships."

"Nothing more?" asked the woman.

The man strained his eyes toward the distance.

"Yes," he said, "Yes! beyond the last wing of a gull, at the fartherest horizon where the sea mingles with the heaven, a Purple Flower and my heart is even now weak with the longing for it."

The woman looked long at the sea, and when she turned to the man, her face said many things, but all the man saw was joy.

"Let us lose no time," she said, and she took the man by the hand and led him down the cliff by a narrow path, and behold a boat lay upon the sand.

"Launch it," said the woman, "and take your way to the Purple Flower."

"But the boat is small, and how are we to sail?"

"The boat is large enough for one," answered the woman. "and but one may gather the Purple Flower."

A shadow fell upon the man's joy.

"The meadow is sweet," said he, "and our quiet days—how shall I leave them and you?"

For answer the woman pointed steadily far to sea, and a great eagerness came upon the man and he leaped to his paddle.

The woman stood motionless till the white side of the boat became as small as the tiniest cockle-shell which a child finds upon the shore, flashed once more and disappeared like a gull's wing. Then the look which meant joy faded from the woman's face, and she threw herself upon the beach, and her long hair mingled with the sands.

—*The Columbia Monthly.*

THE SEA-SHELL

W. F. McCormack

To my ear I held a sea-shell,
Listened, listened, listened to it;
Heard the mazy, magic music
Winding, winding, winding through it,
    Fairylike and wild.
Heard the mermaid's twining bugles
Calling, calling, calling quaintly;
Heard the ocean's far-off footsteps
Falling, falling, falling faintly—
    But I was a child.

To my ear I held a sea-shell,
Listened, listened, listened to it,
Heard the jaded body's pulses
Beating, beating, beating through it,
    With a measured sway.

Heard the blood the veins encircling,
Heard the nerves vibrating quickly,
Heard this engine of a body
Throbbing, throbbing, throbbing sickly—
I was old and gray.

Science? I have won a little,
Dipt into the lore of sages;
Knowledge? I have read a little
In that book of countless pages—
Just a line or two.
Read—but lost the sea-shell's music,
Lost the beauties there abiding,
Lost the phantasies and wonders
That, before my fancy gliding,
As a child I knew.

—*Xavier.*

THE WITCH LADY

F. L. W. '11

Out of the window,
When I'm in bed,
I can see the leaves
Of the apple tree;
And there in the branches,
My nursie said,
Lives a little dark witch
Who sings to me.
Oh, she dances and sings
When the moon hangs low,
And the shade of her skirt
Floats to and fro.
And this is the song
She sings to me—
The little dark witch
In the apple tree.

Come with me, and find the branches
Where the moonbeams hang the brightest,
Where the white moth flutters softly
And the moonflower drops her petals—
Hushaby!

Hear the little breeze go sighing
Till it finds the silver poplar
And, within its soft heart lying,
Nestles down, forgets to whisper—
Hushaby!

We will find the shaded hollows
Where the bats are flitting over,
Where the pools of water sparkle,
Where the busy firefly dances—
Hushaby!

Do you see me singing, dancing
In and out among the branches,
Over leaves and under flowers,
Under flowers white with moonlight?—
Hushaby!

Oh, I watch and I watch
Where the moonbeams go
And the shade of her skirt
Floats to and fro;
But she hides her away,
And I never can see
The little dark witch
In the apple tree.

—*The Mount Holyoke*

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

With deep regret the Faculty of the University of North Carolina has recorded in its journal the death of Professor Eben Alexander. Officially he was Professor of Greek, Supervisor of the Library, and Dean of the University; personally he was the helpful friend of his colleagues, the students, the alumni, and of many others in the wide range of his acquaintance who seemed to need his help. But in no one of his acts was there lacking the charm of his personality.

In response to the demands constantly made upon him from so many varied sources, he freely gave his learning, his culture, his wise counsel, and a large store of valuable information. He gave himself.

His rare intellectual gifts, supported by habits of rigid discipline and by an ever-ready spirit of helpfulness, assured his work of success. And so, whatever he undertook to do, he did thoroughly and well, as student, teacher, foreign minister, counselor, friend, and citizen.

The University laments the loss of this gifted and faithful friend. It misses him in many departments in which he wrouhgt so effectively, it misses his inspiring presence and his kindly courtesy. But we rejoice to know that his influence still lives in the high ideals which he gave to University life. His work is an enduring monument.

With those who knew him best we join in doing honor to his memory and we offer them respectfully our sympathy in our common loss.

W. D. Toy,
E. K. Graham,
W. S. Bernard,
For the Faculty.

March 18, 1910.

BOOK REVIEW

LEAVES OF LIFE, by Samuel Harley Lyle, Jr. The McGregor Co., Athens, Ga. 1910.

This little volume by a young North Carolinian, an alumnus of the State University, is a collection of poems which were published, for the most part, in *The University Magazine* during the past four years. The volume contains the first North Carolina poetry issued in book form since the "Lyrics from Cotton Land" by the late John Charles McNeil. Poetry by North Carolinians in any great quantity indeed, appears rarely and far between. An occasional snatch of verse is published here and there by some temporary poet whom the muse of song has touched mayhap, unbeknowingst to herself. A poet, forsooth, does not live at every cross roads, despite the *Charlotte Observer*.

A great many of Mr. Lyle's poems are love lyrics. To best give an idea as to their contents and style one or two of his shortest poems are chosen:

KATHERINE

"A smile that flashing to your lips,
Breaks glorious as the dawning day,
A voice whose rippling melody
Rings sweeter than the songs of May,
And the blue of your eye
Is as deep as the sky
That smiles forever above you;
And, oh, how fair, your brow and your hair—
I love you, I love you, I love you!"

TO JUELLE

"To hold with men the helm of State,
And gain the praise of the world;
To wield the pen of love and peace,
When the flag of war is furled;

To strive to win a hero's fame,
And the honors of life pursue—
These are the things ambition calls,
But my heart cries out for you."

In a few of Mr. Lyle's poems is an expression of a mood akin to melancholy. For instance, in

THE SILENT WATCHES

"At midnight, when all the house is quiet in sleep,
And silently the shadows creep
Across the floor;
With the candle lowly, dimly burning,
Then is your mind the day's work turning—
Nothing more?

"Comes there to your heart no stillness and no sadness,
Black fear that grips with hand of madness—
No inward fright?

Do you hear no lost voice in the silence calling,
Grim cadence to the cold rain falling
Out in the night?

"Close you then your eyes in calm and holy rest,
No tearing conscience at your breast,
No haunting face?

Ah, thrice blessed you whose sleep is sweet, serene,
Whose eyes no thronging shapes have seen—
To God give grace!"

Mr. Lyle lends an ease to the reading of his poetry by his careful selection of words. His crispness of style and expression clarify the thought content.

SKETCHES

THAT SUBTILE SHADOW

The cynic says there are twenty women. Yet, if there be a real, true living cynic, he is but a creature of warped and twisted mind, saying what he believes not. How few men there are who are openly honest with their own emotions! There may be twenty women in a man's life, and yet, after all, there is but one. It is so easy to be cynical. It is hard to face that fleeting shadow and give it credence. It exists, however, and it is present with us all.

That subtile shadow steals in when it is least expected. To-day it comes, and to-day is compared involuntarily, with her of the past—she of the subtile shadow. That shadow, that shadow ideal, comes and plays its part with each new woman, and somehow the present lacks just a little, maybe, of measuring up to what she was. There is but one, after all, and she plays a part in everything. Looking back—not far perhaps, and sometimes back through many years—she is always there in each man's life, that old sweetheart of his. She rules. She is the standard by which the woman of to-day is measured.

The one woman may still be in a man's life; she may have long ago passed. That doesn't matter—the theme is the same. That ideal she held yesterday may have passed from the form of her, and live as the subtile shadow, web-like, about life's dreams. To-day's love may be the purest of emotions, and yet—always that "yet"—the shadow of her will film-like come and go, and go and come, always. She gave place to a better, peohaps, and yet her shadow will always be suspended there in the sky through the ages. True, as the years go by, the shadow—her little cloud—comes less frequently, and with each appearance its form grows more ambiguous. Here the cynic steps in, and says the shadow isn't there—that it is a new, a fresh creation.

Let the cynic look deep into himself, and if there isn't there in his life, if there isn't there a certain mark, a place for the one woman, then that cynic is but half a man. He has missed the essence of life's happiness.—*T. M. H.*

BILL'S GARRULITY

He comes into the dining room with a rush and breezily starts his jaw-works.

"I greet you," he yells, with an accompanying flourish of the hand, "and I trust that Allah is propitious toward his offspring. Pretty day, this, and you may pass the bread if your mightiness so deigneth."

Supplied with "the staff of life," and fearful lest the circumjacent atmosphere come into a state of quietude, he breaks forth again.

"I am bowed down with gratitude for your exquisite kindness; meanwhile I should relish a little more gustatory excitement. Will you transport hitherward the saccharine and saline ingredients, also shove along the condimentary accessories? Kindly deluge the interior of this glassy receptacle with a portion of aquacity, my labial organs yearn for super-imposed wetness. Thanks stupendously."

He here pauses long enough to sprinkle sugar, salt, and pepper over everything in sight, and incidentally to catch a little breath. Then, taking up the thread of his comment, he continues to amuse his admiring companions, by facetiously drinking the health of the entire body.

"I pledge your well-being with this libation, and petition Olympus to attend your slightest want. Yes, my dear Alphonso, you are graciously permitted to further my masticatory endeavors (esophagusly speaking) or to be exact you may ship me-wards a cask of oleomargarine.—Beautifully perpetrated! And now just a mite of lacteal fluidity to lubricate this aftermath, and your several services are waived until a future emergency."

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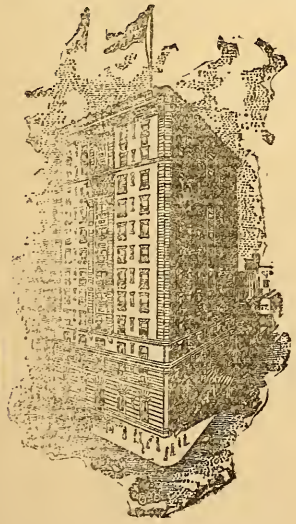

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I don't know what happens later on in his "tirade," for I usually depart in hunger rather than endure such auditory pain.—*C. E. M.*

THE PASSING OF DR. BLISS

Dr. Bliss had been my constant companion for fourteen years. The little dog had connected himself with all the joys of childhood, and even when I became a man, he lost none of his devotion. He looked up to me; he admired me; and everything I did was right to him. He was pleased when I petted him, and his little brown eyes showed signs of moisture when I scolded. My word was his code of life, his court of justice, and his book of law. He was a cur dog, it is true; but he was a cur only by birth. In his breeding, in his behavior, and in his life, he was the most blue blooded of gentleman. In his devotion to me he was as unbiased as his one idealed little mind would let him be. It can be truly said of him that he clung closer than a brother.

One day last fall I noticed that he was drooping. I patted him and asked him what was the matter. Though he could not tell me, the look he gave me showed more plainly than words can tell that he heard the call to the Happy Hunting Ground. I made him a soft bed in the corner of the porch, where he was sheltered from the sun and wind. He took the medicine I prepared for him, seeming to realize for what it was meant. Yet, withall, hour by hour, he got weaker, and late the next afternoon, I saw the end was near. The little fellow looked up at me with big tears standing in his soft eyes, and seemed to say:

"I must leave you, master. You have been good to me."

With one last feeble effort he licked my hand. In that final token of love administered upon me by my faithful dog I felt the pent up emotions of fourteen years' comradeship, and I knew that the dog knew. His little frame relaxed, and he was dead.

The poet's note rang true when he said:

"God! make me worthy of my dog."—*T. M. H.*

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BORES

A bore is as a dog with fleas—only one may not kick him. He is as a mustard plaster in the small of the back whence one may not pluck it. He is as a broken collar, a tight pair of shoes, a cinder in the eye or a shirt whose tail escapeth. He sticketh closer than a brother-in-law of whom one has borrowed money. He cannot be shaken; nor does one call him aside for consultation.

His coming is sure, his going uncertain. He rides on the cars, he walks in the street. He tells a joke in the drug store, prates of horses or women at dinner. Even at the pawnshop one may not escape him. At the ends of the earth may he be found morn, noon, and even.

Hell is full of him; I have fear of heaven. He is a wicked man, or mayhap a church member. He may even preach; and I have known some who were of the Baptist persuasion. Unconfined is he by latitude, longitude, or proximity to a clean pair of pajamas.

The mumps are fine compared to him, measles much to be preferred, and prickly heat more soothing. He suggested paregoric to Eve, iodine to Job, a fish-chop to Jonah, to Congress tariff revision. All this and more I forgave him until he talked of his girl to me—then I went crazy.

—O. J.C.

THE VALLEY OF REALIZATION

Down the rock-bound slopes of the Hills of Conflicting Dreams I came at dawn into the sunlit Valley of Realization.

Everywhere bright-hued and fragrant flowers rioted in luxuriant profusion; hundreds of clear-throated songsters flitted and carolled in the dark-foliaged trees, decked with dew-gemmed morning glories; a small, clear stream ran the length of the Valley, rippling over a bed of crystal and gold.

My weary feet were torn and blistered from the jagged stones on the Hills of Conflicting Dreams, and the cool,

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moist grass of the Valley was balm to my aching wounds.

Seated on the flower-strewn bank of the rippling stream, surrounded by lilies and violets, robed in clinging white, I came suddenly upon the woman of all my dreams, Angodea of many sleepless nights and pain-wracked years. In an eternity of yearning her eyes met mine, quivered, fell. The rising sun glowing in her dark hair, a heavenly smile on her lips, she reached her white arms out to me—and I knew I had come, unexpecting, into the Valley of Realization, and that my dreams were no longer the hopeless longings of the Past, but glorious realities of the Present and the Future.

—*Samuel H. Lyle, Jr.*

"CORN PLANTIN' TIME"

"When a man's been raised on the farm," said a senior the other day, "he always has a hankering to get back in the spring of the year. It never gets out of his bones."

It is as true as that other observation, made by Tennyson, about the direction a young man's fancy takes at this season of the year. You wake up in the morning, and the calm sunshine is streaming in through the window. You hear the clear, whistling notes of a redbird, and recall the old saying about its being "corn plantin' time" when redbirds begin to sing. You fancy the old mules, in clinking plow gear, nibbling the green sprigs in front of the barn, while the boys are fastening new points on the plows. You hear the "old man"—bless his soul—whistling as he comes down the path, for he always whistles at "corn plantin' time."

"Begin at the low side, boys, there by the spring," you hear him say. "Plow out them ditches good and wide, and don't let that collar hurt Rhoda's shoulder."

And, with a feeling that you are disgracing your "raisin" by staying in bed until the sun is an hour high, you get up, half wishing that you were back there, turning furrow upon furrow across the old spring hill, in the warm sunshine and the sweet, pure air.

—*W. H. J.*

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"IN THE SPRING"

My door bursts open. I behold a resplendent vision of a new spring suit.

"How's it look?", he asks.

"Fine," I reply.

"Fit aw-right 'round the collar?"

"Couldn't be better."

"How 'bout the shoulders?"

"Not a wrinkle."

"Coat too long?"

"No, just right."

"How 'bout the pants?"

"Fit you to a *t*."

"Somehow'r it don't look near as good to me in the suit as it did in the sample."

"Oh, that's aw-right. I felt the same way 'bout mine till I'd worn it once or twice."

"Go'na sport some in these rags, ain't we, ol' boy?"

"Well, I guess."

"Say, I wanta show you my blue. It's a peach, too. Be back'n a minute."

"Good, I'll be glad to see it," I return. And as he goes out, I try to transfer my interest for a moment to prosier things than new spring suitings. E. W. T.

DURN FOOL'S DICTIONARY

Consumer—A sucker, see easy mark.

Durn Fool—One who hearing our words of wisdom keepeth his own opinion.

Elimination—The survival of the fittest given its logical application.

Folly—Exchanging smiles with a blonde stenographer.

Got—Word signifying possession, sometimes found in expression, "What you got?" Usually answered by counter expression, "Got you beat."

Justice—A relic of barbarism fast dying out as a custom.

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Kiss—A portent, usually signifies a law-suit.

Love—A condition of the liver which grows out of disuse of the brain.

Matrimony—A state of unstable equilibrium.

Nothing—The conversation at a church social.

Odor—The only quality all people have in common.

Prohibition—See Sherman on war.

Respectability—A point in doubt, see bluff.

Temptation—A cold bottle, see chorus-girl.

Union-suit—A garment entered by the back way.

Variety—X.

Whiskey—An almost extinct form of a good time enjoyed by The Sons of the Confederacy.

Youth—A question of experience.

Zounds—A polite expletive of emasculinity.

THE FRESHMAN

He comes into my room like a gust of March wind. He chooses that best rocker and settles back in it, making a foot-stool of my radiator. He is quite a picture as he sits there. Turned-up trousers of the latest shade and stripes, a large gold signet ring on the little finger of his left hand, a larger signet pin in the midst of a brilliant red cravat, a short-stemmed pipe curling down over a rounded chin, a bored expression on a dissipated countenance, and over all a rakish hat perched carelessly. He blows a luxurious ring of smoke into the air. "Le's see. To-day's the twenty-second, ain't it? Darned if 'tain't time for me to be getin' a check." He puffs on for a while in silence. "I'll swear," he breaks out suddenly, "any man that expects me to get up all this mess is just a fool, a dern fool, and no mistake." He hums a sententious little air. He makes a sudden, restless movement as if to leave me, but relents and still sits puffing away at his pipe and offering occassional comments on things in general.

—*E. W. T.*

The University Magazine

MAY, 1910

Old Series, Vol. 40 No. 6 New Series, Vol. 27

WAYS OF MEN

Samuel H. Lyle, Jr.

By the untrod ways at the base of the hills
Where Nymphs and Fairies play,
And the nights come on with a rush of stars
At the close of the sunlit day;
By the drowsy drone of the village lane
Where a lass and a swain have met
In the dew-bright dawn of Love's first dream,
And Life is true to them yet;
By the restful fire of furnace light
Where Toil and Lust and Fame
Have brought no tears in the passing years,
And there is no blight, no stain;
By the evening glow of farm-house lamp,
And the Quiet and Plenty there,
By the men who rise to the task at dawn,
And the women ever fair;
By the God-given peace of the home-hearth fire,
With Love and Purity and Light,
Where the little ones pray at Mother's knee,
And baby lips lisp, "Good-night!"
By the fear-fed halls of Pomp and Fame

Where dark men, power-spurred,
Send forth the Lie that rules the world,
And mould the Untrue Word;
By the red-dyed fields of battle strife
Where Hate and Bloodthirst reign,
By flash of steel and powder-reek,
By horror-stricken Pain;
By the shriek and roar of factory wheels,
Where the Altars of Greed are red,
Where the sacrifice is Human Flesh,
And the Gods are never fed;
By the wayward paths of Sin and Hate,
With naught to bring surcease,
Where wanton men are wont to stray,
And mar God's work of Peace;
By the maddening roar of city streets,
The gloss, the glitter, the glare,
By all the pools of Stagnant Filth
That men must needs deem fair;
By the crimson lure of Red-Light Hells,
Where Love is a putrid name,
And Honor is bound to the God of Lust,
And Purity is sold to Shame;
By waving palm and spreading fir,
By mountain height and plain,
By all the untracked ways across
The ever-boundless Main;
By rushing waters in the South,
By white-flecked plains of the West,
By the somber wastes of No-Man's Land,
And the cities of Unrest,—
By all the ways that men have trod,
Or Love, or Lust, or Blood,
I have roved a bit about this world,
And life I find it good!

THE WINNING EXHIBIT IN THE FIRST ANNUAL CONTEST FOR THE BEN SMITH PRESTON MEMORIAL CUP

Brevard D. Stephenson

DIVISION A. SPECIAL ARTICLE

JAMES GORDON, THE GENTLEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI

"It will live in the records of the Senate as probably the most remarkable address, either of a new Senator coming in or of an old one going out, that has ever been delivered. Its patriotism and good fellowship, broad mindedness, charity and humor will remain among the best recollections of those who heard it." So Senator Depew characterized the speech delivered by James Gordon, of Mississippi, just before his retirement. Colonel Gordon had served in the Senate about sixty days, from the time when he was appointed by Governor Noel, at the death of Senator McLaurin, until the election of his successor by the Mississippi legislature. His short, picturesque career in the Senate is known to all, and it is not putting it too strongly to say that he completely won the affection of the nation. Colonel Gordon was loved and revered in his native state, however, long before he came before the eye of the nation.

I was a student at the University of Mississippi during the session of 1908-1909, and had many opportunities for cultivating an acquaintance with Colonel Gordon. He was a member of the Board of Trustees and came often to the University. I remember him as a man of large frame, commanding presence and tremenduous personality. He was rather feeble and sometimes walked with a stick, though he carried himself with remarkable erectness. His gray hair was a little long, and brushed back over his neck. His forehead was broad, giving him, together with the gentle

light in his eyes, an expression of benignity. His mustache and beard were gray. Altogether, his whole appearance was what we should expect to see in a Southern statesman of the old school. He used to speak to us sometimes in chapel, and somehow the students always burst into applause,—not mere complimentary applause, but wild, tumultuous enthusiasm,—whenever he walked grandly out upon the platform. Then he would throw his head back, and begin to talk in slow, gentle tones that stole away the hearts of his listeners. He would tell them that they were destined to be the future leaders of Mississippi, the future statesmen, editors, and capitalists. We had been told this many times before, but never in the manner in which he told us. Before closing his talk, he always turned to the girls,—the University of Mississippi has co-education,—and addressed a few words especially to them. These were always the words of a chivalrous gentleman, and showed the deepest reverence for womanhood. Occasionally, Colonel Gordon spoke beyond his time, but no one noticed that. The bell would clang out that the twenty minutes allowed for chapel had passed, and classes must begin, but classes were forgotten, and not a student would stir from his seat until the venerable speaker had finished. And then what applause! If it was tumultuous before, now it was deafening. Men went buoyantly out of chapel, proud of their state, and determined to be worthy sons of Mississippi. And yet, Colonel Gordon was not by any means a fiery, emotional orator. He spoke calmly, softly, and gently, and inspired his audiences. I never heard him bitterly denounce any person or thing. His was essentially constructive statesmanship.

In private, he preserved the same mien as in public. He spoke to everybody, and when a student was presented to him, he would take his hand with such simplicity, and beam upon him so kindly, that the boy felt that he was in the presence of greatness. He was dignity incarnate, and his every movement expressed quiet self command. In few words, he was a noble example of the most perfect type of

Southern gentleman. Certainly, he was an idol of the students at the University, and it would have ill behooved anyone to come upon the campus and say anything uncomplimentary about Colonel Gordon. But we looked upon him as a man who lived in a past age, whose day was over, and we little dreamed he would one day sit in the United States Senate, and become a national figure.

Colonel Gordon was born into the high aristocracy of the old South. He inherited enormous wealth, in land, slaves, and other property. He spent this fortune, as he himself said "like a gentleman". His Southern lavishness and open handedness, together with the fortunes of war and the turmoil of reconstruction, swept away his money and property. After the period of reconstruction, he was a poor man,—as almost every loyal Southerner. His was not the sort of temperament for amassing money, and along with many another man who had lost everything for the Confederacy, he was unable to get away from his old character of lord of the manor, who would scorn to concern himself with financial matters, who regarded it as beneath his dignity to care about small sums of money, and who was afterwards unable to adjust himself to new conditions, and join in the scramble for the dollar. The business code of the Mississippi planters before the war was substantially this: raise more cotton to buy more slaves, buy more slaves to raise more cotton, raise more cotton to buy more slaves, and so on. After the war when there were no more slaves to raise more cotton, they were left completely stranded. Colonel Gordon's ideal of life probably was to pass his days in ease upon his plantation, cultivating such arts as he chose and spending his money "like a gentleman". This explains, in a measure, why he was far from rich when appointed to the Senate. Though knowing hardship, Colonel Gordon now enjoys remarkable health and vitality, although advanced in years. He has been married three times,—he married his living wife when quite an old man.

During the war, Colonel Gordon distinguished himself by

his generous bearing toward opponents. He was marked by that noble courtesy which has been one of his notable traits in after years. Although he modestly confesses that he sometimes "skedaddled"—something which probably many have done, but few admitted,— we know that he performed some brilliant deeds of daring. He captured a number of prisoners, including General Shafter, then a major in the Nineteenth Michigan. He also took prisoner General Coburn, and brought him from Franklin, Tennessee, to Tullahoma, Mississippi. General Coburn requested General Cheatam and General Polk for permission to present his sword to Colonel Gordon "for kindnesses extended to him when he was a prisoner of war." Colonel Gordon sent home this sword, with this written request of General Coburn, containing the signatures of General Cheatham and General Polk. Later, when Grierson made his raid through Mississippi, and a band of Federal soldiers were about to pillage Gordon's home, his wife showed the sword and petition to the adjutant. Immediately, the soldiers were withdrawn and a guard placed around the house. Colonel Gordon has characterized the Seventh Illinois and Second Iowa as the "meanest regiments I had to fight".

Gordon was a true representative of the South in his affection for the old family negroes. As illustrative of this feeling, perhaps it would not be amiss to quote a few lines composed by the Colonel on his old black mammy:

"She was lovely to me in her colored bandana,
With which she turbaned her head;
Her songs were far sweeter thau flute or piano
As she put me to sleep in my bed;
Her soft crooning voice I can never forget,
Like an angel in dreams, she comes to me yet."

Altogether, his character typifies whatever was best in the Old South and also in the new. Recently, a book has been written that hints that there was no old Southern ariscocracy, that it is all a myth, manufactured after the war. Colonel Gordon is the most complete answer that could be

given to Walter Page's *The Southerner*. The man who could stand in Colonel Gordon's presence for five minutes and deny the Old South, and affirm that the old Southern traditions should be swept away, would indeed be hardened in prejudice.

It is no wonder Washington went wild over such a type of man as this. He was irresistible, with his generosity, simplicity, and chivalry. Characteristic of him was his famous Washington theatre party. Although a poor man, and receiving for his time in the Senate only about $1100, yet he could hardly have spent less than $400 on this generous entertainment. He simply invited the entire Senate, together with the wives of all these men, to be his guests at the Colombia Theatre for the performance of *The Gentleman from Mississippi*.

Perhaps, the general feeling of the North towards him is best expressed in these lines from a writer by the name of Richard Linthicum, in the New York *World:*

"We're sorry, Cuhnel Gawdon, suh,
to say goodbye to you;
We have much admired to know you
and to hear you talk true blue;
We reciprocate your farewell speech,
as fragrant as the breeze
That brings a breath of roses or of
sweet magnolia trees."

Farther on in this verse are the lines:

"We'll miss your courtly manners, suh,
we'll miss your gentle ways,—
The salt and savor of the South of
ante-bellum days."

The poem closes with the words:

"But if this parting be the last, we
give you back your toast:
Of all the sections of our land, we
love each one the most;

And may your days out number far
this life's allotted span,—
Here's to you, Cuhnel Gawdon, Senator
and gentleman."

Let us now consider for a moment his words to the Senate. Surely, they were as fair, as broad minded, and as inspiring as anything that has ever been said in that body regarding the South in its relation to the rest of the country. It should be borne in mind, however, that Senator Gordon was not declaiming a set speech. His words do not pretend to have a central thought,—he simply rose and talked informally of whatever came into his mind. This remarkable farewell is still fresh in the mind of the public. The keynote of the speech is contained in the words: "In kindness and friendship, I want to see Mason and Dixon's line obliterated from the map of the United States, and on it the words written, 'our country'. I am tired of sectionalism." He says further, "I know no North, no South, no East, no West; but love my country, every part the best." He spoke of Congress as his father's house, and said he was proud to be in it. In order to gain a clear idea of this speech, one should read it in the Congressional Record, for it is necessarily incomplete in the newspaper reports.

Everyone recalls how, at the conclusion of this simple talk, Senator Depew arose and said he had never heard or read any speech so impressive. "No matter how wonderful a genius or great a statesman succeeds him", said Senator Depew, "he can never be Senator Gordon, of Mississippi."

Colonel Gordon has now gone back to his home, near the town of Oxford, Mississippi. But he can never, perhaps, make his retirement from the world so complete as it was before his appointment, for even in his secluded Mississippi home, he is deluged with mail from all parts of the country. His letters are of every kind and description. He does not have time to read half the epistles received from distant admirers, endorsing his words in the Senate.

When Governor Noel made known his appointment to the

Senate of James Gordon, an old Confederate soldier who had been living in retirement for years, there were many bitter protests from within the state, declaring that a younger, more active man should have been selected. Some even went so far as to say that the Governor appointed him because he was a relative,—Colonel Gordon is Governor Noel's brother-in-law. Did the Governor make a mistake? The people of the whole country have emphatically declared that he did not. As for James Gordon himself: he had been leading a quiet, uneventful life upon his plantation, dreaming of the days before the war, when he and his people were supreme; dreaming of that long, hard struggle, and of the bitter defeat of the Confederate Cause; of the wreck and ruin of his State; dreaming of the sad past, and wondering, perhaps, if there was any hope for the future. Now, he has something else to look back upon. Now, he will dream of the sixty days that he spent in the Senate of "our country", of the brief time when he dwelt in his "father's house", of the magnificent prospect of a great nation ever increasing in power and strength. No, the Governor's appointment was not a mistake.

DIVISION B. BOOK REVIEW

A REVIEW OF KIPLING'S "ACTIONS AND REACTIONS"

Is *Actions and Reactions* a masterpiece of genius or a literary curiosity? The answers to this question differ. The fact is that Kipling appeals to some and is unbearable to others. From the standpoint of his admirers, this book measures up to Kipling's previous standard, and perhaps goes a little beyond it. The book is a collection of stories and verses. The stories will be considered in some detail, the poetry may be dismissed with a few words. The poetry is similar to the bulk of Kipling's verse. While we look in vain for another Recessional, these verses have the Kipling ring to them. It is charged, and with some truth, that Kipling's later poetry is mechanical and bombastic, but

still it has a singular charm of its own,—lying mostly, perhaps, in the easy flowing rythm and rhetorical phrasing,—which pleases alike the ear and the imagination.

Between the covers of this volume are stories as far apart in subject and manner of treatment as the sultry, oppressive, and occult atmosphere of India is distant from the quiet and quaintness of an English village. So many types are represented that it is difficult to compare the stories. The first place would probably be generally accorded to that wonderful narrative, *With the Night Mail*. This could hardly be excelled for vivid, exciting, thrilling adventure. It portrays the flight of an airship from England to America in the year 2000. Kipling carries out this conception in a high handed manner, revealing stupendous powers of imagination. Again, the rapid, intense, exhilarating style lifts the reader out of himself into the keen atmosphere above the clouds, making him feel the very buoyancy of speeding through the upper spaces of the air. The climax is reached when an electric storm, terrible in its tremendous force, breaks upon and wrecks an air vessel. It is pictured with a fantastic realism which almost makes the reader forget to breathe. One lays aside this story with the feeling of having actually participated in the adventure. Incidentally we are reminded of Jules Verne by the attention to minute mechanical detail.

Turning to the other contents of the book, *An Enforced Habitation* stands out prominently. This story reflects the quaintness of an old fashioned English country community that has preserved the old customs and traditions. It also serves to emphasize the common relationship between England and America. This is a good example of what some critics call Kipling's jingoism, or tendency to exalt the British Empire, and proclaim the unity of all English peoples, in whatever parts of the world they are found. We should not hastily denounce this tendency as an unpardonable crime, tho it certainly is not the highest order of literature; perhaps the natural thing to do is simply to class it among Kipling's eccentricities.

In contrast to these two stories are the two animal tales found in the volume. It would be hard to find a more delightfully human or enjoyable story than *Garm, A Hostage*. It is a simple portrayal of the love between a man and his dog, but it is sure to touch the heart of one who has loved a dog of his own. Incidentally, we here meet again our old friend, Ortheris, of *Soldiers Three*. The other animal story, *The Mother Hive* is of another type. Here we have the identical Kipling of the *Jungle Books*, which many think is the most delightful Kipling of all. This sort of animal story is Kipling's own peculiar province. One cannot fail to notice the very evident allegory contained in *The Mother Hive*.

It is the two stories, *Little Foxes* and *A Deal in Cotton*, which,—to my mind,— most nearly represent the real Kipling. They are both stories of India, imbued with that subtle, indefinable, mystic atmosphere of this author's Indian stories, notably *Kim*. *Little Foxes* pictures the attempt of a governor to introduce the English fox hunt into India, and the amusing consequences,—yes, amusing, for Kipling has a peculiar humor, which not every one appreciates. *A Deal in Cotton* seems to be designed mainly to give the writer an opportunity to display his skill in delineating the Indian character, as well as in portraying the most un-heard-of and Kiplingesque situations.

Of the two remaining stories, *The House Surgeon* is a tale of mystery, extending the theory of telepathy. Possibly, it might be compared to Bulwer Lytton's *The House and the Brain*. The last story to be noticed is *The Puzzler*. I am at a loss to know how to define this one, except to say that it is a light, lively narrative, unlike anything else in the book. The real story, however, is preceded by a mass of matter that causes one to think the author is leading up to one of his "empire building" productions.

Altogether, the most striking characteristic of Kipling as evidenced by this present volume is his superb individuality. His entire style is unique. He stands alone in present day literature,—or in any day literature. Furthermore, he will

probably remain the sole exponent of his art of writing,—for an attempt to imitate him would prove disastrous. The language that he uses is quite as unconventional as his ideas are, for he shows, in certain passages, complete disregard for the commonly accepted rules of rhetoric. Moreover, he uses freely slang terms, foreign words, and so-called Americanisms. In short, he writes as no ordinary writer would dare to do. He may be said to disregard the rules of composition like a master, and he vindicated his right to do so.

Unless one is a blind follower of Kipling, he will probably find some stories in the volume he will not like,—so varied are the types presented. Of course, there are some people who dislike Kipling on principle, but there is scarcely anyone who will not find in this present volume at least one or two stories that will appeal to his temperament.

DIVISION C. SKETCH

MY DEPARTURE

I was returning a borrowed suit case, I held it tight and walked briskly.

"Not going to leave us, are you?" It was Mr. Wilson who spoke.

"No", I replied, "I am only returning a suit case."

I noticed Colonel Harris coming towards me. In passing he stopped.

"Why, Sir", he exclaimed, "where are you going?"

"Nowhere, I am returning a borrowed suit case."

"Where?" he repeated. I raised my voice.

"I am not going anywhere. I am returning a borrowed suit case."

"Oh", he ejaculated, and passed on.

A strong, hearty voice,—yes, it was Tom's, broke upon me with:

"Hello, old man, going to travel?"

"No, just taking back a borrowed suit case. That's all.

I breathed easier, but whom should I see but pompous Mrs. Van Linder approaching. I cursed the fate that had condemned me to carry a suit case that day.

"Wait", commanded a shrill imperious voice, "are you going away?" I bowed, wiping the perspiration from my brow, and muttering inwardly.

"Yes, ma'm", an impulse seizing me, "I am leaving now for San Francisco. From there I sail for the Canary Islands, on government service". And I fled down a side street.

DIVISION C. VERSE

THE DAVIE POPLAR

Still does the Davie Poplar stay,
Though stooping low with age,—
Remnant of an old, old day,
A line from an old, old page.

A stranger in this strange new time,
He muses o'r the past,
Head low bent beneath its rime,
Of comrades all,—the last.

Oh yes, the newer things are best
He knows in his inmost soul,—
But he sighs for a day long gone to rest,
He yearns for the things that are old.

DIVISION C. MISCELLANEOUS

THE TWO STANDARDS

She looked queenly by the afternoon sunlight. We were discussing the *Idylls of the King*.

"Yes", I said, "I think King Arthur was a prig. I would much have preferred to be Launcelot."

"Why?" she enquired.

"Lancelot was human", I replied, "he got some pleasure out of life."

"I never looked at it in that way before," she said, "on the same principle, I should prefer to be Guinevere rather than Elaine."

"What!" I cried.

"Guinevere was human", she said, "she got some pleasure out of life."

I was silent.

THE CASE OF MONSIEUR DUPRES

R. L. Deal.

"My dear Watts," said Shylock Loames, languidly puffing at his pipe, " I often wonder if I am not very near to the realms of the spirit world when I float away in the easy dream of the cocaine needle. When nothing interesting has happened for two weeks, like the last two, then I long to get near the spirit world, where things that grip the soul are whispered to me. De Quincey gives one a faint idea of what it is to leave sordidness and ennui behind, and to become a god. Now, don't frown, my dear doctor, for from where I am sitting I can see a person coming up the street who evidently has work for me, and when there is work the spirit world is almost too intangible. Yet, what would be opened to the science of detection if clairvoyance could be summoned to its aid! Now, this well dressed young man, who is coming just below, is evidently badly mixed up. If the spirits were in active service, he would have no use for a detective, and I would have to turn to my dear slayer of ennui—the cocaine needle."

Loames puffed nervously at his pipe, watching the smoke sway off in thin clouds above him, until a step sounded on the stair. The maid opened the door, but the yonng man was in the room almost as soon as she. He was of medium height, fair and slender. His nervous manner, quick, quizzical smile, and business-like blue eyes made one like him at once. As the weather was warm he wore a yellow linen suit.

"Pardon me," he cried, "but is this Mr. Shylock Loames, the great detective!"

"Have a seat, and recover your breath, my dear sir. I see that working in a bank all day does not help your wind

very much. You should take more exercise. Yes, I am Shylock Loames, as you were pleased to say, the great detective. Now, tell me what I can do for you."

"My name, sir, is Henry Thornton, of Manchester."

"Pray, Mr. Thornton, allow me to introduce my friend and co-worker, Dr. Watts."

We shooks hands, and sat, Loames occupying the center.

"I have heard of your ability, Mr. Loames, but I don't understand how you knew I was a bank cashier," said Thornton, forgetting his purpose with surprise.

"It is very simple," answered Loames. "I saw you worked indoors by your complection and your shortness of breath. The slickness of your right cuff and the worn patch on the left tell that you write a great deal. In addition to your manner, the red, cancelling stamp on the light surface of your right trouser leg tells me that you cancel checks. Then you must work in a bank. You yourself told me that you were cashier, probably as most people do, without being conscious of the fact. Is it not simple?"

"No," answered Thorton, "for you are the only person who would have seen those things."

"But, to tell my story as you requested. My work as cashier for Thos. Cook and Son, Bankers, Manchester, keeps me very busy. In fact, if I had more time I don't think I would have been in this trouble. There is a woman at the bottom of it. I have been engaged to Helen Farrar for twelve months. She was engaged to a fellow by the name of Claud Hill before she met me. Since Helen and I have been engaged, she has persisted in going with Hill, in spite of my remonstrance. She only laughed at me for caring. Hill and she became very much interested in clairvoyance and hypnotism. They went a great deal to the studio of a fellow by the name of Monsieur Dupres. Helen and Hill—"

"Pardon me," broke in Loames, "but did you ever accompany them there?"

"Yes, I went along once or twice. The fellow, Dupres, looks like a crook to me. His work is a very clever fake.

He is a good hypnotist, however. Monday night Helen and Hill induced me to go with them to the studio. They were more entranced than ever, and I was more disgusted. On leaving very late, Hill suggested that we stop at a cafe. We left the cafe in a closed four wheeler. Hill and I left Helen at her home, and came away together. He was in such a bad humor that I slipped out of the carriage at the corner of Houghton and Euston Streets without stopping the driver, thinking that I would get even with Hill by making him pay the driver. I went to my room and retired,—at 368, Templeton Road. In the morning, that is, Tuesday morning, I went to my work, as usual. At ten o'clock I was arrested for the murder of Claud Hill. The driver had found him dead and alone in the carriage on arriving at Hill's rooms at 214, Washington street. He had been choked with a short rope twisted with a short stick. The driver had my address, and thus they got my name, and arrested me on this evidence. I was put on a thousand pound bond, which my company kindly furnished me, and I at once set about clearing the thing. I was referred to you, and here I am."

"A very strong case against you, on surface at least," Loames said. "Now, I want to ask you a few questions. What did Miss Farral have to say about the matter?"

"She has seemed strangely quiet about it, though I know she is deeply grieved for myself and Hill, also. She was at the coroner's court as a witness, and she told about the same story that I have just told you. She said that she had gone with Hill as a friend, and that he had understood. She had seen nothing either in Hill's or my manner to indicate that we were not on the best of terms. She was somewhat reticent about Dupres, seeming to think that he had nothing to do with the matter. She said she knew him merely as a scientist, not as a friend. She did her best to throw everything my way, showing that she still cared for me."

"This case looks like a simple one on the surface, but there are chances for almost anything. When are you returning to Manchester, Mr. Thornton?"

"Right away, sir. When can you start?"

"I'll go with you. Watts, you're not busy. Come with us."

Loames and I went with Thornton to St. Pancras Station, where we took a Midland Railway car for Manchester. Loames talked with Thornton all the way about things in general, never mentioning the case in hand. I saw that he was studying his character. Just before the stop he turned to me and gave me a look that told me he believed in Thornton, and that, therefore, he would go to the bottom of the affair.

We went to the police station where all the material relating to the murder had been taken. Loames was in the best of spirits. The silent, brooding dope-fiend had become a man of action. His black eyes were alight, and his nervous tension was at its height. The carriage was an ordinary four-wheeler. There were no signs of a struggle. The seats were not torn. The only remnant was a short piece of rope, and a stout stick. Loames went over the whole carriage with a microscope, jotting a few notes down as he did so. He was interested in the peculiar knots in the rope.

"Have you ever been a sailor, Thornton?" he asked turning suddenly to Thornton, who was watching his every movement.

"Not a sailor exactly, but I was brought up on the coast, and am familiar with the sea." Loames made another note, and resumed his search. He worked all day, with the fury of a demon. He visited the studio of Monsieur Dupres as a customer.

"I am very doubtful about the power of hypnotism, Monsieur. I've seen so many fakes. Tell me something about it."

Dupres, a tall, wiry Frenchman, dressed in French style, and having keen black eyes, and a strong, intelligent face, resembled Loames more than any man I have ever seen. Loames saw that he was a strong antagonist, if an antagonist at all, and acted accordingly. Dupres took Loames for

one of the many who attend such studios, with an earnest desire to learn something about clairvoyance.

"All right, sir. I'll try to convince you. Come here John!" calling his assistant. "I'll show you, sir"—

"That wont do at all", broke in Loames. "The kid will do anything. Here Watts, wont you let him experiment on you?"

"Why, I have no objection," I answered, "but I have never found the man who could hypnotise me. I am not a fair test for the Professor."

"That's all right," said Dupres. "I am willing if the gentleman is."

He began to rub my forehead and say soft things. I had thought myself immune, but that man had me under his influence, even against my will, in about two minutes.

When I came to Loames was ready to go. Apparently he was splendidly pleased with the demonstration. He congratulated Dupres on his skill very effusively. Dupres, proud of his victory, began to tell what he could do.

"I can keep a person under my influence for months at a time. I can do anything with anybody. I am a god!" breaking into dialect as he became enthused, "*Je peux toutes choses!* Ah! sir, you who understand now, I can cast my soul into another person. Es eet not grande?" His black eyes flashed, and he stood proudly erect. Then he became calm.

"But sirs, call again so that I may show you other things. It is a pleasure to find those who understand the art that is my work."

We left the studio and interviewed Miss Farral. Thornton left us at the studio door. Miss Farral was in deep grief. She told us nothing new. I saw nothing remarkable in her. She seemed at times to have her mind far away.

Loames left her to interview the driver. He was a surly looking fellow, but he seemed to try to tell the truth and to be willing to help all he could.

That night at our hotel Loames was long silent. At last he turned to me.

"This thing has an ugly look, Watts. I am not usually deceived in a face, yet everything but faces seems be against Thornton. Not a scrap of evidence have I found in his favour. The sailor's knot he destroyed by admitting that he had lived near the sea for a long time. Everybody tells a straight story. The thing to do is to wait,— to wait until something happens. You know what waiting means to me; so don't be angry. I am going to use some coacaine to help me wait."

All night he sat quiet in his chair, half sleeping, dreaming with lustreless eyes. I soon left him, for I could not bear the sight. A weak man is bad enough when down, but a strong man— a giant— that is almost unbearable.

In the morning he was himself again. He left me at the hotel, and set off in disguise. I loafed around all the morning, wondering how much longer Loames would take to convince himself of the guilt of Thornton, for I was sure of his guilt. Loames had been fooled for once.

He returned at noon in high spirits.

"I have a clue now, Watts," he cried. "Look at this letter!"

"What's in the letter?" I asked. "It will take more than a letter to save Thornton."

"I am expecting to hear from Thornton at any time. I told him to let me know if Dupres disappeared. I intend to arrest him this afternoon,—"

The door burst open, and Thornton entered, wildly excited.

"Oh, Mr. Loames! He fooled me. I thought that he was in his studio, and I guarded it all the morning, as you told me to. A boy ran up to the studio door, and asked for the assistant. Dupres had been murdered by the driver down at the canal wharf, just as he in disguise was getting on a Liverpool boat. The man who did it was arrested, and they are taking him to the station. Oh, thank God, thank God!"

"What!" cried Loames. "Murdered! I feared he would

escape before I could prove my case, but now we will do the best we can. Wait here. I'll return in half an hour." He took off his disguise, and went out.

He was back in the appointed time, his optimism at the very height.

"Well, gentlemen, this case is finished. Come with me to the Farral home, and all the little things will be cleared up, in an unusual way, perhaps."

On arriving at the Farral home we found in the receiving room Miss Farral, her mother, a policeman with the arrested driver, and the chief of police. We made an excited company. Loames took the initiative.

"Gentlemen, I asked you to come here with a purpose. I hope that I will not disappoint you. Miss Farral, do you recognize this letter?"

The girl looked at it doubtfully; she was deeply moved.

"I do not know, Mr. Loames. Sometimes I fear I am going crazy." She broke out in passionate sobbing.

"You are easy now, aren't you?" asked Loames in a soft voice, gently stroking her forehead. "The spirit of Dupres is calling. Don't you hear it?"

Under his hypnotic touch the girl became quiet. Suddenly she began speaking. It was not her voice. It was the voice of Dupres.

"I am Alphonse Dupres," sald a voice issuing from her throat. "I have this girl as a medium, under my influence. I was striving to that end when my friend Loames so kindly came to my aid. Loames has caught me at last, so I shall take it like a good sport, and try to make it up to Thornton for what I did for him. I am the man who killed Claud Hill. I did it because I wished to get both him and Thornton out of my way. I loved Helen Farrar, differently perhaps from the way some men claim to love, bnt earnestly in my way. She did not care for me until I hypnotised her. Since then I have been able to influence her, but not for any length of time. Just as I had her completely in my reach the influence would weaken. The trouble was that she loved that

fellow Thornton. I came to hate the sight of him. I thought of murdering him, and then the idea of getting rid of both the gallants at once, and at the same time disgrace Thornton was too much for me.—"

The sight of that girl talking in another voice, the sight of a spirit talking through mortal aid was too much for. There she stood, a beautiful woman, the light of reason in her eyes, but the reason of the dead Dupres. In her face was the expression of Dupres as I had seen him, and the voice was clearly his. I felt such a rush of fear, of awe, of awful amazement so great that I cried aloud, and covered my face with my hands. The rest of the people in the room, with the exception of the cool Loames, were sobbing aloud.

"Do not interrupt," cried Loames sternly. "Watts, I am ashamed of you. Brace up, all of you."

We controlled ourselves as best we could, and the voice continued:

"I hired the driver, Sloan, to let me in the carriage at a certain corner, Euston and Galway, after he had let Thornton out. But the plan worked even better than I expected, for Thornton left the carriage in a suspicious manner before he came to his lodging house. I entered the carriage, and as I already had Hill under hypnotic influence I had no trouble with him. All was going well until yesterday when Loames called on me. I did not know him at the time, but I found out who he was. Then I lost my nerve and thereby lost all. I fled without paying Sloan what I had promised him. He caught up with me on the dock, and I, thinking that he was going to squeal on me, tried to kill him. He got me first. It was not his fault, for it had to be one of us. Well, I was trying to get Helen under my influence from the other land when Loames came to my assistance. That is all.

Give me paper and pen. I will write a confession in my own hand."

Loames hastened to furnish writing material. The girl wrote steadily for about ten minutes—a cycle it seemed to me, for every scratch of the pen set my overwrought nerves

in a quiver—then she stood up. Slowly the expression of the man in her face faded out, and was replaced by her own.

"Where am I?" she asked in her own voice, looking wildly about her, "and who are all these people?"

Thornton answered her. He told her briefly what had happened. She remembered nothing clearly that had occurred in the preceeding week. To quiet her Loames took out his little syringe—the bane of his life, but now to do a good service—and gave her a quarter of a grain of cocaine. When she was quiet the chief of police recovered his tongue.

"This is all wonderful, but I fear you would have a tough time making a hard-headed English jury take it all in good faith."

"Sloan," said Loames, "can you substantiate what has been said by this girl?"

"An' only too glad I'll be, yer honor. I cawn swar to hevery bloomin' word, except about the way 'e loved 'er. 'E was a low—"

"That will do," said Loames.

"Aren't you going to tell us how you did it all, Mr. Loames?" asked Thornton.

"If you have time to listen, I shall be glad to.

"When Thornton first told his story I believed him. His face was a good one, and he told a straight story. I saw that he had been moved and surprised on hearing of Hill's death, for he had struck his trousers with a cancelling stamp which had the date of the day on which he had heard the news. The story of the French hypnotist sounded interesting, for I thought I had heard of him before. When I saw him I recognized him for a crook, as I had seen his picture in the rogue's gallery. At first I was at a loss as to what to do. I went in disguise to Dupres' boarding house. I succeeded in bribing the landlady to let me examine his papers. In them I found the following letter:

'Dearest Alphonse,

I just cannot be without you. You know that I will go with you anywhere. When your spirit

calls I come. I am yours, yours, and all else is forgotten. I want to get out of this, because the world is not right. But what will become of Henry? He loves me so. I feel like I can't go with you after all. Henry loves me so. He needs me. I must be his. I am his! Our dream is beautiful, but it is over. I am not coming to the studio any more.

Helen.'

"The strange thing about this letter is not the wording but the handwriting. The first of the letter is in Dupres' hand, while the last part gradually trails off into Miss Farral's. See there, how it is, Watts. This showed a motive for the crime. In the other letters I found one from an old sea captain. who said he had been a mate with Dupres on the Mediterranean Sea."

"Ah!" cried I, "that is where the knot came in'"

"You are right, Watts. The knot, as you remember, was a peculiar one. I looked it up, and found that it was used by Southern French sailors only. Then I went to the studio, and found that Dupres really had the marvellous powers of hypnotism which this letter would indicate. Still, the case was not altogether proven until Dupres got scared and caused the driver to kill him. That brought the whole thing to light. I was not sure that Dupres could get Helen under his influence, but I made an effort, with what results you have seen.

"Perhaps, my dear doctor, you are very much interested in the scientific side of this affair? Well, as for me, an invitation, my dear Thornton, will repay me for all I have done. Come, Watts, back to Baker street, and our other dear friend, ennui."

JOURNALISM IN THE UNIVERSITY

L. A. Brown

It has been said that college journalism like every other college activity should be valued as being a preparation for self-expression after college days are over. Of late years the truth of this statement has been recognized at the University of North Carolina and the purpose of journalism at this institution has been first to train the young journalist so that later he may produce something of real worth and second that the student publications shall contain matter valuable in itself.

In former times University editors strove with all their might to disseminate thru the pages of their publications knowledge and culture thruout the entire State. The University as being the center of literary and scientific knowledge for North Carolina had fostered her different periodicals as a means toward exerting a valuable influence upon the illiterate condition of the people of North Carolina. The University Magazine of 1852, of which Governor Vance was an editor, was a forerunner for the North Carolina Educational Journal which, begun in Chapel Hill in 1881, was a part of the post-bellum educational campaign in North Carolina, and of the journals of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society and the Philological Club and various other University publications of today whose contributors are chiefly members of the faculty and which, repositories and disseminators of valuable information, are not really within the sphere of student journalism.

In a different class from publications of this nature we may put the monthly University Magazine and the semi-weekly Tar Heel of today, which, apart from being pleasant circulators of local news and student literary productions,

have with the department of self-expression in the University been the training school for a great train of alumni who have of late years gone into journalism for their life work. The Ben Smith Preston Cup, beginning with the present year, is awarded at each commencement to that undergraduate student who gives evidence of the highest ability along journalistic lines, in memory of Ben Smith Preston, a former student of the University who died several years ago in Atlanta while reporting for the Atlanta Georgian.

Prior to 1844, numerous attempts had been made in journalistic lines, but this year saw the beginning of the first successful periodical that the University of North Carolina has sent out. North Carolina had often looked to her State University for some cultural publication; attempts had been made to meet this demand, but had failed because the people of the State were not sufficiently interested to support a literary journal. University catalogues had been issued before 1820, but these were really of no journalistic value. In 1834, Isaac C. Partridge began in Chapel Hill the publication of a weekly publication, the Harbinger. This was not exactly a University publication but was issued under the auspices of the faculty and obtained its most valuable contributions from Dr. Mitchell and Dr. Wm. Hooper. Financially a failure, it was discontinued with its first volume barely completed. The Columbian Repository, a similar publication begun in Chapel Hill two years later by the gifted Hugh McAnnen, met with a like fate. A strong political press had grown up in North Carolina, since printing had been first introduced into the State at New Berne in 1749 by James Davis of Virginia, but it looked with disfavor on any literary rival.

The year 1844, with the State still without a literary journal, saw the beginning of the University Magazine, a periodical which, with many interruptions, has continued until the present day. The senior class of the University elected a board of editors: Edmund DeBerry Covington of Richmond county, Robert H. Cowan of Wilmington, and Samuel F. Phillips of Chapel Hill of the Dialectic society, and James S.

Johnson of Halifax, Leonidas C. Edwards of Person county, George B. Wenton of Fayetteville, and William H. Hinton of Bertie of the Philanthropic Society. Samuel F. Phillips was the moving spirit of this first Magazine. One of the first numbers contained a poem of twenty-nine verses from his poem on Thermopylae—a poem which, in the estimation of Dr. K. P. Battle, would have attracted more attention, had it appeared in a more prominent publication and had it been known that its author was destined to become Attorney General of the United States.

> "They conquered, but they perished there,
> And falling side by side,
> Lifted to Jove a final prayer,
> That every Spartan son might dare
> To die as they had died."

In this year Judge William Gaston delivered an address before the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies on the "Duties of American Citizens", which, on the advice of Chief Justice John Marshall, was printed in the Magazine. The majority of the articles, however, were not as interesting as these. Contributions were published on philosophical questions ranging from The Immortality of Brutes to The Influence of Circumstances on Character, contributions in which the writers were painfully and uninterestingly out of their depth. The majority of the poetry was of that pale variety always signed "Cecil" and "To M—". This deadness of the subject matter of the Magazine at this time was responsible for its failure just as much as the discouraging attitude of the State press. From the very beginning it was a financial failure. Mr. Loring, the Raleigh printer, having lost heavily on the venture, turned the last two numbers of the first volume into indices of colonial documents, and this enterprise was a thing of the past. In the words of its editor-in-chief, "Its brief but eventful history contains an instructive lesson, a warning moral to all subsequent adventures in the paths of literary glory".

In 1852, steps were taken to begin the publication of a

new University Magazine. 525 subscribers were secured and financial success seemed sure. The senior class elected a board of editors which included L. F. Siler, J. J. Slade, and Alexander R. Smith of the Dialectic, and Wm. D. Barnes, Thomas B. Burton, Thomas H. Gilliam of the Philanthropic, and Zebulon B. Vance of the Dialectic society. These men went to work vigorously. The Magazine from this time on was on the whole lighter and more interesting than its predecessor. The Editor's Table, which consisted of matters of local interest, was made a part of every number. The most permanently valuable articles were those pertaining to the hitherto neglected history of North Carolina. These articles, which were either written by or made possible thru the efforts of Governor Swain, are still preserved as valuable documents upon State history. An early copy contained an article on Theorizing which, if for no other reason, is interesting as the first article ever published from the pen of Zebulon Baird Vance. This was a strong and thoughtful article which attempted to show the futility and frivolousness of the countless theories that were emenating from brains just coming under the influence of budding science..

"It seems that no man is content to receive the theory of his neighbor as it is proffered. He must either shape it anew, or entirely reject it, to make way for one more brilliant of his own conception. Lion-like, he disdains to prey upon any carcass which was not slain by the puissance of his own hand. Such a spirit abroad in the land cannot but be subversive of the great end of science."

An editorial occurs in the first volume which for its pithy satire and telling irony one would like to attribute to Vance put it is dated some months after he had secured his law license and had resigned his position on the board of editors.

An article appeared in 1852, entitled The Ideal Sophomore, which Dr. K. P. Battle says was his first published literary production. The piece gives evidence of the sympathetic

insight into human nature which later made Dr. Battle the best beloved President that the University of North Carolina has ever had.

With this beginning, the Magazine attained such importance and such literary excellence that it came to be considered the foremost literary periodical in the State and one of the best publications of its kind in the whole South. Its affairs continued in a flourishing state until the war brought a cessation to it as to every other University activity.

The year 1878 saw the launching of two publications. The Magazine, whose reestablishment had been unsuccessfully attempted when the University reopened in 1875, was once more started and Frank D. Winston, late licutenant governor of North Carolina, and Robert P. Pell, now president of Converse College, the business managers of the Magazine, began to publish in Chapel Hill the Weekly Ledger, a newspaper whose laudable purpose it was "to favor anything which will in any way alleviate the suffering financially of our people and restore their institutions to their former worth". While this was meant for a State newspaper and not a University publication, literally speaking, it is interesting to the historian of University journalism in that its editors were, besides the two already named, Mrs. C. P. Spencer, a great benefactress and lover of the University, and Charles B. Aycock. In 1880, when Joseph A. Harris was editor, the paper was moved to Hillsboro, N. C., and became the Orange County Observer.

In 1881, under the editorship of the Reverend John Heitman, pastor of the Methodist Church in Chapel Hill, the North Carolina Educational Journal was begun in Chapel Hill as the organ of the North Carolina Teachers' Association. This gave great prominence to the affairs of the University. Geo. T. Winston, at that time a professor in the University, President K. P. Battle, and Professors A. W. Mangum and Alexander McIver were among the contributors each month. A copy in 1882 comments upon the significance of the fact that Mr. James Randlette, prepared by

Superintendent Graham of the Fayetteville graded school, had entered the University directly from a public school.

The University Magazine, started in 1878, was launched upon a brief and uneventful career. Neither faculty nor student body was much interested in its fate and publication ceased inside of two years. However, the suspension was only for a short time. In 1882 a board of student editors revised the Magazine under the modest name of University Monthly. With this date there began an era of higher literary excellency for the Magazine, which resumed its time honored title in 1884. An incident which occurred in 1881 gives a suggestion of the disadvantages with which the editors of that time worked. H. H. Williams, now Professor of Philosophy in the University, and E. A. Alderman, President of the University of Virginia, editors of the Magazine, on finding the regular type setter off on a spree near the time for the appearance of the Magazine, were put to straights to get their type set up. But Collier Cobb, now Professor of Geology in the University, a boy visiting in Chapel Hill at that time, happened along and offered his services as an amateur compositor and the three got their paper out on time.

In 1890 Collier Cobb was elected managing editor and the Magazine continued until 1895 when, as rumor has it, it was discontinued at the caprice of President Winston. In this period the Magazine had attained a position far in advance of any literary periodical in the State. Each number contained at least one article that made it of permanent value. The short stories, sketches, and book reviews were interesting and readable. The plate used for printing the cover at this time had been purchased at the bankruptcy sale of Edgar Allen Poe's Southern Literary Messenger.

In December, 1897, the Magazine made its permanent reappearance. Its editor-in-chief, Mr. S. S. Lamb, expressed the opinion editorally that previous Magazines might attribute their failure at least in part to having soared too high. He announced the determination that in the future the

Magazine should appeal to University students and alumni, in short that the University Magazine should bring itself within the sphere of the typical college monthly.

Of President George W. Winston, Ashe's Biographical History of North Carolina says that one of his chief services to the University was "rallying to its support at critical times and inspiring with enthusiasm its friends and alumni". "President Winston", as Attorney General of North Carolina, Bickett, put it at the University Day exercises in 1909, "was the University's advertiser." The Alumni Quarterly, the first copy of which was sent out from Chapel Hill in October, 1894, might variously be called an appeal to the alumni or advertising matter by these two men. The first copy attempted to give a comprehensive picture of the whole University and Chapel Hill in 1894. It included an article on The Campus, which told of every building and spot of interest to old students from Memorial Hall to Piney Prospect. The literary societies, summer schools, musical association, athletic teams, self-help, discipline, and sanitary arrangements were all pictured in a manner well calculated to make a favorable impression on strangers and arouse a feeling of pride and love among old friends. For some reason—rumor has it because one man was too greatly praised in the second number—the Quarterly was discontinued after January 1895. The University Record, practically the same publication, started in 1897 and continues today. Once a year the Record contains the catalogue of the University.

From a standpoint of interest and preparatory value, the Tar Heel, the college semi-weekly newspaper, begun in 1893 as official organ of the Athletic Association, has far surpassed all other University publications. It gives the news of the University. More than any other University publication it has given valuable training to those who have gone out and made good in journalism. Among the young alumni of the University who have gone into journalism as a life work and who in most part, to a certain extent at least, can attribute their success to training received on the Tar Heel

are: Louis Graves, '03, manager of the Parker and Bridge Publicity Bureau of New York; Charles P. Russell, '04, of the Charlotte Observer, New York Press, and Philadelphia Record; Victor Lee Stephenson, '06, of the Winston Journal and Charlotte Observer; Herbert B. Gunter, '08, of the Raleigh News and Observer and Winston Journal; Louis Moore of the Wilmington Dispatch; Tyler McLean of the Charlotte News and a Mississippi daily; Isaac London of the Siler City Grit; Robert R. Reynolds of the Asheville Citizen; W. E. Yelverton, '08, of the Winston Journal; Charles G. Mullen of the Charlotte Chronicle and a West Virginia daily; S. H. Lyle of the Franklin Express, author of a newly published book of verse; Wayne Archer of the Oklahoma City Star; Q. S. Mills, '07, of the New York Sun; and S. W. Kluttz, '04, of the New York World. The List of older alumni editors includes: Messrs. Josephus Daniels of the Raleigh News and Observer; Theodore F. Kluttz of the Charlotte Observer; Robert L. Gray of the Wilmington Star; W. T. Bost of the Durham Herald; Ralph H. Graves of the New York Times and Evening Post; Guy Carlto Lee, editor-in-chief of the literary supplement of the Baltimore Sun; Robert E. Follin of the Charlotte Observer and New York Herald; and H. E. C. Bryant of the Charlotte Observer.

It was begun with the chief purpose of furnishing athletic news to the students of the University, but it soon developed into a typical newspaper in miniature. Like other newspapers out in the big world it has had it history political and financial. In 1894, about 200 students, having in mind the complete abolition of fraternities from University life, began, as their organ, the White and Blue in opposition to the Tar Heel which at that time was almost completely under the control of the fraternity members of the Athletic Association. For two college years the editorial battle raged. During the first season Leonard C. VanNoppin, leader of the White and Blue forces with his associates, which included T. J. Wilson, Jr., now associate professor of Latin in the University, and H. E. C. Bryant, of the Charlotte Observer staff, managed to

get the better of their opponent paper; but in the next year the supporters of the White and Blue saw that their fight was injuring the University in the eyes of the state more than it was bettering conditions in the University and they permitted their organ to be absorbed by the Tar Heel. It might be said that in doing this the anti-fraternity element were but changing the method of their attack. Before long, in 1898, the fight had changed between Athletic Association and anti-fraternity men and, within the association, fraternity and non-fraternity politics had grown up. Today the non-fraternity man is in the majority in the Athletic Association and for four years every editor-in-chief and a majority of his board have come from the non-fraternity crowd. In 1908 H. B. Gunter, editor-in-chief of the Tar Heel, wrote an editorial which caused certain fraternity men in the Athletic Association to seek to bring about his impeachment. His supporters succeeded in bringing the motion for his impeachment down to a fraternity and non-fraternity footing and his position was absolute. Today the Tar Heel is nearly always out of college politics but the fact that the majority of its editorial staff remains non-frat leads us to see in it the successor to the White and Blue and not the original Tar Heel begun in 1894.

Both the Tar Heel and the Magazine are paying propositions. The profits accruing from the Tar Heel are divided equally between the business manager, the editor-in-chief, and the treasury of the Athletic Association. The profits are always sufficient to make the two offices desirable beyond the honor of holding them. The profits of the Magazine go to the business manager. The manager gets thirty per cent. of the income from advertisements and paid subscriptions. The two literary societies pay a certain sum annually and each member is put on the subscription list.

The Yackety Yack completes the tale of journalism in the University. It is got out annually by the fraternities and the Dialectic and Philanthropic literary societies. The annual is the typical college year book. The 1909 book was classed as one of the five best college annuals in the United States.

SUNDERED

Samuel H. Lyle, Jr.

Clustering white at your breast to-night,
Lilies and violets blue—
Is there no sigh as I say good-by,
A long good-by to you?

Never to know how the years may go,
Or joy or measure of pain,
In all your days on Earth's dark ways—
Never to know you again!

You stand to-night in the altar light—
Ah, the days that went before!—
Give heart and hand, 'tis Life's demand—
And never to see you more!

STUDENT SELF-GOVERNMENT

O. W. Hyman

In this day, when institutions of learning are playing such a vital part in the life of the nation, any question centering about them is of absorbing interest. One of the most fundamental considerations of any college is the government of its student body. At present two methods of government prevail: faculty rule; student self-government. Which method is the better? Which is founded upon the true principle and which gives more satisfaction by its results?

Before coming directly to the consideration of college student self-government it will be well to get a working conception of what a college really is. While no one can give an entirely adequate definition, it is satisfactory to say that a college is an institution for learning whose active existence is largely concerned with its founder, its trustees, its faculty, and its students.

The power to govern an institution is the natural right of its founder. He may transfer this power into the hands of whomsoever he may wish. In the case of a college the founder transfers his power into the hands of a certain body called trustees. The trustees in turn vest their governmental power in the faculty. The faculty, depending on this principle for their authority proceed to manage affairs and govern the student body.

On the other hand the life of a college is not only dependent upon the trustees and the faculty but also upon the students. The student body is a vital organ in the body of the institution. The affairs of the college concern the students as much as the faculty. Every citizen of the United States believes that every man has the right to have a voice

in the government which rules his own affairs. According to this same principle the students at a university have a right to have a voice in the management of those affairs in which they are concerned. They are surely concerned in the regulation of their local affairs. This is the foundation upon which student self-government rests.

On these two principles rest the two methods of student government now in vogue in our colleges. How do they appear in their working? At an institution where the faculty rule, the students are looked upon, not as men who have the right to participate in the administration of their own affairs but as irresponsibles who must be cared for. The faculty rule, the students have no rights—monarchial government by divine right of kings.

At an institution where the students govern themselves, every student is recognized as a man, and as an integral part in the existence of the institution. He is given representation in the government of the institution. Not only this, but it is understood that the student body is most conversant with its own conditions and has the right to manage its own affairs. Accordingly the government of the student body is placed in the hands of the students—democratic local administration of local affairs.

What, now, are the resultant conditions arising from each of these two forms of student government? Where the faculty govern the students it is found that an intricate code of rigid rules is necessary. There are monitors and proctors, policemen and spies, whose duty it is to report to the faculty for punishment delinquent students. The voice of the student is not heard in the government. They are men in years but they undergo the treatment of irresponsible children. They enjoy no freedom. They are watched, spied upon in all their actions. The faculty exercise the power to rule, that has been transmitted to them, to regulate the private affairs of the student body.

How radically changed are the conditions where the students rule themselves! The local affairs of the student body

are administered by student government. Monitors! Proctors! they are words whose significance is unknown to the students of such an institution. There is no system of spying. Every man is unequivocally free. Each man's conscience is the guide to his actions. The all-embracing and only requirement of the system is simply, that every student regulate his conduct as is becoming to a gentleman, that no man exert an evil influence among his fellows. Freedom is absolute, license stamped out.

College conditions, however, should not be the criterion by which the two methods should be judged. The real test is, which produces the best results? Which better accomplishes the purpose of a college? The purpose of a college is to develop the best, the most intelligent citizens for the country. Then is a young man liable to develop into a better citizen surrounded by the conditions that exist under faculty rule or surrounded by those that exist under student self government?

It is agreed by both philosophy and science that a man is only the reflection of his surroundings—that life is the reaction of personality on environment. In the midst of conditions such as exist at institutions where the faculty rule, what must be the reaction of the student's personality? At such a college there are rules which govern the conduct of the students in every particular. A man may go down the street just so many times a week. He must not sit up later than a certain hour at night. Wherever a student must reach a decision in a question of right or wrong he has only to consult the rules. He comes to rely upon the rules as a guide to his moral life. Accordingly he has not developed in him the ability and the confidence of seeing for himself what is right and what is wrong.

Also during the years a man is in college he passes from boyhood into manhood. Accompanying this change comes a certain feeling of self-importance. The young man realizes that he is entitled to the enjoyment of a man's rights. Why should he be treated as a graded school kid? And so he

becomes obstreperous to rules. He has become a man and ought to be free. But he has been surrounded by a thousand petty regulations. Naturally then he decides to be as free as he can in spite of the rules. He has lost his respect for government. He has become an enemy to ruling power at the outset of his life. When a student who has been four years under such conditions as these strikes out into the life of the state, what a problem he has before him! He is suddenly freed. He has never had a chance to learn the boundaries of freedom. Consequently he soon slides from freedom into license. He abuses one of the fundamental principles of the government under which he is living. Punishment is certain and swift to come. Furthermore the young man has not those moral rules, on which he is dependent, to guide him in what he does. Having no moral independence, he becomes the most apt tool for the strong man's manipulation. What kind of a citizen is this for a democratic government? A fine speciman for his majesty to lord it over but unfitted for the independent freedom of American citizenship.

These results follow from the faculty ruling entirely the students. What comes of student self-government? The character of the American youth is a varied thing but generally there is fundamental in that character the belief that every man should be allowed the enjoyment of his rights. Take such a character and place it midst conditions such as exist under student self-government. The reaction is inevitable and easily foreseen. Every man is allowed to conduct himself as he sees fit. Only, the student consciousness demands that he behave as a gentleman. A man may go to church or stay away. He may stay up all night or he may go to bed at sunset. But he must not gamble. There the line is drawn, sharp and distinct. Every man is free to do what he pleases so long as he does not draw others into the wrong he does. He has not the right to molest others in the exercise of his own liberty. The student learns early and unmistakably the fundamental distinction between freedom and license.

Also under self-government a man's conduct is not confined on all sides by rules. He comes to look to himself for a decision in matters moral. That man will not need someone to go thru life with him to direct his moral conduct. He is morally independent.

What will be the result when a man, who has spent four of the most plastic years of his life under the influence of student self-government, becomes a citizen of the state? In the first place the government which he becomes a part of is founded upon exactly the same principles as the government he has been used to for the past four years. It is not necessary for him to undergo any readjustment to new governmental conditions. He has already learned thoroughly two lessons that every citizen must learn: the distinction between freedom and license and the value of self-government. He has also learned to depend upon himself in every decision. He is capable of true leadership and will not be the tool of the demagogue. He is a first class American citizen, imbued with an inextinguishable love of freedom and abhorring license.

And so the two methods of governing a student body pass in review before us. Both are founded upon principles that cannot be shaken. They are to be judged by their fruits. The fruits they bear must be American citizens. Faculty rule of the students produces a citizen who knows not the distinction between freedom and license, who is morally dependent upon outside rules, and who is already inclined to be obstreperous to the law. Student self-government produces a citizen who has indelibly impressed upon his life the fundamental distinction between liberty and license, who is independent of rules of conduct, and who knows and respects the law. By their citizens ye shall know them.

ATMOSPHERE

Samuel H. Lyle, Jr.

This isn't a story; it isn't even a sketch. It's just atmosphere—and if you have ever loafed two weeks around a mountain hotel in August, eighteen miles from anywhere, you know what that means. Otherwise you may or may not learn.

"Now", said I, as we gathered on the upstairs porch of the Man's Lodge, "this business of being rushed out at seven o'clock for a bite of breakfast and then waiting till three for your next smell at rations doesn't suit me. Why, hang it—"

"Oh, cut that noise!" broke in Charley. "You'd growl in Paradise because the glare from the golden streets hurt your eyes. Gimme a cigarette."

"Cigarette the devil! I'm talking sense. Now, look here—"

"Somebody step on his feet", said Fatty. "He's got a corn on the little toe of the left foot."

I subsided into the best chair, and passed Charley my cigarette case.

"Oh, well, what's the use?" I sighed. "You fellows would let a snail run over you, and deem it an honor. Think I'll move to Philadelphia and hit the rapid gait." I looked mournfully out over the mountains.

Fatty took out his watch.

"Four o'clock", he announced. "I've got a date."

Charley glared.

"Look here now, you don't mean to say that you are going to desert to the calico again?"

"Let him go", I said. "Lord knows he's not an ornament, and I've never heard him say anything worth listen-

ing to. Hike!'' I heaved a month-before-last *Munsey* at the topic of conversation.

Fatty dodged the magazine, and paused at the top of the steps. He smiled knowingly.

''Oh, you fellows don't know a good thing when you see it.''

''*You* do'', said Lester the Crabbed, speaking for the first time.

Charley looked at me and laughed.

''That's all right'', said Fatty reddening. ''She's as good looking as—''

''The merry widow'', I finished, winking at Lester. ''Who knows?''

Fatty flushed hotly.

''I notice you three haven't been so much in evidence'', he rejoined pointedly.

''Right O!'' I laughed.

''I'm married'', said Charley laconically.

''And I'm thirty-nine'', added Lester. ''You're the original article, Fatty. Run along, little lamb, and baa some more!''

Fatty glared at us, and started down the steps. Half way down we heard him stumble, and fall with a monster thud, and a volume of profanity soared up to us.

''He weighs only two hundred and twenty-five'', I remarked for the enlightment of the others. ''Hope he didn't hurt the stairs.''

Charley leaned over the banister.

''Cheer up'', he called. Don't lose hope; you'll reach three hundred yet. Then you can smash any old stairs you want to.''

Fatty picked himself up, brushed his clothes, and went off in the direction of the Main Building, shouting back curses at us.

Charley laughed and sat down.

''Poor boy!'' he chuckled. ''I know how it is; I've had 'em myself.''

"Same here." I threw away my cigarette, and looked at Charley. He looked at Lester.

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Poker?" said that gentleman sententiously.

"Suits me."

"I'm in."

"Where's Colly?" I asked.

"Down in the Bottoms with a green book, a sunshade, and a piece of muslin", said Charley disgustedly.

"There's Waddy", said Lester tentatively.

"Roped in by the Jewess for the river", I answered.

Charley looked at me, and we both grinned.

"Ain't it hell?" he inquired quizzically.

I shook my head and laughed.

"Well, here's three of us", said Lester in business-like tones.

"Of course. I'd as soon rob you two as any crooks I know." I went back to my room for the cards and chips.

We got a table and drew up the chairs.

"Say, fellows", said Lester uneasily, "can't we go inside? I'd rather not play out here in the open. You see, if sister happens to come by—"

I looked at Charley and he looked at me.

"Say", I asked impatiently, "how old are you?"

"That's got nothing to do with it, You see—"

"I don't see", Charley interrupted, "why your mama ever happened to let you come away out here in the mountains without a nurse. It was awfully careless of her."

Lester flushed hotly.

"Well, now we could go in Bob's room just as easy, and it's—"

"As hot as Hades", finished Charley.

"No", said I, "just plain hell. You don't live in there, and I do. Besides", I turned to Lester, "we're playing with chips, and your sister wouldn't know what we were doing if she saw us."

"I hadn't thought of that."

"Of course not", said Charley, shuffling the cards. "You never think of anything till somebody makes you. Who's going to bank?"

"Pass", I said. "It Jonahs me."

"I'll bank", said Lester. Gimme the chips."

"Five-twenty-five?" I asked.

"What do you think we are, a bunch of pikers?" inquired Charley with quivering sarcasm. "Same old thing, of course —ten-fifty."

"All right, suits me. Here, bank, give me ten whites, eight blues, and four reds, and take this V quick before it grows to my hand."

"Same stack", said Charley, "and don't forget the change, please."

"Who deals?"

"Bank, of course."

"Say", I said a moment later, "what do you think you are doing, playing bridge with a bunch of school girls? The rules say something about five cards, not the whole blooming pack."

Lester gathered up the cards, and began dealing again, smiling sheepishly.

"Women", said Charley sententiously, "women!"

Charley glanced at his cards and frowned.

"Pass."

I dropped in two white seed.

Lester lingered.

Charley boosted a red.

"Damn! You've got the instincts of a stripped snake. What the devil did you pass for?"

I looked, half angrily, at my two opening queens.

"Hussies!" I muttered, and threw them in.

The bank stayed, and got beat.

"Regular crook," he growled.

"Of course", I said. "What did you expect? Deal, Charley."

I gazed on the countenances of the trio of kings he handed me, and smiled inwardly.

"Pass!" I said.

"Pass."

"Pass. See what you can do, Bob."

I laid down those crowned heads, face up.

"Now, that's a nice way to play—sneak out when a man's got something, and raise him on a pass. You're a fine pair of sports!"

Charley laughed.

"Why the devil didn't you open?"

"Yes", I sneered, "like you did."

"Shut up, and deal the cards", said the bank.

I dealt.

"Pass."

"Open for a red."

"I discarded a pair of aces.

"What the devil are you trying to do—get it all at once?" queried the bank, also discarding.

"Thanks!" Charley displayed a pair of jacks, and took the pot.

"Oh, hell", I said. "So *that's* the way you play poker!"

"Deal, bank."

"Open for a blue."

"Raise you a red."

"I'm out."

Charley eyed me a moment.

"I'll stay. Gimme two cards."

"Pat", I said.

"Check!"

"Bet you a red."

Charley hesitated a moment, then threw down his hand.

I smiled, spread out a broken straight, and took the pot.

"Shake!" I said, reaching across the table.

He grunted wrathfully, and disregarded my hand.

"And *you* talk about a snake and a hog!"

Half an hour later Fatty stuck his head up over the banister.

"Say", he inquired tentatively, "either of you fellows got a dollar?"

No one noticed him. The bank dealt a new hand.

"Say", a moment later, "if I only had a dollar I know where I could get half a gallon of booze."

"Booze!"

Three hands were discarded simultaneously, and the next moment Fatty was a very much sought after personage.

"Come on up, you lobster, and tell us about it."

Fatty took a chair and bummed me for a cigarette.

"Well", he said, "there's a roach-back up in the gap with four gallons of the finest apple brandy ever made in a blockade still, and he wants just two plunks per to part with it. He's waiting now—"

"The devil he is! Here, bank", I wheeled on Lester, "gimme a dime for this lone white seed. Charley cash in that pile, and let's hike for the gap. It never would do to keep the fellow waiting."

Ten minutes later, with pitchers and pails, the four of us were making schedule time up the mountain toward the gap, half a mile distant.

"Well", remarked Charley, when we had returned with our precious find and were sitting about resting from the unwonted exertion, "there is *some* good in Fatty, after all."

That gentleman swelled up like a pigeon.

"Certainly", he said, "if you stiffs had sense enough to realize it. Didn't I find that brandy?"

"Yes", remarked Lester dryly, "you did, and then we went and *bought* it."

Fatty wilted.

"Anyway", he said, "if it hadn't been for me we would not have had any booze."

"Of course", said Charley. "But the main point now is, when will we celebrate?"

"Well", I answered musingly, "there's the women to-night."

"Women? What's up?"

"Same old lay-out. Bridge, bon bons, and tommyrot. But I told Fatty's future misery and the merry widow that we'd have 'em up here, so I reckon we'll have to stay with it."

"Oh, hell!" said Lester. "Let's cut it."

Fatty broke in anxiously:

"But we couldn't do that, you know. You see they're expecting—"

Charley laughed.

"Fatty's right; we'll have to see it out. How about meeting in your room at twelve-thirty, Bob?" Everything will be quiet by then."

"Hits me."

"You, Lester?"

"Suits me."

"All right, it's arranged then. There goes the supper bell. We'd better go clean up. So long."

"Hey, Charley!"

"Well?"

"How about a little draw in the morning? Got anything else to do?"

"Strikes me. How about you, Lester?"

"I'm in. Where'll we meet?"

"My room, nine o'clock. I'll see Colly."

"All rights it's a go then. See you later."

"So long."

THOSE WHO CANVASS

D. B. Teague

The morning after commencement this year, eighty students, or ten per cent. of all those in the University of North Carolina, will start for different sections of the country to spend the summer vacation working as canvassing agents. One group of thirty men will go to northern Missouri to sell autoharps; another of eighteen or twenty men will go to Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan to sell stereoptic views; sixteen or eighteen will go to the larger towns of North Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee to sell aluminum ware cooking utensils; five or six will go to Georgia and Alabama to sell maps; a half dozen will canvass North Caralina for a new Magazine; two or three will sell fruit trees in North Carolina and Virginia; and one will go somewhere to sell gasoline irons. Their object will be to earn the money to pay their expenses in college next year, and, incidentally to travel and see something of the world.

This is not an exceptional incident in modern college life, but, on the contrary, a very usual one. For several years now similar groups have gone out and worked in this way during the summer vacation. The number going from the University this year is about an average one, and their destinations represent the usual wide range of districts worked. In former years, they have gone more largely to the Northern and New England states. But it has been found within very recent years that Western and Northwestern territory is better to work in, and the tide has turned in those directions. The explanation of the change is said to be that the former territory has been worked to death.

The men going out into this work belong in most cases to

that large, well-known, and highly esteemed class of students known as the self-help men. This means, of course, those who rely upon themselves to pay their own expenses thru college. There are some men in the number who are not out wholly for the money they can make, but primarily to travel and gain the rich experience which a summer spent in this kind of work always brings. But, for the most part, the work is not undertaken as a picnic, but is done for the money that is in it. It is a very strenuous kind of work. On this point, all the men who have ever been out agree. But, if worked with unusual energy, it pays handsomely, and, in almost any case, pays better than a salaried job. It is peculiarly suited, too, to student life, for it can be taken up at any time of the year and for any length of time. For this reason, and also because of the difficulty of promptly stepping into a salaried job for the summer vacation, many students, who have only a limited time to work and, therefore, must concentrate while they do work, are willing to undergo its objectionable features and work it.

The groups that go into this work are got up in a very simple and interesting way. Some student who has worked for the company and made good is appointed as the company's agent to solicit men for the next season. He, if he has a popular proposition, chooses one or two other men, who have made good canvassing, as his assistants or squad captains. They then begin talking to the men they think there is a chance of interesting, get samples and give demonstrations of the articles to be sold, and tell their own experiences and the profits they have made. Then, after they have got as many as they can interest in the business, they select the territory in which to work, and drill the men in canvassing methods. Then, when the time comes to begin work, they all go out to the territory selected and the leaders give the new men some more coaching. On their first few trips, the leaders go out with them and give practical demonstrations of the way to work. At night, also, the leaders meet with them and discuss the problems that have

come up during the day and give suggestions as to how to meet these problems. After a few days of this sort of coaching, the men are ready to strike out alone and make what they can out of it.

The articles are sold on a commission basis, therefore, a man's success depends on his energy and adaptability to such work. As in all kinds of business, some men succeed at it, and some fail. Sometimes an apparently hopeless case who seems foredoomed to failure makes a brilliant success, and vice versa. But most of the men make more than expenses. Indeed, most of the employing companies will guarantee any man his expenses and as much as a dollar a day if he will agree to work eight hours a day and for as long as sixty days. Very few accept this sort of a contract, preferring to take a gambler's chance on bettering it.

Some of the men achieve splendid success in the business. There are now several men in the University who have paid their full expenses since entering here by doing this kind of work, and have even been able to lay by a snug little sum and hoard it up for a rainy day or use it for some other purpose. One man, who began selling autoharps three years ago, has, for the past two years, not only paid his own expenses in college, but also kept two of his sisters in school at the same time. Another man who started in as a freshman three years ago, an orphan boy, with hardly enough money to pay his registration fees, now has a comfortable surplus to his credit, and will probably finish college next year with a few hundred dollars salted away. Scores of men have paid their expenses by this sort of work, and have come out at the end even with the world. Two years ago a man graduated who came to the University in his freshman year with less than the price of a month's board in his pocket, and, by selling stereoptican views for four summer vacations, had, after paying all of his expenses, a balance in the bank of more than five hundred dollars. He saved enough and gained enough self-confidence to get married the day after graduation.

But to succeed at the work requires no little courage, for many obstacles are met with during the course of a summer's work. Sometimes it is poor luck, sometimes it is rebuffs and insults. A college student, when he gets out in the world, looks like anybody else, and folks don't mind turning him away, shutting the door in his face, or calling him any of the names that have been manufactured for agents, though bad treatment is the exception all the men testify. In the face of the obstacles, a good many of the men, of course, give up. Novel ways are sometimes used to prevent this surrender. A common way is to start out with just barely the price of railroad fare to their destination. It is a kind of burning the bridges behind them. This, the leaders say, makes them stick through the first few discouraging days, which are the crucial trial, and teaches them to like the work and go on and succeed.

Sometimes, however, even with the bridges burnt, they turn back. Occasionally it is homesickness or laziness, sometimes it is pure hard luck. Two summers ago, two boys encountered the latter, and had this sort of experience. It was during the 1908 panic. They went to West Virginia and canvassed with stereoptican views for two weeks, but there was literally "nothing doing". They had burnt the bridges behind them. With not a cent of money or a friend in sight and five hundred miles from home, they faced the problem. Then they decided upon an intensely simple and practical plan. Three days later they alighted in Norfolk from a special Norfolk and Western railroad car, which was sent there in a through train from the West Virginia coal fields to coal a ship that was on the point of sailing. This is the usual method adopted for recrossing the prematurely burnt bridges.

Many of these agents canvass in the country, and always travel roads that are new to them. Sometimes the farm houses are not as close together as at others, and towards nightfall they become tired and take to a haystack, or choose, like Jacob, a tranquil spot under the blue canopy for

a resting place. One of these, who selected a haystack a summer ago, in the depths of a somnolence produced by his weary body, failed to note the approach of a cloud, and waked to find himself thoroughly drenched. Being out for a week's tramp and with only one suit in his baggage train, he was in a great predicament. But, like the virile frontiersman whose experience he was imitating, he ignored so small an incident and left his clothes to dry at leisure, while he went about his business for the day. He was out before breakfast time, sold a farmer a harp, shared a warm breakfast with him, and forgot whether he wore wet clothes or dry. Such is the steam of the successful canvasser, and before his ruggedness such a thing as a shower of rain has small chance of success.

While such canvassing work is not a summer's picnic, all the men who do it assert that it has very practical and valuable training qualities. It develops pluck and resourcefulness as scarcely nothing else is able to do. Time and again, after finishing their summer's work, the boy's have been heard to say that it has been worth more to them than a year in school. They see something of the world and its ways, they become familiar with some of the toughest practical business problems, and, when they are through college, are able to enter business life as veterans rather than as novices. Many of the men who are successful canvassers step into good positions immediately after graduation, which they never could have secured or held had it not been for their canvassing experience. So canvassing serves the useful two-fold purpose of enabling students to earn money and gain valuable business experience.

The University Magazine

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies
of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill

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In the recent insurgent movement in our system of student government the Student Council were essentially at fault in three instances: they were wrong, first, in resigning; they were mistaken in their conception of their relation to the student body; and in excepting to the reversal of their decision by the faculty, they admitted the only principle upon which an exception could be noted.

By reversing a decision of the Student Council the faculty emphasized the issue, the right of appeal in an honor system of student self-government, from the students to the faculty. This issue was of fundamental importance enough to merit the most thoughtful consideration of the students, and it was proper and desirable that the Council should bring it to their attention. The Council did ask for a hearing before the student body, and in a mass-meeting of the students refused to proceed with their duties until the relation of the student government to the faculty should be definitely adjusted. In this position the Council were doubly wrong: they could have given up their duties with propriety, if at all, only by resigning their office outright, and to the sever-

al bodies to which they were respectively responsible; the system of student government was thrown into a chaos at the very moment when a true guiding hand, and delicate manipulation were most importantly needed. But the Council, in protesting against the faculty's action, erred most seriously in admitting the right of appeal. The right of appeal, as we have pointed out, was the only question except that of courtesy which could be concerned with the protest,—and courtesy is a matter of agreement, and not of dictation.

After several weeks of discussion of the Honor System and student government, mass-meetings, committees, and speeches, when interest was becoming exhausted, and when there was a desperate necessity of doing something the real issue was brought into the debate. The students decided that privilege of appeal should stand, but that the appellate committee should be named by the students. In this decision there has been a compromise between principle and expediency: we believe that the students have taken a forward step toward self-government, but that the end is not yet attained.

We hold that, in a court of honor, there is only a question of fact to be decided; that, in an honor system, there can be no appeal on a question of fact; that the record of stud-government assures the competency of the students to manage their own affairs. It is folly to contend that to entrust student government into the hands of the students would divorce the the student body from state control, or would affect in any way their natural relations. The state government begins where the student government leaves off. Student government is concerned with the moral questions that affect the college life. Students who are minors in state law are full grown citizens in the college community. In matters of family regulation which do not reach beyond the family the members of that family should have final authority. And until the students and faculty realize this and adjust their relations accordingly, the Honor System must continue to wobble along after the manner of a dog with three legs.

The following board has been chosen to edit the Magazine next year: editor-in-chief, N. S. Plummer of the Dialectic Society; assistant editors, C. E. McIntosh, B. D. Stephenson, W. C. George of the Dialectic Society, and E. W. Turlington, J. M. Shields, L. N. Morgan of the Philanthropic Society; business manager, E. J. Wellons of the Philanthrapic Society; assistant business manager, E. C. Ward of the Dialectic Society. The Magazine is fortunate, especially in having so able an assistant staff. The editor-in-chief is rather a constant value in the quality of the Magazine, and the quality of the Magazine above that value is proportionate to the competency of the assistant editors.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Whereas, God in His infinite wisdom and mercy, has seen fit to remove from among us our beloved friend and elder brother Col. Paul B. Means, therefore be it resolved:

First. That the Dialectic Society loses in him a faithful member and the University a loyal son.

Second. That although we are deeply conscious of our loss, we rejoice in a life so nobly spent in the upbuilding of the University and the betterment and uplift of the people of the State.

Third. That we extend to his loved ones our deepest sympathy and express to them our appreciation of his useful life and kindly interest in the welfare of our society and that of the University.

Fourth. That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes and that copies be sent for publication to *The University Magazine*, *The Tar Heel*, *The Concord Tribune*, *News and Observer*, *Charlotte Observer*, and *The Greensboro Daily News*.

John M. Reeves,
Horace E. Stacy,
Nixon S. Plummer,
Committee of the Dialectic Society.

THINGS TALKED ABOUT

Should the University hire graduate coaches for the varsities?

The question of the superiority of graduate coaches over foreign ones has arisen from the using of graduate coaches at many institutions, and the dissatisfaction at some of the abuses of the foreign coach. By "graduate coaches" is meant coaches who have played on the teams they are to coach, in distinction to the hired coaches, men who have secured their training at other institutions.

The only difference, then, between the graduate and the hired or foreign coach is that the first is a native product, while the second is foreign bred. The first is a man who knows all the traditions of the school for which he works, who has her spirit in his veins, who has her love in his heart, and who understands the spirit and capabilities of the men he is to coach. The second is a man who has come from another place. All that he knows is football or baseball. He is ignorant of the spirit of the school; he is not in sympathy with her dearest desires. Often he is unfamiliar with the physical conditions of the climate and other important parts of the environment which go to make up the physical well-being of the men he is to coach. It is generally granted that the foreign coach, in his desire to get the very nth power out of his often young and undeveloped material so as to gain as many immediate victories as possible—to be used to help him secure a better position at a larger institution—often sacrifices the strength of his men by working them too hard, by putting too much on young bodies, or by too great a nervous strain all around. This defeats the very aim of college athletics—that of developing the young and making strong men for life, not for one particular Carolina-Virginia game. The graduate coach, not expecting to go to another institution, and having the true interests of the students at

heart, does the best for them as men. This leads us to the conclusion that, all other conditions being even, the graduate coach is the better of the two.

Now, let us see if at the University we have the other conditions that go to make up a coach. In doing this we see that the whole question resolves itself into this: Can the University furnish graduate coaches of sufficient skill to keep her teams up to the same standard as that of the foreign coach? We think she can.

It is not generally known that Coach Graves of Harvard, the man who caused Harvard to win the Yale-Harvard football game of year before last, is an old Carolina player. He played football on the Carolina Varsity, and afterward went to Harvard, to become one of her best coaches. We have at present a graduate coach in baseball—Dr. Lawson. He is an old Carolina player who went into league ball, and returned, to become an excellent coach. These are not all. Abernethy, the all-American full-back, would match with any production, as would the brother of the Graves mentioned above, or as would Jacocks. Fred Stem, "Bull" Thompson, Louis Hobbs, or Earle Holt would make efficient baseball coaches. The standard of athletics at the University, while not as high as at Harvard or Yale perhaps, is as high as any in the South, and comparative scores go to show that the University can hold her own with any, in baseball at least. In football we cannot compete with the largest class of colleges, but we can do ourselves honor in this game while played with southern colleges. This is due to the physical strength of the material rather than to any superiority in skill.

Thus we see that the University can furnish coaches approximately as skillful as those turned out by any other college, and that the other merits of the graduate coach, such as interest in the college and understanding and sympathy for all phases of athletics, far outweigh whatever advantage, if any, in point of skill, which the foreign coach has, and that therefore the University should establish the system of graduate coaches for her varsity teams.

EXCHANGES

This magazine has instituted a novelty in exchange departments this session. Until this issue it has ceased to publish hasty conclusions and has substituted instead the most masterly poems and stories out of its monthly exchanges. For the students of this University—the men for whom this magazine is edited—we know that the opportunity to read the most skilled collegiate literary productions has been more broadening and healthful than the dogmatic vaporizings so commonly met with in the exchange department. We believe as well that the writers of other colleges —for whose benefit the exchange department was largely originated—may profit as much under the stimulus of emulation as by the indication of specific errors. For it must be admitted that, half the time, exchange criticism never reaches the writers at whom it is aimed and, if it should, the probability holds that a critical indictment based upon slight material and inconsiderable study will not disclose a general but a particular fault. The error of the exchange method most in vogue is that it neglects broad statements of the principles in which college writers need instructing and iterated reminding, too often criticising the articles to correct special faults rather than to instruct writers to the avoidance of general errors. From the fact that the sight of his work copied by another magazine would stimulate a writer's pride in worthy production, the widened field of self-expression due to our form of exchange is an additional incentive to the development of good writers.

At the end, now, of a year's appreciative criticism, the likelihood of more accurate knowledge and matured opinion on the part of the exchange editor is increased. From our point of view, Southern college magazines would deserve a meed of praise for their achieved aspirations and an addi-

tional earned increment of adverse criticism for their staring short-comings. And as for this magazine, our observations may, perhaps, be more directly applicable to it than to any other.

First of all, a limited examination into the general defects of Southern magazines might be best. Tho fully recognizing the difficulty of obtaining material to publish, we believe that the magazine editor does not often enough assert his veto prerogative, that he does not consciously study the interests of his college and strive to cater to its wants. Interest for the class of people for whom it is published makes a magazine "good"; and it is better—and cheaper—to have a small number of entertaining and pointed articles bound alone than smothered by a mass of incompleted dross. This association calls to mind the non-literary departments which mar the unity of literary magazines. To illustrate, the athletics department is unnecessary and, moreover, boring to the ordinary reader in a college which has a newspaper. No literary magazine could, however, by any sophistry shun a sketch department. This is woefully absent among our exchanges, yet its developmental power as well as its intrinsic readability should insure it a seat of usefulness. Such would conclude our general criticism on the entirety of the magazine.

The seeming pessimism of our criticism must not be ascribed to a failure to recognize the favorable features in student self-expression, but rather to our belief that the correction and elimination of future error is more constructive than the effortless laudation of achievement. With this purpose, we shall confine our criticism to the most persistent mistakes of prose writing, leaving untrod the province of poetry.

Concerning the stories, their general faults bear an habitual resemblance. First of all, the true short story is infrequent; because if tested, the analysis usually gives pure and simple narrative. The temptation to present the reader with a wearyingly prosaic history proves too powerful and the out-

come is an outline sufficiently complete for a novel. Only the occasional writer has more than vaguely grasped the meaning and necessity of convergence and of a conflict in the short story form. Student writers, as a whole, do not before beginning to write settle on an impression, definitely condensed in their own heads, which it shall be the purpose of their story to stamp. They forget that every detail in the story should concentrate on the imprinting of a single impression on the memory of the reader and that therein lies the creation of a short story, that they must erase any sentence that does not advance the central theme and allow the big idea to overtop everything. A maze of meandering superfluity, whatever its artistry, serves not a whit to increase the writer's repute and lack of unity does spoil the story. So, let the inner note of the story be pounded in the first sentence if possible and then so magnify it that it cannot be mistaken. Lack of unity is most glaringly manifested in the beginning and conclusion of stories. Spurn the false beginning—simply to remove the first page is sometimes efficient—start the story and work in later the fore-knowlege needed for complete understanding; then desist when the story stops. To illustrate, many love romances would be more finished and artistic without a concluding paragraph stating that the lovers were married; this fact is already adequately implied and the statement of it destroys the compression essential to the short story. To summarize, the principle of unity will work to good advantage anywhere in the short story.

The lack of suggestion and the substitution of direct statement for it is a less obvious flaw for critical discrimination. Of course the direct statement of a psychical state or of the beauty of a heroine is clear to the understanding but its baldness is less artistic and its dead flatness tends to awaken a distaste. The suggestive method is adapted to description and especially to character portrayal.

In the delineation of character, again, conversation is an unrealized adjunct wherewithal to suggest the nature of the

speaker. Not many stories will "go" without conversation to break the monotonous hardness of the page; without conversation, heaviness, a lack of snap and spontaneity obtains. The prospective reader confronts the unconversational story with a prejudiced attitude; he will select the conversational stories in a magazine with whose authors he is unacquainted and read them first. Some writers, realizing the necessity for conversation, are yet defective in putting only themselves into each character. Thus speech, tho perhaps unnatural and often exaggerated, is never individualized. All characters talk alike and talk like the author; whereas, the personality who gives to the plot any momentum should speak in a manner consistent with his action. Realism is lacking; the typical characters—non-existent in actual life—know no motivation. The plot advancement seems not to grow naturally out of the reactions of individualities, but it is propelled by the hand of the author who is the *deus ex machinia* for events. As an example, a tragic story has often been spoiled by accomplishing a felicitous ending through an illogical change in a character.

To these counts must be added the further detail of titles. Their importance in attracting readers can scarcely be overestimated. The reader, through a God-given instinct, dodges such a title as *An Episode*. Surely, the live editor should rechristen this with something compelling. Search for a proper and attracting title is just as important as any work which may be done on a story.

The germs of subjects selected for "heavy" articles are usually peculiarly inappropriate. For interest and worth such themes as a Shakespearian criticism or an essay on the origin of knowledge, which are really suited only to the high school student or the Ph.D. scholar, should be forced to abdicate in favor of a synthesis of original work. A work like an investigation into the college days of some famous man will benefit both author and reader more than an undigested rehash of any three books, however masterly they may be.

ALUMNI NOTES

J. G. Hanes, '09, is with a knitting mill company in Winston-Salem.

Gene Hill, ex '11, is surveying in Alabama.

C. A. Vogler, ex '09, will be an assistant in Geology here next year.

F. E. Vogler, ex '11, is in the undertaking business in Winston-Salem.

"Bill" Miller is with Fogle Bros., Winston-Salem.

Eugene Crews is with J. G. Hall, druggist, Oxford.

P. N. Montague, ex '10, has gone to Chicago to learn the automobile business.

"Jim" Booth, ex '12, is with a surveying squad in West Virginia.

C. E. Roller, ex '10, is in the insurance business in Oxford.

T. L. Simmons, '08, is working insurance in Henderson.

S. H. Lyle, '08, has just issued a volume of poems entitled "Leaves of Life."

SKETCHES

THAT OTHER SPIRIT

There are spirits and spirits. In fact, there are all sorts of spirits in this life. Some folks even say they lead a spiritual life, perhaps they do. They say they do, and they should know. Some people see spirits and pass them around, while yet others make them and never get from under their influence. A man, no matter which way he turns, finds himself confronted by spirits of some kind or other.

College life is infested with spirits like all other life. The campus is a little world within itself. One of the mighty professors here said not long ago that what this campus is today the state will be ten years from now. If this be true, it is safe to prophesy that ten years from now the same spirits that are now the blessings, the bug-a-boos, the pastime, the livelidood of this campus,—that these spirits will be abroad in the land of North Carolina, working each its separate wiles. Ten years is a short time for a state to prepare to receive all the things this campus contains and make a place for them within its historic confines. The spirits are coming—notwithstanding the prohibition laws—and the men outside have to give way.

University life is supposed to be composed of University spirit, whatever that is. University spirit is supposed to be a perfect brotherhood of man, and a whole lot of other things that it is not. There may be one great big University spirit, but it has such a variegated list of component spirits trooping along with it, conflicting and otherwise raising all the hell possible, that the place often comes when the doubt of the brotherhood of man rises and stays risen.

There is a spirit that says, "Do as llttle as you can to get through." This spirit takes all the easy courses, the puds

and incidentally the fives. It takes all its grats and finds no moral conflict in relieving itself of a duty to enjoy a pleasure.

"Match me", another spirit, is to be found like the egg in the incubator under the poker table, that most absorbing of all spirits, "I stand pat". Is college spirit today different from those who decaded from us in the past? Is the life of the state today a gambol? College men will take a chance at anything—but work. "It cannot cost me but two dollars, and I have a chance of winning one hundred." Surely in this greatest of all raffles perpetrated on the students here last fall, the college men—more than a hundred of them—certainly showed poor business ability. Two hundred dollars worth of chances were sold, and only one hundred dollars was offered as a prize. Yet college men will put in their money whenever there is a chance. It doesn't seem to matter if all the odds be against them.

The spirit of the pseudo-puritanic enthusiasts on the faculty athletic committee is the spirit of those who are willing to sacrifice all to be able to say, "I thank thee O Lord I am not as other men", while the students fork over two thousand to Brown, of three days fame—the students can only cuss. Verily the chances of this committee getting to heaven are thirtyone to nothing in their favor, for doth not their rule book say, "Except ye become as a little child"?

Small cubes of the brotherhood of man spirit,—locally known as frats, generally known as fraternities, in heaven, as one of our professors said, not known at all— these small cubes segregate about the campus, in assorted sox and rakish hats, openly pitying everybody else, but in their private sanctuaries madly praying for a four. This should be our brotherhood of man spirit, but we look back and cry as did man's first telegram, "What hath God wrought?"

The next spirit that reaches out its mighty arm and takes in about two thirds of us—those who would if they could, but couldn't—why?—because they were busted, as everybody certainly got bids, this is the spirit of the man who stands on his

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own feet—the non frat. He is alwaysa non frat from principle, but what principle? The principle of "What I am, I want to be". This is not a simple spirit though lots of its principals are, but it is as conglomerate as the spirits that daily flow through the prohibition laws of North Carolina.

The spirit that Alexander could neither unravel nor cut is the Gordian knot of College Politics. The vulgar dead weight of the sour grape bunch sits firmly on the bag of college honors, while the brotherhood gang dance about cussing each other for fratricidal inconsistency. Often the internal convulsions of the vast vulgar causes the pot to boil over, when some little "I am it" tries to outdo the others, and here the brotherhood gang gets their much needed "pap".

But do we meet these spirits at large in the state ten years from now and these spirits alone? No, there is another spirit that so far in this spiritual essay has not been mentioned. It is the spirit, the other spirit, that holds the world together. It is found when in the ninth inning the Carolina team faces, with two men out, a tied score. It is that other spirit that makes the batter reach for and find the till then successfully dodging sphere. It is that other spirit that guides him as he gains the home plate just ahead of the recovered ball. Yes, it is that other spirit that is the life, the leaven of the college world. It reaches throughout college life, throughout all life. That other spirit is the whiteness of human nature, for surely no man who is not at bottom white could always win and keep on winning his way in the world as the Carolina men have done, and will always do.

More than one hundred years ago this great University was founded. From that date men have gone from the shadow of these walls to forget the "Match me" spirit because of the overwhelming power of that other spirit that grabs the tail feathers of the game when the other team has it already in the sack and the puckering string tied, that struggles through three years of strenuous study for the Phi

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Beta Kappa key, that makes the Golden Fleece man, that renders brotherly love between the frats and the non-frats, and that steadies the strong hand of the faculty,—that spirit that we call "that other spirit". "I stand pat" is no longer a poker term. The University man stands pat upon some great truth, upon some great principle, and he wins. When that other spirit touches those who have been fratricidally inconsistent they shake hands with their foes, the vast vulgar, and together they push forwards, not toward some mass meeting rough house for a bubble campus reputation, but for the advancement of that other spirit, the spirit of the true, the good, the beautiful.

THE TWO EXCEPTIONS

It was growing dark. Everybody—with two exceptions—was at supper. The Two Exceptions, overcoated and muffled beyond recognition, stepped gingerly around the athletic Store corner. Glancing furtively about them, they made their way to "Tank" Hunter's stable. In front of it stood a closed carriage with a pair of horses attached thereto. "Po" Dave was on the box. The Two Exceptions sprang in and slammed the door. Dave jerked up his lines. The carriage rolled off, rounded the Athletic Store corner and was gone.

Who were these Two Exceptions and whither were they bound? They were—and I blush to admit it—two well known Y. M. C. A. officers. They were bound—now I tell this in the strictest confidence— to "The Girl from Rectors."
—Hough.

UNRESTRAINT

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There in that aerial kingdom where
There is no sorrow, strife, nor care,
I'll build great palaces of air.

Then let the earth roll towards her doom,
For there I'll have, devoid of gloom,
A universe for elbow room.

The professor was quizzing the 5th English class on Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. Drew, shortstop of the varsity baseball team, wasn't interested in the least. He was building castles in Sp—no in Greensboro. It was the last of the ninth. The game was 1—1. He was on third. Two men were down. He *would* get home or bust.

"Mr. Drew," grated the professor's voice, "would you condescend to come out of your trance long enough to impart us a little information? Why did Cassius run on his sword and kill himself?"

"Oh," replied Drew calmly, "he was on third with two men down and the captain told him to run on anything."
—Hough.

ONE TREE

I know a tree out on the campus that is just my ideal as far as trees go. It is a comfortable satisfying tree. One of its roots curls out from the trunk in just the right way to support my right leg so that it does not require any energy to keep it from slipping. Another root fits smoothly into the small of my back. The tree itself is just far enough away from the Davie poplar to let the senior singing come to me dimly, with discords all obliterated and tones blended into one satisfying haze. Here I recline, my head resting against the old trunk at just the right angle for me, without raising my eyes, to look over the top of a distant tree and watch the

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stars slowly appear in the fading lights of the already set sun.—L. A. Brown.

A POPULAR BOOK OF TODAY

821 (Byron) *Don Juan*. I scribbled it on the slip with a feeling of guilt. Then I stepped toward the desk. I came to a stop, backed off and took my seat on one of the hard-wood settees. It would never do. The lady librarian sat primly behind the desk.

After a space of twenty odd minutes Whitley meandered out of the stack room. The lady librarian arose and departed for the office. I stepped up and handed the slip to Whitley. He read it and grinned.

"That book's popular today," said he. "'Miss — got it out about an hour ago."—Hough.

AND LIGHT

Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,—on every hand countless lightning bugs were doing just this. Down on the athletic field they seemed more numerous than elswhere, so I walked down to watch them. I noticed one whose periodic radiations were dimmer than those of his fellows—"a youngster just starting his career," I said to myself. He came up from over by the grandstand twinkling valiantly. Just in front of me he took a sudden dive and then desailed a semi-circle as if to give an inspiring display of his new-found wing strength. Then, satisfied that I was sufficiently impressed by his reckless grace, he passed on down the field, giving one last farewell twinkle before losing himself in a multitude of comrade meteors who shone in the wood beyond the fence.—L. A. Brown.

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"QUAE NOBIS (NON) DICTA SUNT"

The professor was lecturing to the Third English Class:

"Narrative is intended chiefly to be uninteresting. The business of the narrator is to reduce the welter of experience to unintelligible form. The effect of narrative is accidental. The opening and end of a story are unimportant. Learning to narrate means learning to leave in the unessential. General verbs are the heart of narrative. Use titles that try to tell where or how the story is coming out as, 'How Amy won the Prize; The Hit that won the Game.' Use such words as these in a title, 'adventure', 'romance', vision', and 'drea—'''

My bloomin' clock rattled for 8:30.—Hough.

OF THE LOWER ORDER

"Revenge is sweet," somebody said. The somebody wasn't far wrong.

The Editor-in-Chief had no use for Juniors. He looked upon them as a lower order of beings. Hence the lone Junior among the assistant editors found himself in not the most pleasant position in the world.

One day the chief gruffly ordered him to get up a column article on class athletics. The Junior spent a week on it, and had it typewritten. He thought it was a journalistic masterpiece. The chief didn't. He looked over it with a sarcastic smile and then threw it into the waste basket.

"That's Arthur Brisbane—nit," said he elegantly.

The Junior felt hurt. He got on an "S. G." for several days. Then he spruced up. He would get even, that's what he would do. At the first opportunity—well the chief had better look out.

The opportunity came. I wont tell you how. At any rate it resulted in the Junior's scampering joyously over from the "Alumni" to the chief's room, bearing several typewritten sheets. He handed them to the chief. *He* looked over

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them with a sarcastic smile and threw them into the waste basket.

"You better quit," said he, "if that's the best you can do."

"Oh it's not mine," replied the Junior. "Professor — just gave it to me and asked me to bring it over to you." —Hough.

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Most of our last year's subscribers have renewed for the coming year. There are some, however, whom we did not get to see or communicate with during the summer, but we are sending the Magazine to them, presuming that they wish it continued for the coming year. If there are any who want their subscriptions discontinued, drop the Business Manager a card and he will erase those names from the list.

The Magazine hopes to be the equal, if not the superior of any one of the past. But to make it a success we must have the support of the alumni. Its pages are open for any suggestions that you may wish to make for the advancement of the University.

The University Press, Printers to the University, Chapel Hill

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RESOLUTIONS OF THE FACULTY

The death of James Cameron MacRae, LL.D., Dean of the School of Law, has caused the Faculty of the University of North Carolina deep sorrow. It would be difficult to find a man who was more generally beloved and admired. His courtliness of manner, his intellectual gifts, and his kindness of heart, endeared him to all his associates and assured him an honored place in all relations of life.

In time of war he did his full duty to his State and to the cause which he strove to defend. He was no less faithful to the duties of citizenship in time of peace.

A diligent student of the law, he had enjoyed a varied and extensive experience as practitioner, Superior Court Judge, and Justice of the Supreme Court, and he was an able expounder of the principles and practice of the Law. At this University he was a gifted and faithful teacher, stimulating to his students both by his engaging personality and by his wide learning.

Upon all who came within the sphere of his influence, upon his classes, the University at large, his Church, the community, and upon the State of North Carolina, his death has brought a serious loss. To those upon whom this loss bears most heavily we respectfully offer our heartfelt sympathy.

University of North Carolina,
October 25, 1909.

Eben Alexander,
Walter D. Toy,
Committee.

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